















THE

YANKEE BOY FROM HOME.

*Battell, Joseph*

"Jamais je n'ai tant pensé, tant existé, tant vécu, tant été moi, si j'ose  
ainsi dire, que dans les voyages que j'ai faits seul, et à pied."

J. J. ROUSSEAU.



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STATE OF CHAMBERS.

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR.





## P R E F A C E .

### THE AUTHOR TO THE BOOK.

Now that the time has come when you are to strike out alone into a public life, perhaps a few words of honest talk between us may not be amiss.

But, firstly, it must be understood that our connection is broken ; and you, in venturing from obscurity into an open field of criticism and remark, do so wholly at your own responsibility. Whatever opinions you may advance are yours only ; whatever of sentiment you may show is yours entirely. Because I may have agreed with you yesterday, you do not know at all that I would do so to-day. You go, I repeat, you go alone, relying on yourself for position and character.

I know very well that you are willing to venture thus. Strong in your youth, you believe yourself able to catch the world by its forelock, and sustain yourself always with a vigorous arm. Others like yourself, you say, have vigorously attempted, and surely won an easy success. "Why not I? The world of to-day is the

same as that of yesterday. I know its turnings; young though I be, I have often grappled with it, always to make it do my will. I laugh at it; I defy it; or, I reach toward it the hand of friendship, with a warm word. The result is the same. The world is my friend, has always been, shall always be."

Ah! my foolish book; foolish in your wisdom; more foolish in your folly! If you get any hold, to help you, upon the world you speak of, it must be always maintained by the power that comes from prosperity, or, better yet, that which comes from real worth. Whatever influence you have seen in the sphere you have moved in, has come, I fear, all come from the first; I tell you that prosperity may fail you at any moment; is almost sure to fail you, when you will almost as surely get borne into the current and drowned. But of this you run your own risk. I will say no more.

Well, you are going into the world, the varying world, and there,—I trust now to the power of your arrogance,—you will be taken, perchance, among others, by the girl of riches and of fashion, who indolently yawns through a lingering day, and sighs for the waltz of the evening, that alone can arouse her worthless fancies. Tell her that her life is a wretched farce; tell her that she herself is a miserable failure; a pitiful substitute for a girl, to become a yet more pitiful substitute for a woman. The press

of her hand is a mockery ; the touch of her waist a sorrowful jest. The bloom of her youth, both in mind and in body, has been blighted by its contact with a fashionable mother's boudoir ; by the following of a fashionable city boarding-school education. It was Sir Walter Scott, I think, that said, "There were none truly vulgar but the rich." This young woman of inexcusable uselessness shall surely win the prize of extreme vulgarity.

Tell her once more, that there are homes of sickness and sorrow, within ten minutes' walk of her ; that by a single effort she can carry to them priceless comforts, and in one short hour change herself into a ministering angel of good ; a lovely, loving, Christian woman.

You shall be handled,—still do I trust to the power of your arrogance,—by the girl of wealth, who throws herself constantly and zealously into every frivolity, and yet does not, because she cannot, quite surrender all the rights of her soul. She floats in golden beauty through luxurious halls. In haughty pride she reigns wherever she is, the queen of the day, the belle of the night. Softly falls the robe of her dress upon velvet floors ; chastely glitter the pearls, brilliantly sparkle the diamonds about her person.

Perhaps she will take you to her own room,—I trust now to the power of your passion,—and let you lie upon her lap as she tosses your leaves. Tell her that you

think so rich and pretty a girl as she ought to wear a very pretty petticoat. She may frown at you, but I think she will not. There are hours when such a maiden lays aside all frowns; moments when she lets the fondest wishes of her heart be realized in girlhood's dreams. Do thou whisper, while she dreameth; that truth is true, that honesty is true, that charity is true, that goodness is true, and that she was right when she attempted to assert it yesterday,—love is true.

But from the silent reverie of her room she will arise to disrobe herself for the night. The haughty consciousness of her beauty shall return. With the scorn of many triumphs on her lips, will she unloosen her costly jewels; with the stern pride of a conquering belle, will she unfasten her rich dresses. Thy seeming want of consciousness shall now protect thee rarely. When one after another of her garments has yielded to her fair hands; when covered with the thin drapery of night she sleepeth; do thou whisper of an ardent lover, bold enough to dare to woo, and impudent enough to expect, as a matter of course, to win her for his bride.

Thou shalt be read,—I trust now to the power of thy sympathy,—thou shalt be read by the country maiden of healthy thoughts and loving heart. The apple that hangs from her garden tree cannot show a brighter color than her cheeks; the waving fields of rye cannot be more pliant than her graceful form. I know her



laugh, it is always hearty. I know her smile, it is always cheery. The pressure of her hand is a joy forever. Her waist never gets held in the waltz, but lingering where the brooks flow, will she roguishly yield to a lover's arm; hesitating where the berries ripen, she never chides a lover's kiss. An honest girl, she gives an honest heart. With the old song will I exclaim:

“Lightsome be her care.”

Thou wilt be looked at,—I trust now to the influence of your information,—thou wilt be looked at by the man of business. Practically he will turn thy leaves, wondering at thy want of business faculty. A shiftless book!—he will go to exclaim. But do thou be true to thy principles. Tell him, you would rather have the love of the girl, that he left years ago among the clover fields upon her farm, than all the wealth he has since gained.

An independent mind is all that we want; with wealth should that chance be, or e'en with poverty:

“On braes when we please, then,  
We'll sit and sowth a tune;  
Syne rhyme till 't, we'll time till 't,  
And sing 't when we hae done.”

Thou wilt be read, perhaps, by the college boy,—I trust now to the power of thy sympathy,—robust in

youth; strong in passion. Tell him that the years he lives now are the heartiest of his life. Bid him to strive in studies, if that be his delight; or let him fling care away, and in the ardor of youth take its amusements. Full of frolic, his laugh and his joke are always ready among his class. His heart, an honest one, never quails. To the picnic he goes, to win and to enjoy; at the dance he comes the boldest. 'Tis a strong hand he gives to lead, and his eye flashes on the girl that he bears through the hall. Jealousy he scorns; what others do he never questions: but, I know it well, Nelly felt her hand pressed a dozen times before that cotillon ended, and she wonders on her pillow that night if he could have thought she pressed back. Oh! the world was all so bright, it seemed so queer anybody should ever be sad. She yields her head close to the pillow, and sleeps,—a smile upon her cheek, and a tear within her eyelids.

Tell the college boy to use well the strong arm of his manhood. Let him be true to his mother's love; let him be careful of his Nelly's heart. And hope shall always keep with him to tell of days of happiness; and the world shall offer no obstacle that his bold spirit will not conquer.

It may be,—I trust to the power of thy fancy,—it may be thou wilt be glanced at by the child of tender years; the sweet young girl that floats about our streets in summer, in light garments, softly as a thistle down,

and chastely as a beautiful cloud : or, the growing boy, that begins now first to dream of his manhood, and to slight sometimes, I fear, the counsels of his home. Tell them both,—it is a great truth, grand for a child to hear,—that the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself.

Childhood is an ever-pleasing theme. We love to think of it when we grow dull from useless thoughts ; we love to watch it when our hearts would grow heavy from fading hopes. The child is prone to slight the future and the past ; it rejoices in the moments that go,—as the swallow that flies on restless wing, as the bobolink that warbles in constant song. Gathering dandelions or plucking sweet peas, is equally a delight. The girl is the happiest of matrons with her little tea-set : the most exacting of mothers with her doll. And the boy never shall know a greater freedom than he feels with his feet bare for the first time in early summer. Then, the proud consciousness of owning a fish pole, or of being able to go on skates ; of shooting with a bow and arrows, that you bargained for from a genuine squad of dusky Indians, who came roving through the country ! How carefully we used to fashion and paste the kite, that should fly so far up in the blue heavens, and receive there from along the bending twine the dusty pasteboard messengers ; or, trusted with a gun, how perseveringly

we used to roam through a dozen woods in search of squirrels; and, whilst you rested upon some friendly rock, then a boy, as often since a man, did you dream, keeping for you a wondrous quiet connection with the always sober and reflecting heavens.

'Tis the fault of thy race, Sir Book, to grow prosaic. Is it mine, or yours, here in the preface?

Go thou and win the child's esteem. A generous soul will surely do it; if you cannot show that, heaven forbid to thee a longer life!

Thou wilt be received,—I trust now to the tendency thou hast ever shown to confide in a woman's love,—thou wilt be received by the matron of ripe years and motherly care. In the nature of her soul, for she cannot help it, she will be kind to thee, whenever in sincerity thou demandest it as thy right or as thy hope. However useless has been your life; however far have been your wanderings; however great may have been your sins; they will all be forgotten by her, that moment that you come to her as a child cometh, or as a man, strong-willed and self-reliant but wanting a woman's sympathy. She may have spoken of thy worthlessness yesterday; she has forgotten it to-day. No arguments can unshake the new-born hopes she has in thee. Ah! mayst thou grow worthy of this latest friend!

Perhaps, by a curious chance, thou wilt be taken up by the aged. Trembling in years must they wonder at

thy boyish folly. Eternity to them is nearer than the pleasures of their youth; you, I fear, have thought little of its endless space. Well, I do not mean to preach a sermon; time shall do that far better than I. And I will leave you now to the months just before you.

'Tis a brave heart that never faints; 'tis a wondrous wit that always jests; 'tis a strong man that tires not, a curious one that is ever successful: may yours be that part. Go, earn thy living on a busy world; go, win a wreath to crown thy Jessie's bower; go, little book, and carelessly—mayst thou have great Victory.





## INTRODUCTION.

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"Varmount State ; 'tis a mountaynious place, but there's a stiff soil, and it's pretty much wooded with beech and maple."

WE'VE got a baby at our house. If you have got one too, you know what a serious article it is, always looking upon the earnest side. Ours, although one of the prettiest of babies, will disfigure its baby face occasionally with a mournful twist, which foretelleth a squall.

"That child will have enough to answer for," said John the other day at supper, when the baby protested more energetically than usual against the difficulties of life.

"That child is my niece," I replied half earnestly. "She doesn't know what sin is yet. There is no vanity upon her soul ; no frivolity about her brow ; no long-continued, unnatural denial of her Creator to be answered for." I paused, when some new thoughts came to me, and I continued : "By the way, I am going to New York to-morrow."

"For a wife ?" said John.

"She were better found here," I replied.

"Found here as well as anywhere! you'll never be married."

"Sha'n't I?"

"Never. You are a dreamer, besides being as fickle as a humming bird."

"I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls,  
With vassals and serfs by my side,—"

And that makes me think,—I want a cup of tea."

At the Troy House, Troy. }  
May 18, 1863. }

Left home at fifteen minutes to one, stopping an instant to see S——, to leave with him a subscription paper, with a dollar yet uncollected. The engine whistled as we tarried, and a little shower appeared to go with us to the depot.

Moving over the road, not as they used to come, do fancies come upon me, but I like it—the change—although it is a gloomy day of dreary showers, and although a dim sense of things not done that I ought to do, or of thoughts conceived that I ought not to meddle with, intensifies within me the gloom that reigns without.

As we wind through the valley of Otter Creek, we notice the tops and branching limbs of many trees bent off, the result of a great ice storm last winter. A sleepy pen cannot paint at all the changing beauties of Green Mountain scenery. There are meadow lands to lie along its rivers; there are rolling uplands, and deep made valleys, to diversify its mountains. I saw the most closely in passing a ledge of woods, where in pro-

fusion white trillium bloomed, and honeysuckles fell. Shadblows and wild cherries were also, the whole distance, mixed in with the woods, or edges of woods.

Very much of the extreme mountain scenery, fully Alpine in its look, that lies near to the railroad, between Rutland and North Bennington, is unusually perfect. One place especially suggested itself to me, as the "sweet Auburn" of all this region—Arlington—a single street with handsome dwellings, and a stone church that had a very English look. We passed one other coquettish valley with a single farmhouse in it, just after leaving Bennington; then came to the distant view in New York State, from above Lansingburg.

May 19. Steamboat Armenia. }  
Alongside the Wharf at Albany. }

I fear Miss Jessie won't get on this morning. It's a great mistake of hers. If any girl ought to go to New York to-day, it's Jessie; her mother should have known it, and those thin dresses of hers, that were all ready for a little sun, and a good deal of flirtation, should have been packed for a Spring vacation.

*Later.*—Our company gathers fast. Among them are two of Jessie's cousins, and, as I write, the Calliope is playing a well known negro melody.

"I guess I'll stay up here."

It's Jessie, by George, just come, that says it; as she bids good-by to her cousins. I guess I'm glad of it.

The last bell strikes, like the first bell of a Sunday morning; to follow it, the Calliope starts a new melody, that might be a dance, or a Methodist hymn. Yet an-

other tune—I like it! My thoughts float splendidly away over the hills of boyhood, to linger where fancies were the fondest.

O Jessie, Jessie! the Jessie of memory and song!

The boat bell tolls. I hear the hissing of steam. It wants two minutes of nine. We shall be off shortly. Jessie has just sat down near me. Heaven forgive the look I gave her, if there were any sin in it. She's gone off now, through the cabin to the front, and we get another tune from the Calliope—Jessie's March by Von Weber.

The engine flings itself, and we go—the Calliope, I, and Jessie, down the river. I think I will step out to see Albany.

Albany we have left upon its hills, together with the summer houses that lie near to it. Back again upon the sofa in the cabin, I will sketch Jessie; who has also returned, and sits on an opposite sofa to mine. She has sandy hair—all Jessies have—and red lips, and a pretty tongue that she keeps nibbling, and a pretty foot that just peeps out from beneath her dress. Her form rounds handsomely; and she herself is as well looking as any Jessie need to be. Now comes the dress: a checkered lawn, is it? or gingham, white and black and gray, with large checks; and a checkered shawl, all wool, rather small checks; and a pair of slate color (I hope, for the sake of truth) kid gloves; and a largish bonnet, brown, with some lace facings, and a blue bow, with a bit of artificial grass inside. Her parasol is underneath her dress. She keeps reading, whilst I sketch; I hope she isn't mad about it.



In sight of West Point.

There may be, I guess there is, some very handsome scenery about, but Jessie's gone; she got off at Newburgh. Before she got off, she told me we were just coming to the finest scenery, and that it was very fine. But if so, why did she get off at Newburgh? There's something wrong; evidently there's something wrong; it's all wrong. By Jove, *νῆ Δία*,—that's classical, a sort of guide post that used to appear in Xenophon,—it's as bad as it can be. I guess I never shall be married, if all the Jessies stop at Newburgh. I'll go and talk to this Scotch woman—I think she is, by her accent.

*En retour.* Sitting-room of boat. }  
One hour from New York, Thursday evening. }

When the time is fully come for the steamer to depart, we often read how there always appears some wandering man, with floating bundles and a heavy valise. He drifts upon the dock, and hurriedly asks a little boy that assaults him with the evening paper, and half a dozen Irish women that surround him with oranges, "Six for a quarter, sir," and a hackman who persistently offers a hack for the city: Where is the leaving boat? Perhaps partly answered, he wheels about, catches sight of the well filled decks and moving planks, and, with one final rally, rushes on board.

There was just such a character to-night. In every way he well sustained the known vagaries of his friends. He appeared at twenty minutes past six (boat advertised to sail at six). He had, in addition to the usual baggage, a large collection of verbenas. He looked tired; he looked hot; he looked painfully perplexed;

but he felt mad. I know how he felt; I may as well admit it,—the late fellow to-night was myself. This being so, I am able to give his afternoon's preparation.

At half-past four, in Thirteenth street, enjoying the harmony of a dentist's file, as he slowly polished the afternoon's work.

"Most done, Doctor?"

"I could expend a little more time profitably, in smoothing this last filling; it's smooth now, but it's a nice job, and I like to finish it nicely,"—hanging to the tooth and reaching for another file.

"Doctor, is there danger of its coming out?"

"No, that isn't possible; it is perfectly smooth, only I can polish."

"Only I can't wait."

When I was in the street again, the houses faded by me, as though I rode in an express train, until I had entered No. 50 Greene street. If I gave a lingering glance toward one house in Clinton Avenue, to forget the busy life always before me, it was doubtless as a dreamer—hey, Jessie!

"You are not going to leave *me*, are you?"

"No."

"What are all those fixings on your sleeve for?" I asked years ago, in our choir, of a girl that was always beautiful.

"For you to look at," she replied, with a delicious smile that bothered me for weeks.

At twenty minutes past five, the arrangements for the publication of the book were completed; twenty minutes later, I bent over my valise in Brooklyn.

"Why, Joe, you are not going to-night?"

"Yes, I am."

"But you can't, it's too late."

But I can, time enough, always time enough; there, we are packed, if the thing will shut. Where's your mother? Tell her I am going. Confound this lock! Click! *Voilà!*

It was seventeen minutes past six when we commenced the little run, down Liberty street, that brought us to the wharf. One of the boats was gone, but the other still waited for passengers to Albany.

Oh, dear! I'm sleepy. Are the stars shining, I wonder? It is ten minutes past nine. There are two Jessies within as many feet of me—somebody's Jessies, looking over books; and a little girl on my right says: "I had a bowl of milk, and I gave a spoonful of milk to the dog."

Monday Evening. }  
At Home. }

Moonlight among the Highlands we had, as our boat came up the river, and the moon for quite a distance rolled like a ball of fire along the mountain edge. The lights upon Cozzens' Hotel glittered down upon us. The dark outline of mountains then faded into the lowlands that border the river above the Highlands.

From Albany to Whitehall, through Saratoga, there is but little pleasing to the eye, unless it pleases from its dreariness, and sullen lack of cultivation. Saratoga itself comes, in its gaiety and jauntiness, a relief. At Whitehall we commence the tour of Lake Champlain. To you, who are merely a traveller of pleasure, making a summer trip, the ride is only one of handsome farm and mountain scenery, that perfects itself into a picture

of most wondrous beauty, when you near the broad lake. To me, who have been so much a wanderer, it comes in its home influences to chasten, and I do not care that there shall be beauteous outlines; I watch the small white birches that shiver their leaves close over the lake; I look upon some lazy cows that stand half leg deep in the water; on sheep picking their living on the already browned pastures: it makes no difference what I see, the effect is the same. I love every inch of that land; thank God, I love it as I did in my boyhood. A little drift of low mountain shows now dimly, till the whole eastern range lies lingering in the mist. My hand clasps the railing, just as though it held a young girl's hand. There they are, the mountains of my home; yes, there they are, always the same. Years with me have blighted many a hope, have dimmed many a boyish dream, have taken from the fresh aspirations (I am sorry for it, but I fear it's true) of childhood all their rosy tinge, but our mountains catch the clouds, or rest in sunlight; as they did when I was a boy.

"I wad hae putten on a cap, sir," said Jeanie, "but your honor kens it isna the fashion of my country for single women; and I judged, that, being sae mony hundred miles frae hame, your grace's heart wad warm to the tartan," looking at the corner of her plaid.

"You judged quite right," said the duke. "I know the full value of the snood; and MacCullimore's heart will be as cold as death can make it, when it does *not* warm to the tartan."

As we glide along the well known shore, each landing place lingers like some fading dream, as if I had not yet left it nor lived the last few years.

“Hurrah for the Adirondac school-marm!” cried Fred, upon yon height, as we returned from a college vacation trip among the Adirondacs, now five years ago.

Aye, three cheers for the gold curls that fell upon her low-neck dress, and three times three for our own mountains once more, with the girls they nourish—yours, Fred, and mine!”

The broad lake—Burlington—five hours delay,—we leave in the night train, arriving home at eleven.

Branching away with the warm fragrance of this summer afternoon, my thoughts float to our mountains, to close with another song to their memory.

Come to the green woods, come with me,  
Sweet Bertha, daughter of the North;  
My little girl that roguishly  
Used always with me wander forth,  
To pick gay flowers, or berries red,  
Or silent take kisses instead.

The lassie's caught her bonnet brown,  
That hung against the cottage wall;  
She's tied her wayward curls all down,  
And with her light dress gently fall-  
Ing round her form; in pleased delight  
She leads, and says she's ready quite.

On through the pasture fields they move,  
That deck so fair New England hills;  
By sheep and cows that lazy rove,  
Until they reach the quiet rills,  
Where timorous violets dare to show  
Their little flowers, 'midst grass that grow.

Here first I thought the eager eyes  
Of girlhood trembled pensively ;  
Here first I thought some timorous sighs  
Dared rise in haste, and carelessly ;  
As reaching o'er to pick, she said,  
How beautiful these flowers were made.

How beautiful these flowers were made,  
To chastely deck a rustic field ;  
No blossoms of a richer shade  
Could bonny grace more artless yield ;  
The violets bright were made for me,  
I love them for their modesty.

I love them for their timorous worth,  
I love them for their beauty bright ;  
I love them for their lonely birth,  
I love them for their pensive light ;  
I love them for their chastity,—  
I love them for their constancy.

The cool stream flows in smoothness by,  
Reflecting shades, reflecting sky ;  
Reflecting all the touching bushes,  
Reflecting now the maiden's blushes,  
So bashfully that dared to rise  
Beneath the trembling of her eyes.

Full many an hour, an evening hour,  
When stars are brightly in the sky,  
Beguiled by their entrancing power,  
Will lovers linger in the rye ;  
But now, with day above, below,  
You're right, my girl, 'twill never do.

But when they reached the beechen wood,  
That gently swelled the mountain side,  
The maiden loosed a smile she could  
Or cared not longer now to hide ;  
And raised her dress from off the moss,  
And did it with a pretty toss



Of her young head, that carelessly  
    Rested again, till modestly  
She glided through the tangled briers,  
    Though crimsoning hues, from love-lit fires,  
Came o'er her face in wandering flush,  
To gather in a lovely blush.

Now blushes come from many a cause,  
    From sudden start, or awkward pause ;  
From look too quick, or word too free,  
    Or some fair limb shown suddenly ;  
But when they come like this, I know  
The girl thinks that she would not show.

And then she looked so curiously  
    Upon the ground, that soberly  
Lay softened in the shaded light,  
    And darkened by the mimic night  
Of sinking ferns, and rising wood,  
Of leafy boughs, and solitude.

Within that mountain wood all nigh,  
    A mountain stream went drifting by ;  
The pebbles of its bed below  
    Were smoothly white as crystal snow ;  
Its waters, cold, wet mosses lined,  
And dark high hemlocks intertwined.

Near to its bank, on sullen rock,  
    Then gently fell the maiden's frock ;  
All full of life she sitteth there,  
    The ripples sweeping o'er her hair,  
Luxuriant that fell below  
Upon her neck of spotless snow.

As billows to the storm's low call,  
    Her bosom's rise, her bosom's fall ;  
Her blue eye clear, triumphant roams,  
    Success her bold young spirit crowns,  
And her fair foot goes peeping out,  
To watch the touching ferns about.

It was a pretty foot, no doubt,  
To show itself in that wild route ;  
She was a roguish maid, I ween,  
To flirt so with the forest green ;  
Hers was a waist that you might hold,  
Were you her lover warm and bold !

Ah, yes, perhaps !—The rock that lies  
All bare upon the mountain side,  
Beneath the blue, the bright blue skies,  
Or shaded by dark clouds that glide ;  
Looks down upon the lovers now,—  
Looks down upon the world below :

On rising hill, on feathery wood,  
On gurgling rill, on gloomy road,  
On softened fields, on bending river,  
On shining lake, on homes that ever  
Clothe themselves in bright array  
Spring, Summer, Fall, or Winter day.

But one among them doubly bright,  
Lies nestled in the mountain shade ;  
And plants serene, and flowers light  
Are opening in its fragrant glade ;  
And beauty, mirth, and passion dwell  
Here, with the girl they love so well :

Here with the girl they love, but now  
She lingers on the mountain wild ;  
And lone winds kiss her arching brow  
Whilst she delayeth as a child,—  
Or is it as a vain coquette,  
That, thoughtlessly, she lingers yet ?

She lingers through a dying day,  
She lingers in the soft twilight ;  
Oh ! seldom from her home away  
Doth she thus wander ; and the night,  
With twinkling stars and crescent moon,  
Shall fall upon these dark woods soon.



Ah ! well I fear, the lover old,  
Whom in respect she used to know ;  
To whom a child she always told  
Each coming joy, each fancied woe ;  
Hath found her only fonder grown,  
By fleeting years that since have flown.

Ah ! well I fear, the rugged flush,  
That watcheth ever o'er her cheek,  
Is lost now in the deeper blush  
Of love ; that rises with the break  
Of massive cloud, to summer sky,  
Where it long resteth gorgeously.

Ah ! well I fear, few doubts she knows  
For him who roams with her to-day ;  
Ah ! well I fear, he rudely throws  
His arm around her ; and doth say  
Unmeaning words of tenderness,  
With rough embrace, and rude, rude kiss.—

Birdie, come home ! we wait the hour,  
That brings thee back again once more,  
To govern in thy silent power  
Our hearts that love thee ; now, before  
The shades of night triumphant roam,  
From mountain haunt,—Birdie, come home !

Birdie, come home ! unquiet we rest,  
We're watching for thy footstep free ;  
We wait the girl that we love best,  
We're waiting, dearest child, for thee,  
And tremble at the wind's low tone,  
Fearing for thee,—Birdie, come home !

Birdie, come home ! swift, swift is the evening,  
Bringing ten thousand gay stars to the skies ;  
Doubtless thou'rt safe beneath their bright gleaming,  
Forever coquetting with thy laughing eyes ;  
But lonesome are we, love, whenever you roam,  
Then away from their praises, dear Birdie, come home !

Away from their praises, from their flashes too eager,  
Bold, bold do they grow, in the deep shaded night ;  
More frequently kissing the beautiful Bertha,  
Coquetting, they think, she'll soon yield to them quite ;  
Coquetting they'll find she'll soon leave them alone,  
To laugh at their kisses again at her home.

For thou knowest, my Bertha, that long might you rove  
Ere contentment so pure should again to thee come,  
Or the smiles of thy life so happy should prove,  
As the smiles of the past have been in thy home ;  
Loving everything bright, thou passest each day,  
Loving everything right, thy life goes away.

And yet if thou wishest a lover to gain,  
To hold thee his darling, to call thee his wife ;  
If loving as lovely, thou 'dst aye be his ain,  
Through the fond rolling years of a gathering life ;  
Success will I wish thee, howe'er long you roam,  
But success having crowned thee, come back to thy home !

A footfall presses on the rye,  
Treading it down destructively ;  
A footfall lingers on the rye,  
Breaking it down most ruthlessly ;  
A footfall trembles on the rye,  
Bending it down uncaringly.

Bertha cometh through the rye,  
'Neath the starlight haltingly ;

Bertha glideth through the rye,  
    'Neath the starlight pensively ;  
Bertha floateth through the rye,  
    'Neath the starlight quietly.

Doth the glow upon the rye  
    Reflect dimly,  
Do the waves upon the rye  
    Sweep silently,  
Doth the stream among the rye  
    Sound dreamily ;  
    In the night, my Birdie ?

Doth thy ankle 'mongst the rye  
    Rest charmingly,  
And thy dress o'er the rye  
    Float triumphantly,  
And thy foot upon the rye  
    Press wantonly ;  
    In the night, my Birdie ?

An arm 's around thy waist,  
    Take care, Bertha !  
Will he dare to taste  
    Thy lip, Bertha ?  
Hath he dared to press  
    Thy hand, Bertha ?

The dress above thy breast  
    Is very thin, Birdie ;  
The light, the cool starlight,  
    Is very dim, Birdie ;  
The world, the wicked world,  
    Is prone to sin, Birdie ;  
    O beware !

He tells you that he loves you,  
Does he not, Bertha?  
You think his words are true,  
Do you not, Bertha?  
You have said you loved him, too,  
Have you not, Bertha?

Was he always bold and honest,  
Are you sure, Bertha?  
Was he always kind and thoughtful,  
Dost remember, Bertha?  
Will he surely rule himself  
At all times, Bertha?

You have given him your troth!  
So I thought, Birdie;  
And will soon be his wife!  
So I feared, Birdie;  
A loving, useful wife!  
So I hope, Birdie;  
Yes, I hope:

Then may a happy peace arise,  
Above a new formed home;  
And may a hopeful life, in guise  
Of Christian virtue, come;  
May years float on unconsciously,  
In joy and comfort given;  
Till God in Christ triumphantly  
Shall raise you both to Heaven.

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# THE YANKEE BOY FROM HOME.



## I.

WATERLOO HOTEL, LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND, }  
October 27, 1860.

SAILED from New York two weeks ago, and arrived here this morning.

PARIS, January 22, 1861.

Settled here for three months, now more than half gone. This morning, with the son of Mr. McClintock, the American clergyman, I visited the *Musée de Sèvres*, or Imperial Porcelain Establishment. We had written for and received tickets last week, but were unable to get permission to visit the workshops. The paintings on the porcelains are very elegant. I priced one picture made on porcelain at 40,000 francs. Some very fine though nearly plain china plates were \$5 each ; and some of the same size, with pictures, \$25 each. These pictures are all painted on the crockery, and baked in ; could we have visited the workshops I should

have doubtless been as much interested as in the Tapestry Manufactory. There I visited a few days since, and was more interested than in anything I had before seen. The portraits and pictures, wrought in the carpeting, seem almost better than the paintings themselves. Among others, were as many as four of the Empress. The work is all done by hand, the workmen having their models by them, with the woollen colors wanted, on small spools near, so arranged that they can select easily which they please. The warp is double, and placed vertically ; into this the workman, who stands behind, weaves the worsted which forms the painting. Some of these pieces take from five to ten years in the making. None of them are sold ; they are kept for public and private palaces. There are employed in the establishment about one hundred and twenty workmen. They earn from 1,500 to 2,500 francs each a year, and secure pensions of from 600 to 1,000 francs if unable to work.

After finishing at the Sèvres Museum, we walked through the park of St. Cloud to the Emperor's summer palace, and returned by an omnibus. Yesterday I went to the Hotel des Invalides and the tomb of Napoleon. We are looking anxiously for the next arrival from home. By the last dispatch the Brooklyn had been sent to enter Charleston Harbor. I would suggest that South Carolina weigh herself against her shadow.

*Tuesday evening, February 5.*—I made my trip to-day to Versailles, starting this morning at nine. I had two hours, before the palace was opened, in looking over the parks and gardens. This was to me the pleasantest part. The ever-greens, trimmed so as to grow in the shape of pyramids and cones, were slightly covered with frost, and looked, at a little distance, like haystacks in winter. The ponds near the palace were frozen, and a few skaters were upon them.

Thus ends my last trip at Paris. I believe I have seen about all that one pretends to see—a good deal more than I had any real desire to. To-morrow I shall be busy packing and making other preparation for a departure.

## II.

TOURS, Saturday evening, February 9, }  
GRAND HOTEL DU FAISAN. }

IN coming from Paris here, I have come through a country almost wholly flat, and, to a large extent, especially after passing Orléans, cultivated with grapes. About Blois the lands look handsomely. The Loire seemed to me like the Mohawk before it enters the Hudson ; its valley, except that it is wider, like that of the Connecticut.

Disembarking at Tours, I got into a hotel carriage, called that of the Grand Hotel du Faisan. The landlord was at his small office, that opens upon the *cour*. With him I bargained for my room—one looking down from the third story upon the business street of the place. Sitting now in it a wood fire flings its heat at me ; French books, with an English Bible to guard them, lie on the large centre table where I write. Above the mantel, handsomely framed, is a girl's photograph that I bought at Paris—a fancy sketch I

take it to be. Opposite I have another, from the tableau of a girl at prayer. Parisian-like, she has thrown off the waist of her dress, and girl-like, she sinks her face low upon the counterpane. Of Tours itself I like the looks much better than I expected, for it appears wholly neat. The Rue Royale, or business street, has a decided American appearance.

*February 17.*—I have just returned from a long walk in the country. Near to the city I was a good deal interested in the low houses in which the peasants live, and with the small gardens about them. Of the most fertile soil, these are separated from each other by the slightest of scantling fences, interlaced with grape vines; whilst in the corners are a number—one at least—of pear trees. Striking' from the river on to the level above, I kept on, until, leaving all houses behind me, I was alone among the meadows of Touraine. The day is like an April day, mild, mostly clear, but slightly gusty. Many of the fields are green, with cattle grazing in them. The grape vines, that cover so large an extent of the country, are about three feet apart, and trimmed completely to the trunk, with but one to three sprouts for bunches. The trimmings are gathered and sold for wood. Hedges mostly are used for fences.

*February 23.*—Another walk I have had, in another direction. If possible, the richness and cultivation of the soil appeared yet greater. Tou-

raine is rightly called the garden of France. The whole looks like a garden. Every rood of it is highly cultivated ; no fences where I was this afternoon—not even hedges, for miles. For trees there were many apple, young and thrifty. Besides these, bordering the road, is often a sort of willow, or poplar, which are all trimmed down to the trunk, excepting the last one or two years' shoots. The trunks are from one to two feet in diameter. Occasionally there is a château in sight, and always, near by, more or less of woods. From where I stood when furthest away to-day, I could see three châteaux. There are, besides, the houses where the peasants live. All of them are plastered, of one story, and look tolerably comfortable—some of them new and quite nice, though perfectly devoid of grace in themselves and in their surroundings. Their little yards may have flowers in, but, if so, they are concealed from the road by a wall that might have protected an ancient city.

*March 3.*—Saw some plum trees in blossom, but they were in an especially warm place.

*March 10.*—The whole week past has been perfect in its weather. Yesterday and to-day especially were bright and beautiful. The trees are fast blooming ; the fields already green, as in summer. To add to the charm of my walk this afternoon, I met a bevy of school-girls. Most of them were wee things yet, gay enough, chasing each



other, and skimming all ways like so many butterflies. Besides the girls, I went by several fine carriages, and also by several of the French scows, that were being pushed up the river, *à la Française*, that is, in the most shiftless manner. Across the river the land is level for several miles. For a long way up there is a row of poplars. Toss into the stream one or two considerable islands partly overgrown with low shrubbery, and, with the city, that soon lay in the distance back of me, you can get the view pretty much as I got it.

*March 24.*—I have taken my longest walk to-day, in chase of a steeple. Over the river, up the hill, and off in the country from amongst some trees, it rises. After the same unhedged, level country for miles, I passed down a hill, to where a clear stream was running, and thence ascending slightly through the first wood I had yet met, and over a stone bridge where another and larger brook was going under, I came to houses that seemed the outskirts of a village street. Directly I entered a village, having in it a charity institution with fine grounds, and in them the steeple I was chasing. There was also a good-looking inn. As most of the weather lately has been stormy and cool, the trees have not advanced rapidly. However, I saw one apple tree in full blow, and all fully budded. A number of birds felt quite gay about it.

*March 31.*—The peas about are some three

inches in height—the early field flowers in bloom. Nevertheless the weather the last week has been chilly, with tremendous winds up the river.

*April 7.*—The shad trees are dripping with flowers. Near some where I stopped this afternoon the birds sang merrily, and my thoughts floated as easily as the clouds that hung around. Below me, a few feet, one of the railroad tracks that centre here, crossed. Its banks were lined with young trees. The track itself looks tidy as a flower bed. A guide post told me that it was six K. to Tours, and twice as far to another village, if I turned at the forks.

*April 14.*—This afternoon I had a stroll on the Bayonne road, south, that goes across the river Cher. Yesterday, too, I went the same, turning off to the left, and coming into something of a village. The shads have faded, but the birds chirped as merrily to the leaves as to the flowers. I thought, perhaps they were pleased with the dandelions, that begin to blossom very thick. Perhaps it was with the daisies, or wild tulips, with which alternately the fields are white and yellow. Dandelions are the same as with us; daisies a third smaller, and less comely.

*April 28.*—Our days grow long very fast. It is nearly seven, but no call for lights. I can hardly realize that May is close upon us. This morning I went to the reading rooms, very much desiring full reports from Fort Sumter, which, we



learned by telegraph yesterday, had collapsed. I was disappointed enough to find no further particulars; with contempt passed over the Polish news; left the rooms without even a word for *Ceci*, who, with her new apron again, sat demurely reading, and made the straightest course to the post office. Here it was all right with a letter and paper from home.

I have just been standing an instant by my window. Being Sunday night, an unusually large throng is going by, though every evening the street is filled with promenaders. These French voices are musical. To stand on the Rue Royale at this hour, one would think Tours a mighty city.

I often stand thus by my window and gaze, equally with a sunny-haired girl over the way, that wears a blue dress, and dares to look as pretty as she pleases. With nothing else to do, I guess I'll write her a song. By Jove, I believe I am right in the vein of it, with that blue dress fluttering before my eyes.

I call her mine, the girl I see,  
The girl I see, that's o'er the way;  
Lingering by her window still,  
Lingering fondly every day:  
Thinking of her, she notes me too;  
Coquettishly she rests in view;  
Roguishly she's smiling ever,—  
Confound the road that dares us sever.

A bright-eyed lass, with sunny hair ;  
Red, red and ripe, her young lips are ;  
Full is her waist, her shoulder bright,  
Reflecting waves of mellow light :  
Her gaiter small, from skirts let free,  
Mocks in its impudence at me ;  
Or, languishing, entices ever,—  
Alas ! the road that doth us sever.

## III.

BLOIS, FRANCE, Tuesday evening, }  
May 7, 1861. }

THIS morning—I had finished packing last night—I went over to the reading rooms, stopping, as I came out, for a word with Ceci, who declared with emphasis that Tours was just beginning to be pleasant, and that the country was charming in the summer.

I left Tours at half past eleven. From the cars I looked my good-by to the place, almost with sorrow when I crossed the walk by the canal, where I have been so much. For some distance along the river I recognized the different objects that I had passed in my rambles, but when these were gone, and the cathedral tower got lost in the distance, I thought that to me it was Tours no more.

From the cars we had a good view of the château at Amboise. At one o'clock we reached Blois, where I had determined to stop. From the depot I came to the hotel, and have since looked over the town, with a walk into its suburbs.

*Moulins*, or, to go back, *Orléans*;—where I reached yesterday afternoon, finding an immense crowd gathered for the festival of Jeanne d'Arc; every hotel was full; with the offer of five francs, however, I obtained a room in a private family. I then walked down the street, following the crowd, and drew up at a small enclosure, where seemed an honest opportunity of spending some money. Leaving half a franc at the door, I entered. There was a very handsome flower-show, connected with the agricultural fair of this department, which is being held here during the week of the festival. Afterward I entered the main grounds of the fair. There was pretty much everything that we have at our fairs, excepting horses.

After supper I looked more at the city. From the tower of the large cathedral there is a fine view over the fertile plains, that lie on all sides level to the horizon. I was on top just at sunset—rather a hazy sunset, when the sun is very red; but it corresponded well with the great stretch of level valley around me, and the rather obscure recollections I had of *Orléans*, and Jeanne d'Arc.

This morning, after breakfast, I took the cars again for Lyon. Learning that I could not arrive until the morning, I determined to stop somewhere; consulting the railroad guide, I selected this place for the night. Here, then, I am just up from dinner, excessively sleepy. They tell me the

old place has 25,000 people. One might well judge it had the same number of years. From Orléans here the country has been repellent in its dryness and want of cultivation. I might perhaps except the last thirty miles.

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND, May 13.

Friday morning I left Moulins. Being market day the peasants were in from the country with their merchandise. They look entirely different, and are dressed entirely different, from those of Tours and Orléans. You would think them another people. Between Moulins and Lyon the country differs much; at first low, uninviting plains, then, when you reach *La Palisse* hills, there occasionally would be a choice picture view. Nearing *Roanne*, a valley stretched off to the left, bounded by a low range of mountains, which we soon reached, and from *St. Etienne* we were pushing through immense barren rocks, with the most forlorn-looking villages and cities upon and under them. Saturday morning I looked over Lyon. To a great extent it lies built upon a steep side-hill. The centre streets are wide and handsome, lined with six-story stone buildings. I left for Geneva at half past one, the railroad keeping near to a stream, that flows among high barren mountains, nearly the whole distance. As we neared Geneva we got a glance of Mont Blanc, and had glimpses, too, of little valleys slumbering sweetly where they had fallen.

Here, at Geneva, I stop temporarily at the *Hotel des Bergues*, and find three letters for company.

*May 19.*—Right opposite the *Hotel des Bergues*, in the third story, fronting on the lake, I have engaged me a room for a month. I can see the swans sailing about throughout the day; in the evening have the music of a band on the island in front of me.

*June 2.*—Have had a long walk this evening along the lake shore. 'Tis a charming walk, commencing from below my window, and leaving the city almost directly. There are scattered the whole way many handsome and some elegant dwellings, with grounds before and about them. The birds were musical, the lake quiet, the sun setting over the Jura mountains, with a large mass of cloud rolling along them.

*June 9.*—Sunday again, and a cloudy day. At the French church this morning, we had a great crowd to hear a distinguished preacher. The church, which was formerly a Catholic cathedral, is very large. The exercises through, I walked around by the avenue of trees above the gardens, to the post office, and thence, across the river, to the English church, in time for the hymns and sermon. This week I have had two magnifique walks, both in the same direction. Turning from the lake shore on to a little hill there is, and keeping, perhaps three miles, on the



higher grounds, with the lake on one side below, and the Mont Blanc range on the other. An elegant sunset added to the charm, as well, also, the fragrance of fresh cut hay. Aside from the effect of mountains and valleys, a most noticeable feature of all these walks near Geneva is the garden-like aspect of the country.

*Tuesday evening, July 2.*—Yesterday and to-day, again, were fine, after two weeks' rain and storm. The air still remains cool. This afternoon I made quite a walk along by the railroad. After the rains, the gardens and fields are looking forward. I see tomatoes in abundance about town—whether brought from the south or raised in hot-beds, I do not know.

*July 21*—And the Sunday going; French service, then English this morning, and a little American news. This afternoon somebody had my seat at the English church, as, indeed, happens every week. I take it pretty good-naturedly, although turned out twice myself when comfortably seated in Sir Robert P—'s. To-day I took the first bench just inside the door, where sat a pretty damsel, light hair and blonde, rosy cheek and blithe.

Last night I had a nice walk above the Rhone, near where the Arve empties in. The land is perfectly flat, with cabbages and cabbage huts, very like to the region as you go out from Albany, or Troy on the Lansingburg side. I have also this

week attended a concert in a small village six miles out. I make two notes. The concert was poor, very poor; the peasants attending plain and stupid in looks—very plain and very stupid. Here though at Geneva, I see many intelligent men and women, and Swiss girls that reflect most prettily in the dark blue waters of the Rhone.

*July 28.*—A fine day it is; we have had several of them this last week, with a perfect sight of the Mont Blanc range. We get letters to the Paris newspapers from America of the 13th, but no private letters to-day, nor any New York *Times* at the hotel. From the correspondence of the London *Times* we learn quite truly the state of affairs. Russell is not enough of a man, or a traveller, to throw aside his prejudices, but in the main appears tolerably well. The New York correspondent is a zealous advocate for the right. The correspondent of the *Illustrated News* is mightily pleased with our steamboats. He sends a sketch of the *New World* on the Hudson. It looks to me like an old friend.

*July 31.*—Received two letters this morning, at the office, and with them in my hand, and the city passed, my coat over my arm, *il a fait très-chaud aujourd'hui*, I struck off up the hills southeast toward the Little Salève. 'Twas a road I had not been on before. It gave a fine view of the Jura range in France, with the gap through which the Rhone passes. It gave also a fine view of the



pretty hedges that lined it, and the Swiss cottages that frowned upon it—smiled, if you prefer. There were, too, the ripening fields of rye, blossoming potatoe-vines, and newly mowed meadows, so that, beguiled by the pretty stories they kept telling me, I kept on and on, with the letters still in my hand. This is the fanciful view; but, in truth, I was all the time looking for a stone, more or less big, under some shady tree, where I could sit, muse and read, with no fears from dampness.

At last, coming to a broad tree near the hedge, I threw my coat down upon the grass in place of a stone, and opened the letters. The first told of strawberrying, and I stopped to think about strawberries, but my thoughts diverged. That's rather a pretty girl coming, at least looks well from here—shall see her better pretty quick; guess I'll be reading my letter: "I got there about five, finding them eagerly at it, on the ground to the north a little of—" that word's unusually tough.

"*Bonjour, mademoiselle.*"

"*Bonjour, monsieur.*"

She is very pretty, and what a walk she's got; head up. Oh yes, it rained yesterday, or day before, and with such a nice Sunday skirt, and so pretty a gaiter, there can be no doubt of the propriety. Of course I like you the better for it. There was a dash of genius in it. "Me dites vous qu'une fille, avec un petit pied comme cela ne

puisse faire son chemin dans le monde?"—"To the north a little of—" there she goes in that yard gate like the river snow-flakes. "A little of—" somebody's race course.

*August 7.*—Though the rain has continued in storms, we have had some very pleasant weather this week, and fine views of Mont Blanc. Monday I made my longest and one of the pleasantest walks, going on the Swiss side of the lake, as far as the Rothschild's summer mansion, which is on the highest point of ground, near and above the lake, facing toward Mont Blanc. The gardens and fields look finely after the rains. Coming to a shady spot on the side-hill, where a big stone was alone, I lay down on it, and passed a dreamy hour, with the Savoy and Piedmont mountains and valleys in full view before me. It was a curious thought that I was here alone in Switzerland, close over the lake to which atlases impart a peculiar fascination in a school-boy's fancies.

Monday I went again the tour that I before described, on to the hill above the south side of the lake. This is the highest ground of the canton. I trespassed upon a man's meadow to get on the summit. The sun took its position on Mount Jura, more properly Mount *Dôle* of the Jura. I suppose he had the better view. The great valleys this side of the Mont Blanc mountains seemed as if they had not finished their Sunday, so very quiet were they gathering in the evening shadows, and

the snow of Mont Blanc, without even a shadow to spot it, was lovely as a young girl. I kept on in my walk to a small village, which I found gaily trimmed for a fête, with a bevy of lassies gathered outside on a rough temporary platform for a dance. I will do them justice: one or two of them should have been called very pretty; the whole made a fair selection for Delicates.

#### THE AMERICAN GIRL'S SONG TO HER FLAG.

See, see, our Flag! see, see, our Flág!  
How softly it doth fly;  
Its stars and stripes, its stars and stripes,  
Are on the evening sky.

How clear it waves! how clear it waves!  
Nor thinks of sorrows past;  
But bravely strives, and always strives,  
For victory at last.

My brother died, my brother died,  
Beneath that banner bright;  
For Freedom's cause, her righteous cause,  
He perished in the fight.

My lover died, my lover died,  
Beneath that banner bold;  
With bloody wounds, with cruel wounds,  
His life was sadly told.

No brother now, no lover now,  
Young Ellen's heart grows sad;  
Both dear to her, both true to her,  
And they were all she had.

See, see, my Flag ! see, see, my Flag !  
How sweetly it doth fly ;  
Its stars and stripes, its stars and stripes,  
Lie on the golden sky.

(GENEVA, *August* 12, 1861.)

## IV.

CHAMOUNIX, August 24, 1861.

TRAVELLING leaves little time for writing. A week ago Saturday I left Geneva on the lake boat. As we came near Lausanne a storm came on, so that I gave up the idea of stopping, and, with the other passengers, passed the fine scenery, eating dinner in the cabin. The rain, however, stopped shortly before we reached Villeneuve. I went to the Hotel Byron, and remained there over Sunday. Saturday night, and also Sunday night, we had beautiful sunsets over the Jura, with the lake far extending in front; mountains both wooded, rocky, and snow-covered, at the side and behind us. Shortly after, the moon came over the high hills—a full moon. A party of us from the yard watched it through my spy-glass, counting the leaves, on the hill, of the trees that were in the way.

Monday morning, by the first boat, I went to Lausanne. A clear day gave me the beauty of the lake ride, and of Lausanne itself, that, from a

most perfect position, looks toward the lake, very much as Burlington, Vermont, toward Lake Champlain. Walking to the village, I left my bag at the hotel, and then went on to the hill back, that is called the "Signal." The view from here approaches that from the *Dôle*, the highest of the Juras. It lacks only the back view off into France, and the valley between the Jura range and the lake. I left Lausanne by the three o'clock boat. Before we reached Geneva, I made the acquaintance of an American and his wife from Springfield, Mass. They soon persuaded me, that I would best join them in a tour through Switzerland, and this properly commenced in a new start from Geneva on Wednesday morning, at seven. We left the *Hotel de Métropole*, my ticket bought to Sallenche, theirs through to Chamounix. At Sallenche was the stop for dinner, and also a change from the large diligence to light wagons. There remained eighteen miles to Chamounix, which I had determined to walk. The first four miles being level, I was left behind. Here I passed many Swiss cottages, high up on the mountain slopes, with small gardens and vineyards close about them. When we came to the hills, long and steep, I had the advantage. With four hours and a half to Chamounix, I kept the coaches back, and engaged rooms for our party at the *Hotel d'Angleterre*. Through all this ride from Geneva we were in constant view of Mont Blanc.



The Arve, by which we go the first part of the way, comes a muddy, glacier-fed river.

Thursday, Mrs. C—— being somewhat unwell, Mr. C—— and myself walked on to the Flegère. With our glass we watched for some time a party of twelve making the ascent of Mont Blanc. Mont Blanc lies directly opposite. We could easily follow their course, and see the line of the path nearly to the summit. Refreshed with bread and milk, that we found in the chalet there, we made a much more easy descent back again to the hotel. The day was one of the finest ever known at Chamounix; so reported the guides of the Mont Blanc party. Friday, also a fine day, Mrs. C—— still slightly unwell, Mr. C—— and myself had another walk to the Cascade du Dard, and thence to the Glacier des Bossons, which we crossed nearly where they commence the ascent of Mont Blanc. We took our time in our walk, refreshing, as before, with strawberries and milk, from another chalet. In the woods we found fine whortleberry picking. The Glacier des Bossons juts out nearly in the centre of the Chamounix valley, and so gives a perfect view of it in both directions. The valley is narrow enough to have been the former bed of a river. It was six o'clock when we got back to the hotel.

Yesterday I was up at five, and commenced with a good breakfast. At half past six, with six others, and a guide, I started for the Jardins.



This is sometimes called one of the finest trips among the Alps. One of our party was Irish; the rest, except myself, English. At first we went to the Montanvert or Mer de Glace. This took us nearly an hour and a half, and here we stopped for provisions to take with us, and a porter to carry them. Again on our way, the path lies along by the Mer de Glace for half an hour, with an hour to follow on the Mer de Glace, crossing it obliquely. In crossing this, our party got separated, two going on with one of the guides, the rest of us hanging back to look up crystals. My own interest geologically being limited, the magnetism of the crystals soon gave way with me, and I held on alone after the first half of our party, following the path I had seen them take. My Irish friend, who sits by me now, talking to a very pretty English girl, says he was two hours and a half only to the Jardins from the Montanvert. When I came, he, with his comrade and guide, was on a big rock enjoying the best of our dinner, though they declared themselves disgusted with the view. Without underrating this, which at least excelled in dreariness, I was fully prepared to defer to the dinner. A half hour passed. The other party hove in sight, reached the rocks and the remnants of the meal. Big clouds, that had threatened all day, were sinking lower. The ambitious Irishman bade others take their time, but as for him, he said, it was "en avant." The guide that had come first

caught the spirit. Two hours and a quarter brought us back again to the Montanvert; thirty-eight minutes more rushed us to the foot of the mountain near the hotel. One word upon the Jardins. It is wholly a glacier view, larger, perhaps, and more desolate, but little different from that of the Mer de Glace. Its interest lies in its utter solitude. No sounds but falling avalanches; nothing in sight but fields of upheaved ice, hemmed in, on all sides, by grim pointed rocks of enormous size and height. And one word more for the little beauty upon the sofa by me. She is *assez petite*, with bright eyes and bright dimples. I have just told her I was writing about her. She seems to think it's a pretty good subject, and wants to know what I am saying. She laughs, too, beautifully. It's all in vain, I cannot write in thinking of this girl.

*May, 1863.*—Chamounix to Milan, Milan to Zurich. The notes that I took are lost. Looked back upon, across two years of time, the impressions that worded themselves into a dozen pages, bid fair to condense into one.

Chamounix, the Tête Noire, mountains, valleys, mules, German students, German girls, Alpine stocks, and one miserable waterfall, that a Swedish gentleman advised us half a mile out of our way to see, the wide, long extending valley of the upper Rhone, and Martigny. To here, I

recollect, I came on foot, my friends on mules. Here also we had some dinner and some tea. From here we came by cars to Sion; by diligence to Leuky Bad, where we ascended the Torrenthorn, and the next day, in a carriage that we hired, passed down the valley of the Rhone to the Simplon Pass, which, on the second day, we crossed into the sultry valleys of Italy, as far as Milan. The Sunday was passed at Milan. The succeeding four days gave us some fair sails upon the Italian lakes; carried us over the Splugen Pass, down into German Switzerland, and by the lake of Wallenstadt to Zurich. 'Twas the time of a calm sunset that we came to the margin of fair Zurich's waters. By the cars we had skirted the southern shore of the lake of Wallenstadt, that lay belted in by enormous mountains. Where the line ended, at Lake Zurich, we tarried long enough to get a dinner, at a small restaurant hotel, built in the form of a Swiss cottage, near to the lake shore. Two very pretty demoiselles acted the part of waitresses, one of them dressed in the Swiss costume. The northern shore of Lake Zurich, that we sailed along that evening, swelled into a long gently rising upland, that in its look and cultivation reflected any New England State.

The Splugen Pass pleased me more than the Simplon. I liked the spruces that flourished about

it, and I liked, especially, the beautiful wide valley that it came down into on the Swiss side. For the first half of the pass we fortunately secured coupé seats, three of us; so we fitted exactly in the coupé.

## V.

LYON, September 15, 1861.

It is Sunday again. I wrote last at Zurich. We came into Zurich Friday night, and, after first having walked through the village, left in good season Saturday morning. Zurich is a charming place. I should say that it was by far the prettiest place to live in, in Switzerland. Our course from here was to the Rigi mountain above the lake of Lucerne. There was an elegant diligence ride between Lake Zurich and Lake Zug; a rolling country, fertile and home-like. On Lake Zug we took again the steamboat to the foot of the Rigi. Two English girls on board were sketching the scene. I noticed this difference between us: they looked at the scene, but I looked at them. The height of the Rigi is 5,900 feet; from it is one of the most celebrated views of Switzerland. We landed at Arth and made the ascent, Mr. C—— and myself on foot, Mrs. C—— on horseback. A mostly clear day we had, and, in going up, many a fine glimpse of Lake Zug and its shores. We could

see, too, the Rossberg Mountain, that slants now like the roof of a house. It was a part of this, that in 1806, splitting off, overwhelmed three villages, and filled up a part of a small lake several miles distant. Beside a great amount of property, this slide destroyed 450 lives.

Sunset on the Rigi ! There were clouds about that covered the highest Alps of the Bernese chain, but there remained a magnificent panorama view of Switzerland. This is not at all, as from the Torrenthorn, confined to mountains. From three sides the country looks a grazing land, and is dotted with lakes and villages. The Jura range bounds to the west. Northeast, with the glass, I could distinguish a large body of water, that I supposed the lake of Constance. Lake Zug, with its rounded shores, lies below. It seemed looking at the sunset as well as ourselves, but the sun bade it good night before us, and the shadows were lying all over its quiet waters whilst we yet saw the sun's rim over the Jura. The lake of Lucerne is so directly under the body of the mountain that we see but little of it. The small unique valley of Lowertz lies easterly. Southwesterly, over the hills, I had with my glass a glimpse of Zurich.

This was to be our last bird's-eye view of Switzerland. I had had now three very complete ones, from the Dôle, the Torrenthorn, and the Rigi. That from the Dôle and the Rigi may be compared ; they both embrace mountain and valley



On the Torrenthorn you but stand in the centre of a circumference of mountains. As to the views from the Dôle and from the Rigi, that from the Rigi should be most beautiful, as it looks upon a choicer part of Switzerland; but from the former you see Mont Blanc magnificently, and have, too, the whole lake of Geneva stretching below, like Lake Champlain, as seen from Bertha Mountain in Vermont. Both views have their beauty. I am glad to have seen both.

There is a large hotel on the summit of the Rigi. Here we stopped over the night till the sound of the horn bade us search for sunrise. It proved rather a difficult search. The wind blew so furiously, one could hardly stand in its way. Immense curtains of cloud and fog hung in the valleys toward the east. However, we waited patiently, some two hundred of us, till finally a perfect hurricane swept the clouds for an instant away, and showed us the sun about half an hour up in the heavens. The women were delighted, everybody was satisfied and went to breakfast. I swung my glass around once or twice, but the wind blew cold, besides blowing strong: it didn't pay.

Breakfast over, our party started to catch the nine o'clock boat to Lucerne. A tremendous rain came on that washed us down the mountain, landing us in a comic Swiss hotel to dry. The boat was somewhat late. Whilst waiting and drying,



we were engaged in buying old coin and wooden images, of a good-looking Swiss girl, that spoke English. She had learned it from her brother, who had been in England. She herself had long wanted to go to America, and meant to, she said, when she had saved money enough.

Sunday we passed at Lucerne, at the Schweitzer Hoff. Lucerne is a very different city from Zurich—old, and every way uninteresting except in its situation. From a hill back we got the beauty of this Sunday; the weather again was clear and fine. Monday we left at five, to make the trip of the lake by steamer. The first part of the ride was to me the finest, the bay of Uri uninteresting in the extreme. For its mountain scenery it does not compare with the lake of Wallenstadt, or of Thun, or of Brienz. At Flüelen, at the other end of the lake, we took the diligence to go as far as Hospital, on the St. Gothard route. I rode only to Amity. This was through William Tell's Valley, and is one of the prettiest and grandest rides we have had, being more nearly to us, than anything before, what Americans think Switzerland to be. From Amity to Hospital is much less interesting. Mostly up hill, I walked it. Shortly after crossing the so called Devil's Bridge, we reach Andermatt, and thence, in one mile and a half, Hospital. A bread and milk dinner, a bargain for a horse, and we are off for Furca Inn, the halfway station of the Furca Pass, that

runs from the St. Gothard to Grimsel, thence to Meyringen, near the lake of Brienz. It is only practicable for those on foot, or on horseback, and is, at its summit, 8,250 feet above the sea. The whole way it is through a barren region; large rocks for mountains, and, in the valleys, stunted rocks, and stunted goats. Patches of snow, or glaciers, lie everywhere above us, and send down numerous streams, muddy and spunky, that find their way to the Reuss, which empties into the lake of Lucerne.

The shades of night were falling fast, as a large St. Bernard dog welcomed me to the little inn at Furca. I say at Furca, because it is the Furca Inn. There is, though, no other hut to make a village. The dog welcomed me, and I shouted back at the dark valley. An answering short told that some of the party were not far down. I told the dog these were some friends of mine, an American and his wife. They would want his best bed, I should want the next, and then, if there were any left, there were a couple of Englishmen coming. An half hour after we were all about the supper table, hungry enough, and tired enough.

The next morning, up at six, we had intended to go to Meyringen, thirty miles; but to the starry night had succeeded a cloudy morning. Mist wrapped the mountain tops, or sank low in the valley, and various little rain drops were lying on the window panes. There is quite a fine view up

here in clear weather ; so the guide says. There is very little view this morning. Somewhat moodily we sit down to breakfast. "Il pleut," says the landlord, coming in from out the door. Nine o'clock, "il pleut encore." But we have umbrellas, and I suggest to the madame that it may be better to go on, than to wait for an Alpine storm to go by. She is like-minded. We order the horse, and with our umbrellas to guard against the drizzling fog, set out for the Grimsel hospice, ten miles off. In our course we passed by the Rhone glacier, where is the source of the Rhone. It is one of the largest and finest glaciers we have seen. Passing round its base, the mountain of the Grimsel rises before us, about 1,200 feet to ascend. The guide and the horse go ahead ; we go more slowly, stopping occasionally to pick whortleberries. Once on the top, there is a wonderfully fine view of cloud and mist, and a strong, biting wind whirling it onward. At the foot of this mountain is the Grimsel hospice, a building of stone, with very thick walls, and now, as we arrive, a dining-room comfortable from the well made fire. We get again some bread and milk, and rest the horse. Meanwhile the rain has ceased actively, though the clouds are still low. Leaving the Grimsel, we wind down the Aar until we arrive at its celebrated falls at Handek. A strong, turbulent, glacier stream, it has been jumping all the way since we met it, and now throws itself into a dark

chasm, ninety feet deep. Another little stream jumps in from the left, at the same point, adding, perhaps, to the effect. The scenery everywhere is Alpine—high rocks, with a few miserable trees. The fall, then, has no charm from graceful foliage about it. Its effects must come from its own merit. As a graceful and copious sheet of water, it is certainly fine, but the eye does not like to be satisfied with this alone, and perhaps is a little disappointed. Passing this fall, there is no other point of special interest on the route. About six we came to a little village—the first since Hospital—and here, at a tolerably poor inn, we spent the night. The next morning was still threatening, so that, when we reached Meyringen, a short two hours from where we stopped, we concluded to alter our plan, and go by Brienz to Interlaken. We had intended going by the greater Scheideck direct to Grindelwald. By the lake route we reached Interlaken about dusk. It was too cloudy to see the lake well, its mountain tops being wholly covered, but it seemed to us that it must be one of the most beautiful of the Swiss lakes. We caught a glimpse of the fall of Brienz, as it came down a high mountain slope, under low underbrush.

At Interlaken overnight, and Thursday morning early, there being a clear sky, and the clouds flying, we started, *en voiture*, to make the tour of the Wengern Alp. The cool air gave zest to the morning drive. The drive itself is a very hand-

some one, by the fertile fields near Interlaken, into the gorge that leads up to the Jungfrau, and the other Bernese Alps. We left our carriage at Lauterbrunnen, to be taken round by the *char-road* to Grindelwald. Mr. and Mrs. C—— then took the horses, with saddles, and I followed on foot. The commencement of the ascent is steep; we had soon extended views of the valley and its Swiss homes. We see, also, on the further side, the Staubbach fall, that is, we see from where it comes, but it gets so small, we are not sure where it goes. Before and above, white, like our wintry snow drifts, that curve so beautifully, is the Jungfrau. It lies in sight the whole time, till three hours' steady march has brought us to the height of the Wengern Alp. Now we might throw stones at it. We sit outside of the little inn, and watch and listen for falling avalanches. The fresh wind that comes from the snows, has a wintry tone; the atmosphere, after the rains, is very clear; a large herd of cows is grazing below us in the field. They all wear Alpine bells, and the tinkling sounds very prettily among these valleys. Suddenly there is a grumbling noise, that increases to a roar like thunder. Coming down the side of the Jungfrau we see a white mist of snow. This is the avalanche. While we stopped there were two more—one of them very loud and very perfect, coming from near the top, and falling, several times, from one landing place to another,



until it was lost in the green valley. It looked very much like a foaming waterfall. From the top there is another three hours' walk to Grindelwald, passing under several of the highest of the Bernese Alps. About half way down we were entertained with Swiss songs from an elderly dame and her daughter. In fact, some sort of entertainment had been prepared for us all the morning, at every turn, till a little pocketful of sous, that I started with, were all spent. First there was a man with a horn, which he blew furiously, then doffed his hat. We paid him pretty handsomely, so that he kept blowing till we were out of sight. But the next turn brought another man with a bigger horn, a third turn mineralogical specimens, then a third horn, with this time a really fine echo. In coming up the mountain there was a boy to be satisfied at every gate, and a dish of strawberries to be eaten at every cot. At Grindelwald we had our dinner, put the horses again to the carriage, and returned to Interlaken about seven, thus finishing one of the longest and finest days' tours we have made.

From Interlaken, the next day, we sailed over the fair lake of Thun, to Thun. We dodged about Thun desperately, during the short interval there was before the cars left for Berne. Between Thun and Berne lies a farming country, pleasant to the eye. At Berne we had a fine sunset view from the cathedral tower, both of the city, of the country,

and of the lofty Bernese Alps. Berne is a compact, ancient-looking city, with parallel streets. From the cathedral we went back to our hotel, to pass a lingering evening over a large muskmelon. The next morning we were to separate. I bade good-by to the Yankee companions, after four weeks' very agreeable acquaintance. I guess we were all a little sober; however, personally, I feel again, now, about the same as of yore, and am glad the tour of Switzerland is well made.

At five o'clock Saturday morning I left Berne, passed around Lake Neuchâtel, and came again to Geneva, at about one. Here I had two hours, and looked in at the post office, but received nothing. The old town was very natural. At half past four we left for Lyon, going over the same route that I had come. We reached here about ten. With my sack I walked on, through the city, to the Hotel de Collet, a first-class hotel, where I secured an upper bedroom for two francs, *tout compris*.

TOULOUSE, September 19.

I left Lyon Monday for Marseilles. The road goes within sight of the Rhone as far as Terascon. The valley of the Rhone is not handsome, nor did it seem especially fertile. There are mountains in sight on both sides nearly all the way—dry, disagreeable hills they are. Were our mountains like many of these in Europe, my love for them would die speedily, if it had ever had



birth. The view of the Mediterranean, before reaching Marseilles, is very fine, a blue sea, to counteract the effect of snow and rock, that we have had so long among the Alps.

Marseilles I was disgusted with. It is a dirty, dusty, windy, disagreeable city, with the poorest hotels, and the most exorbitant charges. The streets smell so badly, you can scarcely walk through them. I went on to the hill south of the town. The wind blew furiously from the north, a hurricane sweeping over this parched and dreary land. All the view is uninteresting, excepting that toward the sea. The harbor, a little inlet from the bay, is very small, though perfectly protected. There is now another artificial one. I left at four Tuesday afternoon, returning as far as Terascon, and thence directly on to Nismes for the night. The next day I looked over the Roman ruins, the amphitheatre, that is externally better preserved than the Coliseum at Rome, and a quite prettily shaped building with fine Corinthian columns, now used as a museum. There were also some old bath arrangements, within a very pretty modern garden. By the twelve o'clock train I went to Montpellier. The whole way between is a luxuriant field, covered with vineyards, bending with most elegant clusters of grapes. It seemed to me all as fertile as Touraine. At Montpellier I had an hour and a half, and went upon the *Peyrou*, after inquiring at the post office. There

is a long, extended view. The whole country looks rich ; the town itself handsome. On one side there are high hills in the distance, and on the other the sea.

I should give, too, a marked preference to the race that live at Montpellier, at Nismes, and at Toulouse, over any I have seen before in France. The next train left Montpellier at half past three ; we arrived at Toulouse, after several opportunities for lunch, at half past eleven. I have found here two letters. As I see it, I like the city well. It seems a busy city. My trunks I have forwarded to Pau, and intend leaving myself to-morrow, through the level fields of Languedoc, for Luchon, in the Pyrenees.

## VI.

Luz, FRANCE, September 12, 1861.

I HAVE made the tour of the Pyrenees on foot, commenced Monday and finished to-day. Let no one say I haven't seen half of them. I've seen all I mean to, and a good many more than I wish I had. I have been up over seven thousand feet four different times. Rely on this: when I start again, I'll have a good horse under me.

To-day I came from Grip in five and a half hours—the easiest day I have had. I should have gone on the Pic du Midi de Bigorre, making four hours longer, but the weather seemed too threatening, the Pic being covered with clouds and snow when I came to the place where they turn off to ascend. I reached here at three, and found a letter and paper. It was a treat to get some news again, after so much tramping. I ordered a beef-steak, with some rich milk for drink, and, with the letter spread before me, ate and read alternately.

*Saturday night.*—In spite of what I wrote last night, I've been up another mountain and got

down again—that's the best part—all on foot and alone. The day was so very fine that the temptation was too great. Instead of taking a horseback ride to Gavarnie, I went up the Pic des Bergons, which is called in the guide book one of the finest points of view among the Pyrenees. It did not begin to be as fine as where I went Tuesday. Nevertheless it was good, and with my spyglass I could see so perfectly the valley, the cirque, and the waterfalls at Gavarnie, that I shall not go there at all, but, instead, shall leave here Monday morning for Pau.

But to go back. Toulouse, and on the top of the diligence you have me started through the fertile fields of Languedoc, given mostly to grain and grass. The Pyrenees form a distant outline in front a long way off, and then a shorter way off, till when we stopped to breakfast, at one o'clock, the arms which the main chain flings out continually into the valley were but a short distance ahead. The meal—I can hardly do it justice now, but I did at the time—the meal over, and the little village of Saint somebody, where we ate, passed, there came a slope to be gone down, and from the top a beautiful picture of the nearest hill, covered all over on the France side with a low green forest, so evenly that it seemed carpeted with the richest grass. And here I would remark that this is the finest piece of wood I have seen in all the Pyrenees. At the side of this, on the right, was

the valley of the Garonne, and further on another hill more barren and less handsome, with a curious-looking village and big church perched upon it. St. Bernard is its name. We left it at our right, and groped along into the valley. My beautiful mountain I found on the back side, spotted with dry grass and barren rocks. Thus often—but I haven't time. To the left of us we left the Val d'Aran, from which comes the Garonne, and went ourselves up the valley of the Arboust, as beautiful as any I have met, and giving one a fine first impression of the Pyrenees.

The torrent that goes through the valley, whether dashing or tranquil, is clear, like our mountain streams. We see here no more the dirty water that comes from the muddy glaciers of Switzerland. Then the valley is greener, its sides handsomer, its houses, though poor enough, neater than what you find in the mountain regions of Switzerland and Savoy; and the peasants whom we meet, whether male or female, as they seemed at Montpellier and Toulouse, are a strong, well formed, handsome race. Nearly to the extremity of the valley, in a flat and rather disagreeable basin, is Luchon. Our *postillon* feels that he is coming where people live; he cracks his whip with the most brilliant success. You can hardly conceive the amount of noise he gets from the lash. We dash into a street lined its whole extent with a double row of branching trees, and

a double row of well made buildings, mostly of one or two stories, neatly painted, and all claiming to be hotels, or having apartments to let. The street itself is filled with a gay collection of folk, some on foot and some on donkeys; two pretty girls, with black eyes and red flannel petticoats, are galloping through on horseback. Your true French damsel likes a *jauntie* dress, red and orange and blue. You see them all through the street, and displayed profusely in the shops,—“Souvenirs de Luchon.”

Luchon is a French watering place, as much so as Saratoga is a Yankee one. It puts on airs accordingly. Now the season is a little passed. In another week it will be gone. But let us leave Luchon for Luchon's hotels. Somebody had told me the place to stop at was the Hôtel d'Angleterre. I went there. It proved a good-enough hotel, only there was neither sitting room, piano, or newspaper. Saturday morning I left it for the Hôtel de Londres, where all of these existed. A rainy Saturday and a pleasant Monday followed. Sunday afternoon I made a three-hours' walk into the Val de Lys, which diverges from the Luchon valley to the right. The road to it goes up hill by a clear, pretty stream. The lower part of the mountains on each side is overgrown with trees, balsam and beech principally. In about three miles you come out from the trees into cleared mountain slopes, with a very narrow valley, a



very little village, a small waterfall at the farther end, sheep, goats, and cows.

Monday morning at six, with a guide that I had secured the night before, I left Luchon to pass through the Port de Venasque on to Venasque in Spain. The morning had opened brilliantly, clear, and slightly cool, just enough so. We took with us a bottle of wine, some cold meat and bread, for a lunch. We were to make the trip afoot. It commences up the valley from Luchon two miles, till you come to where they turn off for the valley of Lys. Here, turning to the left, the road begins to ascend through a handsome gorge, with a fair beech wood to line it, and mountains, high, rising over it. The beech wood on this side, and the balsams on the other, go about half-way up the mountains: then come clear grounds, with pasturing, and the tops, as I looked down on them afterward, are large sloping fields, filled with sheep and goats. On those easy of ascent there are cows. The road, hitherto good for carriages, ends with the valley seven miles from Luchon. There is here a small hospice, used both as an hospice and inn. From this commences the ascent of the mountain that leads to the Port de Venasque. It is a semi-circular mountain or huge wall, barren to the eye, and tough in the ascent. However, we mounted it, and that ahead of an English rector and his daughter, who, on horse-back, had passed us in the valley below. The



Port is simply a *crévasse*, a curious one, to be sure, shaped something like a door, in the semi-circular wall. It is itself 7,917 feet above the sea, whilst on each side rise huge cliffs of rock far above it. Passing through, before us, on the other side, across an intervening valley, rises the whole bulk of the Maladetta, the loftiest of the Pyrenees (11,426 feet). Toward its summit is a large curved basin of snow. The mountain itself is an ugly, scowling concern, well named the Accursed; and so all the valley on the Spanish side that we look at is surrounded by a disagreeable series of rocky hills.

A few minutes suffice for the view. "A short way ahead we shall find water for our luncheon," said the guide. The English rector and his daughter passed us again; we pressed on in descent. My bottle of wine, that I had been counting on so much for the luncheon, made a descent at the same time from the guide's pocket to a little rock there was; it didn't linger long enough to tell its color. The spring, too, that we were going to, was dried up. We had to descend to the foot of the mountain, where was another hospice, horribly wretched, even for Spain. But beyond this there was a clear stream; on its grassy bank, shaded by a large rock, we took our luncheon. From here to Venasque is about ten miles, a stony mulepath running the whole way near the same stream, which soon grew into quite a

river, by which we had our dinner. Venasque, the first Spanish town I had seen, is a most filthy place; all the Spanish villages of this part are said to be the same. Its hotel is intolerable. You enter through the stable. Still, it was the best accommodation we could find. We could go no farther that night. The only point was to learn the charges. The woman spoke Spanish, which the guide translated. Her price was nine francs for supper, bed, and breakfast, for myself alone. I made short work of this, that I would give no such price, and finally engaged a bed and breakfast for four francs. There was enough left from the lunch for a good supper. The guide took care of himself. In about half an hour the rector came. He did hardly as well as I, but got off two francs from the nine.

It was now about four o'clock. The girl, another instance of feminine ambition, thought she must go and see the town. There couldn't have been a meaner sight, I thought; apparently the rector felt the same. He advised that she go to bed, but the look that she gave stopped all that, and carried him as far as his hat. From the window I saw them disappearing among the pigs, the girl, with her skirt in the most improved English style, eying each hovel, and the rector dodging the donkeys and the porkers. I myself soon followed as far as the outskirts of the town, where I came to a cleanly stone arch, that spanned a still

more cleanly river. The bridge had wide stone walls. On one of them I lay down, watching the water roaming beneath, or rising enough to see the fields beyond, green in spite of their Spanish occupants. Lofty hills and mountains bounded them on all sides. There was much that was beautiful about it. Another little Spanish town, that was upon a mountain hill, some three miles in front of me, gave a fine background. Over all was the soft verdant tinge that comes from the Southern clime, and lies like a mantle above the Pyrenees.

Well, here I sat upon the bridge, with the general softness about, until the dumb animals thought I was a part of the edifice, and quite a respectable donkey came and proposed to rub himself against my leg. I up with my foot and let him have it, right in the face; then I got down and made my way back to the dirty hotel. Soon the rector and the girl came. I asked her if she had seen the town. She said, "Yes; a very curious old place." After the supper we had a long evening, with political discussions.

The next day, Tuesday, we were up at six, but the Spanish breakfast was not ready till nearly eight. There were some trout, that went very well. Our return lay for the first ten miles as we had come. Passing the hospice, we turned to the right, and went along under the Maladetta up a high mountain opposite it, that was a contin-

nation of the ridge on which is the Port de Venasque. Something over eight thousand feet up we reached another Port, that penetrated the main ridge. Going through this there are two paths, one running down the mountain into the Val d'Aran, where the source of the Garonne is, the other mounting again to the left, up quite a height, to the Port de Picard, that lies a little to the northeast of the Port de Venasque. The first of these routes the rector went. We took the other, and soon stood upon the height, looking down upon the paths we had left, and the mountains stretching far and wide. The view was fine, but near us on the right was the height of one of the two cliffs that formed the Port. I told the guide we would go on this ; so we did. I think it must have been over nine thousand feet. The sight from it was magnificent, with a clear atmosphere. I was satisfied it must be about the best point of view to see the Pyrenees themselves. That from the Maladetta would slightly excel it. As on the Torrenthorn in Switzerland, we were surrounded by mountains, except one small opening, that looked off on the level plains of France. The highest of all the Pyrenees, the Maladetta, lay apparently within a stone's throw, over the valley. Directly below us was the valley of Aran, one of the most beautiful in the Pyrenees, with the infant Garonne floating through it. On all sides mountains and valleys are thrown in together, and

all are covered with some kind of vegetation ; the high mountains mostly with a withered sort of grass, in itself not handsome, but still it gave that soft tinge I spoke of, which you have not at all in the Alps, but which here suffuses the whole, and gives a charm to the Pyrenees peculiar to themselves. The little valley that we came up the day before, lay opposite to the Val d'Aran. Its sides, that had seemed high mountains, looked now like hills fringed below with woods, and rising into table lands, where flocks were grazing. Quite a number of villages in the different valleys were in sight, and many a little stream searching for the Garonne.

These little streams, I might add, acted like so many magnets on us. It has been very dry in the Pyrenees all the summer—both dry and hot—so that all the springs are withered, and all the low glaciers melted ; we had come many a trying mile, finding no water. The guide, who had apparently been considering why we came up this last hill, pointed to the table land below us, and said there was a very fine spring there. He waited for the effect. It came.

“ Allons.”

With a writer's license I change the scene to a rock from which, or under which, came a cool and limpid jet of water. I will not tell of the bread and cheese I ate, or how many times I held the leather cup to the cold water ; but when I have the

Chamounix English girl, who draws so well, make me a picture of the Pyrenees, she's going to put this rock in the foreground, with the reflection of herself in the spring beside it.



## VII.

PAT, October 13, 1861.

WEDNESDAY morning at Luchon I was up *de bon matin*, and found many clouds, thick and damp, covering the mountains, and settling down into the valleys. However, I made my breakfast, slung the knapsack on my back over one shoulder, the spyglass and shawl over the other, and recommenced touring. I followed a valley road that leads off toward Arreau and the baths of Bigorre. The hedges, that are in part covered by blackberry bushes, diverted me into one or two halts; otherwise I kept on steadily, through a grazing valley, with high-unhandsome-looking hills about it, three hours, to a small, ill-formed village, where a mule path leaves the carriage road, and passes through the village of Oo, on, an hour and a half's farther walk, to the Lake d'Oo. This is one of the few small lakes among the Pyrenees. To see this lake was part of the day's work. I turned off, accordingly, down a hill-slope on which the dirty village was, through some meadows lined with



hedges, a mile to the village d'Oo. There was here a pretty mountain stream passing, and near its bank, just before reaching a bridge that crossed it, a small house, enclosed by a large high wall, and on the wooden gate to the wall it said, "Ici on sert à boire et à manger."

Mr. C. said in Switzerland he had noticed I never passed a restaurant. With pleasing fancies of the good things within, I drew up to this. Alas! the big gate was closed, *fermée à la clef*. I tried it repeatedly, and, remembering how I had failed once at Westport, I pulled as well as pushed. "Il n'y a personne," said a bright-looking damsel, that came along then on a mule, "la madame est allée au champ." This was conclusive. I was fain to leave—that is, leave the provision I had hoped to take, and take the sack I had hoped to leave.

I crossed the bridge. For some hours the clouds had been creeping farther down the hill-tops, and now, as if all things were arranged, the raindrops began to fall, small, wet, and active. I raised my umbrella. The dripping of the rain upon its top, and the stream below plashing on the boulders, was all the company I had through the dreary valley and up the climb of four thousand feet that ended it. To tell how I felt would make a long history, but I can tell what I saw in about three lines. There were mountains on two sides, entirely covered with clouds. There was a

long valley below, running off to the fourth side, pretty much covered with clouds. There was a flock of sheep apparently somewhere between the valley and the mountains, but it was so misty I couldn't well place them. Then, on top of the mountain where I had reached, was a small rude inn; the people inside told me, that directly in front, only a few rods off, was the lake d'Oo. It seemed very probable, as I had noticed the mist in that direction was thicker than anywhere else. Within the inn was one French party and one English, that had come, as I did, for pleasure. They had a wood fire arranged in the large fireplace. By it they were drying themselves, whilst waiting for the lunch. The Englishman growled to see a newcomer, whilst the Frenchman upset almost everything about him in trying to give me a place. I assured him I was neither cold nor wet, didn't wish to get any nearer the fire than the dinner table, and here, after unstrapping my baggage, I sat me down.

For my lunch I got precisely what I wanted: a large pitcher of new milk, with bread and peaches. When I had finished I looked again out the door. The clouds had lifted; such as it was, the little lake was before me. It is but a small round pond, a quarter of a mile, perhaps, across. I could see but little of the mountains that hemmed it in. It was now two o'clock. There was no hotel until I reached Arreau, and to Arreau it

would take at least six hours. The way was back to the village d'Oo, then by a short cut through the fields to the highway, and after that, "tout droit." The short cut proved but fifteen minutes long, when the highway, though somewhat muddy, made good walking. In crossing from one valley into the other, it crosses a mountain spur of six thousand feet, by a continuous succession of zigzags. The road is macadamized and thoroughly built, as much so as those in the Alps. Occasionally the clouds would sweep out from the valley, showing a clear bright stream in the centre, lined by rich green meadows, where droves of cattle and sheep were feeding. It is wholly—all the valleys of the Pyrenees—a grazing land. You see no vineyards, but sheep, cows, and horses in the fields, with, occasionally, patches of wheat, of oats, and of Indian corn.

By the time I had passed the summit and commenced the descent into the Val d'Aure, the shades of night were gathering, surely, if not fast, and Arreau yet was so far away that to half the peasants it was a myth. There were, though, in sight, in this new valley, a half dozen villages. Prettily enough they looked from the hill, with the ruins of old castles about them; old and dreary enough they all proved when I passed through them, with no hotel fit to be called such. The valley was wider and larger than any I had seen, and would doubtless have looked very handsomely in a clear

light. A strong young stream went through its centre. This I crossed ; after that I could but see the way, growing less and less distinct, till, when I had arrived at Arreau, all the night was black : the time between seven and eight. At Arreau, a compact Frenchy town, I found a tolerable hotel, where a dark-eyed girl showed me to my room.

Thursday—Arreau to Grip. There is a carriage road all the way, but it has many zigzags, and goes far out of the direct course. I went by mulepaths over two mountain spurs. It rained in showers ; large, beautiful black clouds above, or breaking away, so as to leave nearly the whole sky blue. Perhaps it was this that made all things look so fresh, and gave to the wide valley and its mountain borders a beauty I had not seen in Switzerland. But you have not the Swiss lakes, nor anywhere have I met so charming a spot for a home as the Canton of Zurich, or the wide, large valley where Coire is, as you descend from the Splugen Pass. The valley I was in now is the valley d'Aure. Yesterday I came down into it from its upper end, and now left it from its lower. The second mountain spur that I spoke of crossing could hardly be called that. It was rather an elevated plateau, rising a thousand feet from the valley, and covered with pastures and ploughed land. I passed one field where they were digging potatoes. The potatoes were large round white ones,

the same that are common with us. Some of the fields of grass were watered by springs, and beautifully green. On these were droves of sheep pasturing, which are abundant throughout the Pyrenees. Scattered everywhere were the peasants' houses, the same that I used to see in the country near Tours—low, one story, rather long, and plastered. Some of them looked quite neat, many quite forlorn. From these table lands you come down into the little vale where Grip lies. The whole of it seems a green sward of the freshest verdure; through its centre, as through all these valleys, is a trout stream. The length of the valley must be five miles, and the width half a mile. It, too, is filled with low houses. At Grip there was no black-eyed girl, but I had, to console me, some brook trout—and to bed.

Friday morning it was cold; all the mountains were covered with snow and large clouds, the clearing up of the last two days' storm. I was to go to Luz by another mulepath, over a mountain of seven thousand feet. Snow was abundant on each side of the summit, but fast melting in the noonday. The route itself is mostly uninteresting, soon losing sight of the valley of Grip. You descend upon Barèges, quite a town, and watering place for the sick. I stopped at a stand an instant to buy some peaches and a tomato, and discovered, after I had left the village an hour, that I had also left my umbrella. 'Twas a good three miles up



hill for the chance of finding, but I went it with success. The little girl that sold the fruit had it laid aside. She was a bright, honest little girl. I gave her half a franc, and should have given more, but I thought I had had the hardest part.

From Barèges to Luz is about six miles, through a narrow but handsome valley, and by a stream that swells to quite a river. Saturday there was a beautiful day. I have already written how I went up the Pic des Bergons. Never mind, here's to its memory again. It lies close by Luz, is something over six thousand feet in height, and is surrounded by many other peaks, some of them still higher. Arrived at the top, I found numerous sights; the first and most agreeable, a slight covering of snow, with a little harvest of whortleberries. I kept looking at these quite a long time. Then a very immense flock of crows came and looked at me, told all sorts of tales about who I was, and where I came from, and seemed finally to have concluded, by a union effort, to make war upon me, and wipe me into the gulf. I had stood their attentions without a word, but when it came to this, and they began to swoop in circles about my head, coming nearer each time, I seized a couple of rocks, and waiting until they were below me, under the precipice of the mountain, I flung them. The whole flock dodged into each other, and retired, totally demoralized. The exact loss of the enemy I cannot tell, but it must

have been very severe, probably between three and four hundred, and among them a large number of officers. There was a little darky of an angle worm by us that thought they were all killed, but he was too frightened to see straight. Besides the snow, the whortleberries, and the crows, there was the view ; this was of Luz valley and of Luz ; of the valley that stretched out to Gavarnie, near which is Mount Perdre and the Brèche de Roland. To the east is the Pic du Midi de Bigorre. North you have a limited extent of the plains of France. Mount Perdre is the second in height of the Pyrenees, 11,168 feet, and is a much handsomer-formed mountain, as seen from this distance, than the Maladetta. It has, too, an advantage in the mountains that surround it. The Brèche de Roland is a very curious square opening in the mountain ridge, of about three hundred feet. All through in this part of the range snow and glaciers cover the tops. Falling down over the wall at Gavarnie, I could see many streams coming from the glacier above.

Sunday was another beautiful day. I could hear of no Protestant worship, and spent the day mostly in my room. In the afternoon, however, I made a short walk up the valley, to where a new and very fine stone arch has been thrown across the river, so as to connect St. Sauveur with the road that leads from Luz to Gavarnie. Monday another fair day ; by diligence I came down



the valley, out from the mountains, into the open land that stretches off unbroken toward Tarbes, and into the heart of France. The first part of the way was through the most of a gorge that I had seen amongst the Pyrenees. At Pierfitte the valley widens handsomely into large fields of Indian corn, and only low mountains in advance. Once through these, we are again among the prairies. I enjoyed the country from here to Tarbes. There is a home look about it with the mountains close behind us. Tarbes is an uninviting French *chef-lieu*, a fourth-rate city. I used the time I had in visiting a collection of stallions, kept here by the Government. Amongst them were some fine Arabians. Otherwise the collection, which was chiefly of English blood, was greatly inferior to ours, as we often see them at agricultural fairs.

Tarbes to Pau is quite a distance, but I had mostly a night ride. What I saw was seen by starlight—a good light to see a lassie in, but bad for pictures.

## VIII.

PAU, November 3, 1861.

I THINK, by my last, I left Pau, a lassie, and the stars, mixed up together. We will leave the lassie with the stars yet, but Pau I have seized, and shall hold it up to talk about. The pastor, with whom I am now, and who is from Blois, declares it is a "vilaine ville." The younger children, who have forgotten Blois, think differently, and talk about its charming promenades, and the beauty of its mountain landscape. I, as having been at both, am often appealed to, but with finesse have thus far refrained from committing myself. A happy thought, however, struck me at dinner the other day, and I exclaimed, when a silence came:

"J'aime beaucoup Blois."

"Bravo!" shouted the pastor, and looked triumphantly about him.

"Oui, je l'aime beaucoup, parce que j'ai vu dans la rue une petite demoiselle, très jauntie."

The children laughed, the oldest girl smiled,

and the pastor told his wife, he would take "un petit peu de pomme de terre."

But to write descriptively, giving at the same time an historical touch—"Pau, ancient capital of the little kingdom of French Navarre and Béarn, now chef-lieu of the Dépt. des Basses Pyrenées, stands on a lofty ridge, forming the right bank of the river, or Gave de Pau, and has 15,171 inhabitants." There you have it, arranged by Murray, in a nutshell. We might add, generally, that it has a reputation for the dryness and softness of its winter air; hence several thousand strangers, for the most part English, come here to pass their winters. Its situation, too, has beauty in it, combining wooded hills with prairies, and lofty mountains. We will let further description come, in telling what I saw. As I said, it was night when I came. At the hotel where the diligence stopped, I took a bed. The first thing, in the morning, was the post office. This is toward the centre of the principal business street, the Rue de la Préfecture. Two letters! and one short paid, but 'twas in a dainty envelope, and I suggested that it didn't appear very heavy. The postman suggested that I go to Paris and have it weighed. A lively idea this, and I left, thinking how vivacious these Frenchmen are.

Letters, if readable, are soon read. Mine were very readable. I read them, perhaps reread them, and again sought the open air in the streets of the

town. Where shall I take my apartment, and how much of an apartment shall it be? These are trying questions in a strange place, and require good thought. This evidently is the main rue, I ruminated, exploring more fully la Rue de la Préfecture. If I take quarters upon its borders I shall see a great deal, and hear a good deal more. A neat street turned off to the left. I followed it. A short distance brought me to a large church. A little way from the church, hanging from the window of a stone building, was the wooden placard, "Chambre garnie à louer." It was precisely the chance I wanted, I knew by the looks, and entered to make inquiries. I reached the upper hall, but as I reached it a young girl was opening the window, and leaning out enough to expose a little her ankle, she seized, as her prize, the wooden card I had called mine. I didn't know until she turned how much I cared.

"Elle est louée?"

"Oui, monsieur."

There was a bright color to her dress that was very pretty, and a bright blush to her cheek that was very becoming—but the chamber was let.

I think it was my ill success here that gave me a serious turn, and drove me to the French pastor. I found him tolerably disposed for a pensionnaire, and so arranged for a month. He lived just at the outskirts of the town, in the lower part of a large *maison*, and is the pastor over *l'Eglise française*

*réformée*. His congregation meets in the English church, and is small, but yet there is here another French Protestant society, still smaller, called *l'Eglise libre*. There is very little difference between them; it lies mostly in a tunic, and short liturgy, that connect with the reformed, but not with the free church.

To go back to Pau. There are in the village, or about it, quite a number of promenades; the most frequented are the Park and Place Royale. From either of these we get the view of the Pyrenees. The park is one of the pleasantest I have seen, with magnificent old beech trees. It lies on a long ledge, that extends for a mile above the river. The Place Royale is only a square within the city. There are many seats about it, and, being so central, it keeps lively with children and stragglers. Here, too, every Thursday and Sunday afternoon, is music by the military band. The music is remarkably good, and Thursdays, if the day is fine, there is, aside from the music, a handsome show of good-looking carriages and well-dressed demoiselles.

To finish my sketches of Pau for this week, I will follow one or two of the other walks that I make most familiar. At the farther extremity of the park you can, if you choose, by a few rods across the meadow, strike into a wide diligence route, that keeps a direct course, near the river, as far as the eye looks. As yet I have only followed it with the eye, for it's a dusty, dreary route; but,



branching from it, to the right, a bypath leads off, very soon winds up the hill, under large chestnut trees, with a little ravine alongside, picks its way through an acorn orchard, where pigs reside, and then lines itself with hedges, and with fields, on the level of the prairie lands. Here you have the mountain view again, with all its beauty and no folk. But the handsomest borders, for a walk, are on the other side of the river. Here are loftier hills, with woods and brush about them. Once on their top you can look to all sides, at Pau and its long park, still covered with leaves drooping over the river, or at the tranquil vales, that catch an autumn hue, and the wide gaps, that darken themselves within the Pyrenees.

*November 24.*—I went to the Scotch church this morning, and happened to reach the gate with the pastor. I bade him the good morning, which he returned, adding that he should be happy to have me call on him, if I was to be here long. I mean to do so, as, indeed, I had intended to do. I closed my engagement with the French pastor this week. I have rented me another chamber, into which I am to move to-morrow. Since the day before yesterday, I am taking my meals at a pension restaurant, at 70 francs a month, *vin compris*. My room is in a large, well-built building, and well furnished, but being in the third story, and it being late in the season to rent, I get it for thirty francs a month, or, if I stay, after two months, at twenty-five.



*December 1.*—An aunt of mine told me that I should not write Sunday, but I can't find anything better to do, and, aside from that, haven't much other time to write. *Je suis bien occupé toute la semaine.* I consider neither of the excuses to have any value, not near so good an explanation as I made the little pastor, about my going into the café Sunday. As soon as he could determine the tone of voice, he said :

“Vous allez au café les dimanches, monsieur, c'est très mauvais.”

“Je crois que oui, monsieur, bien mauvais, et je fais beaucoup de mauvaises choses tous les jours.”

We are a good deal occupied this side with Abram's success over the English merchantman. It promises to cost dear, but that comes after. The liberal French papers to-day show themselves true to the starry flag, but the girls, les Mesdemoiselles Slidell, are just calculated to place the spirit of gallantry against us.

Moved into, I am entirely pleased with my new quarters. I have bought me near a quarter of a cord of wood ; with the sawing and bringing up, it cost me three dollars. I think it will last me through the winter. This week I have had but one fire. Roses are yet plentiful in the garden.

*December 13.*—I take *La Presse* this month, and get all my news from it. With the pastor I

had the *Journal des Débats*, but after the first of January I mean to take the *Siècle*, which is the most liberal of all the Paris papers, and, in the threatened war with Great Britain, argues earnestly for the Republican cause. The *Presse* on most points is a liberal paper, but it has shown all the while a spleen against the United States. It uses the affair of the Trent to vent its spleen, and advocates that Napoleon should join with England against us. I still hope that Lincoln, Chase, and Seward will have yielded in the Trent affair, where we were evidently in the wrong. It's hard that at this time we must be saddled with such a man as Welles; that an immense nation must perish, rather than that the feelings of a few weak men should suffer.

We continue to have the pleasantest of weather. I sit without overcoat, and both windows open. I noticed again to-day, roses, abundantly in bloom, in the gardens of a château. In *La Presse*, this evening, there is nothing readable but Bright's speech in England.

*December 30.*—Had this week an invitation to a Scotch gathering, and went to the same. I was received, at first, almost as dubiously as Captain Wilkes thought he was on board the Trent, when searching the embodied despatches. However, they found my temper unexceptionably good, and whilst I declared that Captain Wilkes was as brave as a lion. I didn't claim that he had occa-

sion to show his bravery in the affair of the Trent. In fact, in spite of several spirited attacks of elderly ladies, I refused to commit myself on that action, but said generally, what I still think must prove true, that there was very little probability of a war from it. Seeing I was a man of peace, and not disposed for the present to vaunt Young America, there was a relaxation in my favor. One of the young misses felt enough interest in the general subject, to ask quite good-naturedly from what part I came. I assured her that I was from New England.

“Oh, that’s in the South, is it not?”

“No, not precisely; rather more in the North. In fact, it borders upon Canada.”

“I believe there are a great many handsome lakes in Canada, are there not?”

You will see she had got me again. I hardly know what my answer was, but I’ve no doubt she thinks yet that Canada is a land abounding in soft lakes and orange blossoms.

*January 5.*—As an illustration of French manner in a business matter: I subscribed for the *Siècle*, the 28th December, at a news agent’s here, and it has not yet come. It was to commence the 1st. The 2d, I went to see why it had not come. They were astonished that I had expected it so quickly. There was always a delay of several days here, and then again at Paris, so that it never came in less than seven, or from that to fifteen

days; but they assured me that all back numbers would be sent, from the 1st.

I believe I have nothing new to report. None of our girls are yet married, that I hear of. There is a Spanish girl here that looks like the pictures of Eugenie. Her features are very fine, and she herself thoroughly one's idea of that Spanish beauty—

“The Seville girl, with auburn hair,  
And eyes that might the world have cheated.”

She has a younger sister, the shadow of herself, but quite young yet:

“We'll let her stand a year or twa.”

*January 12.*—We Americans are all well pleased with Honest Abe's victory over the English, and don't hesitate to tell them their chance is by, and when they call again on Brother Jonathan, they will find him in condition to send them after the cow that jumped over the moon.—For dinner to-day I had chicken boiled with the French beans. Mary Anne assured me there was but one *légume*.

*February 1.*—The steamer this week is *en retard*. At last reports Honest Abe had called a cotillon, balanced partners, and Burnside's fleet was leading down the centre.

*March 5.*—We have been having carnival yesterday and to-day, which I find they make much

more of here than at Tours. Stores are closed, and crowds strolling about the streets. What concerns me more, my *Siècle* of last night told me it wouldn't come to-day. As regards carnival, yesterday there was a mammoth parade of hideously decked wagons, oxen, horses, "mayors and asses," followed by a crowd, through all the streets, whilst all who were not in the crowd looked out of the windows, or leaned from balconies. The show was supposed to be got up for the benefit of the poor, and the carts arranged so that money cou'd be thrown into them, as they passed. Also a horde of fantastically dressed vagabonds followed, carrying long poles, which they thrust into everybody's face, and held there, till one put in, or pretended to put in, some sous. These poles reached up easily to the second story, but I, from the third, mocked at them. To-day closes the farce, with all Pau promenading through one of the longest streets, with hands and pockets filled with corn, bouquets, beans, and oranges, which every one flings into every one else's face. The English and Americans join in the frolic, especially from their houses, and, indeed, from all the windows and balconies showers of corn are continually falling. When I left, in many places the street was covered with grain, which poor people were trying to gather into baskets. We have had a beautiful day. This morning, before the crowd had commenced, I took a walk, soon coming among the fields. Yesterday



it was stormy among the mountains, so to-day they were newly whitened. The spring, too, advances, grass begins to start, and violets to flower.

TARBES, March 11, 1862.

This morning I had intended to go to Aire, fifty kilomètres (about thirty miles), by diligence, and thence on to Bordeaux at ten P. M. This diligence proved full, but I could take another for Tarbes, and go on to-morrow at eight o'clock to Bordeaux. I started at eleven o'clock, my seat in the interior. The interior is very like the hotel stages with us, but in front there is the coupé for three, and back another third-class apartment, for four. To-day there were six—the full number—in the interior. We reached here at half past three. The afternoon was stormy; much of the country, that we passed, heaths, like whortleberry plats, stretching afar. At times, however, we looked down into the valley of the Garve de Pau, that varies in width from a half mile to three miles, and lies a meadow land, green with the advancing spring. As we begin to sink from the height of land into the Tarbes valley, the scene is one of the finest I have met in France. As far as we could see to-day, that is, some miles, against the clouds, was a great inland vale, entirely level, like the flats of the Connecticut river. Within it were several large villages—Tarbes the largest.



HOTEL DE PARIS, À BORDEAUX, Thursday afternoon.

Saturday morning, according to the plan, I left Tarbes at something past eight o'clock. From Tarbes to Aire the road runs in the valley of the Ardour, and there are fine meadows, with a pleasant enough country. After leaving Aire, with but one exception, there is not a feature pleasing to the eye, till you reach Bordeaux. The view of Mont de Marsan is pretty ; I thought it looked remarkably so in the glimpse we had. Leaving this, we enter the *Département des Landes*, which raises only pines, stunted, from the poverty of the soil, and from having their trunks more or less peeled, for the procuring of rosin.

"There are no homes in France." Many travellers that quote this remark may do so ignorantly ; and yet an observing person cannot fail to see that the morally aimless life in which a large part of the nation lives, can never develop the manly, honest, and thoughtful mind, from which alone home pleasures can come. "We keep our Sundays very badly ; there is very little religion in France," said the Rev. Frederic Monod to me at Paris. Here lies the trouble ; and until a more enlightened education shall have brought the Bible to the thirty millions that now read it not, the generosity, frankness, and kindness of the French will remain, as they are now, withered and concealed by vices that flourish far more easily.

I reached here at half past four yesterday. This

morning I have looked over the city, and been upon the cathedral, whence is the perfect view. There is more appearance of shipping than I have met before in France. Along the quay, I could think myself in South street, New York, with the amount of masts that rise from the river. The whole view did not please me so much as that from Lyon. The centre of the city, though, is fine; the garden of plants handsome; and the Garonne joins itself to the ocean, knowing it has grown to be a broad river. I find two young Americans here at the hotel; we made together a social evening last night. To-morrow I intend going to Tours, by express through in nine hours.

PARIS, March 20.

There is no country in France like Touraine; rich and fertile in its soil, neat and comely in its appearance. From Bordeaux I came once more to Tours, Friday night. The country through which we passed was a pleasant farming district, Poitiers the largest of its cities. Arrived at Tours, I walked to the hotel where I had before boarded, and received from all a cordial recognition. Ceci herself, the next day, when I entered the reading rooms, brought to me the English paper, and fair Touraine blushed, in its youthful spring, at my eager regard. I stopped over the Sabbath. Monday, through Le Mans, I came to Paris. At Le Mans we had an hour. One of the best depot

restaurants supplied breakfast. The city, what I saw of it, looked very much like all French cities of its size, (28,000 population.) All the way the route was pleasing, till Versailles and Sèvres, seen before, bade us watch for Paris, and *La Station de Mont Parnasse*. Through the city, afoot, with my carpet bag, I played again the Yankee boy, inquiring prices at some half dozen hotels, until I secured a room at one of the best, Hotel de Bade, Boulevard des Italiens, for two and a half francs the night, service included. I still keep the room

“Did you see that telegraphic despatch?”

“No; what is it?”

“Read it. If that’s so, we’d better separate.”

So much I hear from some near me, in the American reading rooms, at Munro’s, where I am writing, and suppose we are defeated. Find, by inquiry, that what frightened our friend is that Lincoln was becoming abolitionized. That’s bad, but—

*Rue de Ponthieu, Champs Elysées.*—I have rented me a chamber in this pleasant locality, at sixty francs the month, service included.

This week we have had some fine weather. The trees are quite green. To enjoy the fine days, I have taken several rides upon the omnibuses. They all have half-price seats on top, and so, for three cents, you can ride from one extremity of the line to the other—two or more miles. By taking different routes, you can in this way see all

of Paris, its shops, its houses, and its people. Our political news runs to the 15th. An Englishman, who has the next room, thinks the Southerners a set of cowards. "The sad mistake was, that they didn't march on Washington after the battle of Manassas. They could have taken it," he says, and then he sighs. "I have quarrelled with every d—d Englishman I have met, since leaving Halifax," said a Boston merchant in Munro's yesterday.

## IX.

BONN, PRUSSIA, May 16, 1862.

It is now after eleven, and the train leaves at a quarter past twelve for Amsterdam, where I go to-day. I did not leave Paris till Tuesday morning, the 6th. R—— staid with me Monday night, and came to the depot Tuesday morning. The train left at twelve, and went as far as Nancy, where a good hotel kept me, and nightingales sang for me in its garden. Wednesday morning I stopped at Strasburg, going on that night to Baden Baden. The next day I had a pleasant walk on the hill back of the town. Trees and mountains diversify the view. That afternoon I reached Heidelberg, and went to the castle ruins, and from these on to the highest mountain near, from which is one of the finest German landscape views.

Friday I rode to Eberstadt, stopping to make a call upon R——'s wife, who had been for some time learning German in a pastor's family near. The town proved small, with a poor hotel. I

made them understand that I wanted a room, and with the aid of what little German I could remember, I inquired my way to the pastor's house. They were expecting me, and had prepared everything so that I should stop with them. After a little thought I consented, and removed my sack. There were in the family the pastor and his wife, who only spoke German, one married daughter with her husband, who spoke a little English, and an unmarried girl, bright and pretty, who talked English very well. That afternoon we took a walk to see the farms near, and a field where turf was prepared for fuel. The next day we had a long excursion to several old castles on the mountains, and through a number of villages, in all at least twelve miles of walking. The girls were apparently as well equal to it as myself. Sunday, with Mrs. R——, I attended the village church. Monday morning I prepared to start, but there was so hard a general pressure to have me stop another day, that I compromised by proposing a trip to Frankfort. We made a nice trip, looked over the paintings, the animals, statuary, and cemetery, took our dinner at the hotel, and returned at eight o'clock.

Tuesday, with the cars, brought me to Mayence, and, in the boat, down the Rhine to Coblenz. Wednesday morning I went on the principal fortification, Ehrenbreitstein, built on a hill opposite Coblenz, and commanding a fine view of the



Rhine in both directions. Here I became acquainted with two young Prussians, who spoke English easily. We all took the same boat down the river, and stopped together to ascend one of the Seven Mountains; the one nearest the Rhine. A magnificent view it was, but it suggested itself to us all, that from another of the seven, that lay several miles farther back from the river, the view must be much more extended. Should we go? It was a good hour and a half's walk with a guide, said the hotel keeper; we might lose the night boat: but what of that? A cup of coffee to travel on, a boy for a guide,—from the highest of the seven mountains, whence is the most extensive view along the Rhine, we looked to the setting sun. Though the day was not clear, scarcely anything in the line of prospect has charmed me so much since leaving home. Church spires here again grace the villages, farm houses look good, orchards tell of home comforts, wood and trees grow naturally, not trimmed down, as in France. The last boat down the river was an hour late, so that we ourselves in our return were in time, and by it sailed here to Bonn.

YORK, ENGLAND, May 21.

After looking over the university buildings at Bonn, I left by cars for Amsterdam, but from the train's being late, failed to connect, and only got as far as Emmerich in Prussia. Here, at a comfortable hotel, I passed the night, had breakfast,

and at eight o'clock left again for Amsterdam, which we reached at noon. I went to the Bible Hotel. To go to Hull I learned I must take the boat at Rotterdam, that sailed twice a week, Wednesdays and Saturdays, leaving with the tide. After a drive about the city, and a lunch, I came through Harlaam and La Hague to Rotterdam. Rotterdam I left at twelve o'clock with the steamer for Hull. Sunday at ten we landed. I stopped at the first good-looking hotel I saw, leaving this morning for this place.

To-day I have been to see the races, but only staid through the first, as it commenced raining. This was enough to see how the whole thing was done. The horses were ridden, the riders having spurs. The track is covered with turf, and straight. In this race thirteen horses ran, three of them coming out almost evenly, though one of them was declared winner. Betting was everywhere going on, and people lounging about very much as at a horse trot with us. Returning from the race, I went to the reading rooms, finding news up to the 10th inst.

I made a German's acquaintance last evening, here at our hotel. He was from Bremen, and was engaged in the cotton trade, exporting last year many thousand bales, this year none at all. He spoke, though, good-naturedly of the war, and was well disposed toward us. We looked over together the cathedral, a most magnificent building.

BORO' BRIDGE, seventeen miles from YORK, }  
Tuesday night, 9 o'clock. }

I started from York yesterday, and made this seventeen miles with my knapsack, stopping several times on the roadside to rest and read the morning paper, that I bought before starting. I also stopped at an inn for some bread, butter, and beer, which stood me in seven cents. At this place, which was formerly the halfway station for the post route from London to Edinburgh, there are some eighteen inns or taverns. The one where I am is a large, well-kept one, called the Crown Inn. In old times it undoubtedly did a large business, but now, like the rest, scarcely any. To-day has been clear and fine, "Very warm, sir," as they have told me ever since landing at Hull, though I find it necessary to keep on two flannel shirts. We had quite a frost last week. I should think it almost possible to-night.

LONDONDERRY, fourteen miles from BORO' BRIDGE, }  
May 26. }

It is now just five o'clock. In a comfortable inn at this small place, I am passing the night. I did not leave Boro' Bridge till noon. I follow the old post road from London to Glasgow, hence there are "hinns" every three or four miles, pretty much all of them small brick houses, "licensed to sell ale, porter, beer, and spirituous liquors, to be drank on the premises." At one of them to-day I had some rye bread, milk, and butter, for three pence.

The Sunday was more expensive, two dollars, including an extra breakfast and two nights' lodging. At York they charged me \$5.50 for three days, without dinners. The day is windy. Large clouds are driving about that threaten showers; as yet it has rained very little. Yesterday, at Boro' Bridge, I attended in the morning a well-built stone parish church. In the afternoon I saw quite a number of people going in another direction. I followed to an awkward-looking, two storied, brick Methodist chapel. A young man, seeing me near the door, asked me to his seat up stairs, for, small as was the building, it had a gallery around it. Both up stairs and down it was well filled. Fortunately there was for the day a very excellent preacher from Ripon. Both his afternoon and evening sermons were superior. One or two of the tunes sung I knew. The singing was very fair. After the afternoon service I took quite a stroll toward the next village of Allborough. On the road I met a number of fine cows, and saw many more in the fields; an immense improvement over the cattle I have been accustomed to see in France.

Sitting down on a rock to study a map of England, an honest-looking Englishman passed me. I hailed him to inquire about distances, and told him soon that I was American. He was very cordial, and gave me a good deal of information, but was emphatic on the point that England and France

could enforce a peace in America, any moment they wished. This was modest enough, and I didn't object.

BARNARD CASTLE, May 23.

Yesterday morning I hardly made an early start, or very fast travelling after starting. For the night I stopped at a small roadside inn, seven miles from Londonderry, and six before reaching Greta Bridge. For supper I had bread and milk. The milk was most excellent: making inquiries about the cow, the landlord told me he owned the place where he lived, having bought it the year before. The wife suggested, perhaps I would like to see the land. I assented willingly, and made a complete tour through the meadow and pasture, wheat and barley fields, and, after those, the turnip and oat patch, in all forty acres of light soil, besides a garden with fruit and berry bushes in abundance. He had paid two hundred dollars the acre. The house is an ordinary two-story old stone house. With the exception of one other, his was the only farm in the neighborhood owned by the occupant.

Wednesday morning gave me a bread-and-milk breakfast, with a bill of 75 cents. With another clear day, I kept on my route to Greta Bridge, along by the Rokeby grounds. I leaned some time against the bridge, to feel the beauty of the place, and hear the birds sing of Brignal banks and Greta woods. Making then a semicir-



cle, I came into Barnard Castle at just one o'clock. There is here an old town, black and dismal, but with a very homelike Temperance Hotel. After dinner I went to see the castle, looked at its ruined walls, and then mounted on its old tower to see the beauties of the Tees, with the bluffs and the moors to the north, and the hazy outlines of the Cleveland hills to the south. Lying on the ivy-coated top, with my glass I examined the high railroad bridge that crossed the Tees two miles above, and was built at an expense of \$150,000.

BISHOP AUCKLAND, May 30.

I have left the old Glasgow route for a dash at Newcastle. I hesitated some time to do it, but I doubt whether in all England I could have found a spot of more exquisite beauty than the Bishop of Durham's grounds, that are situated here. I passed on the road Raby Castle, seat of the Duke of Cleveland, a fine large old castle, with woods and lawns for miles around it, and hundreds of deer roaming in sight.

It is half past ten now. The weather to-day has been misty, with a little drizzle, but mostly good for walking; distance from Barnard Castle fifteen miles. This town has some four thousand people, I should judge; is old and cheerless, at least we should think it so, though a great improvement upon villages of the same size in France. I intend writing to-morrow to Edinburgh, to have my letters forwarded to Newcastle for the Sabbath.



NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, JUNE 1.

When I left Bishop Auckland, the little showers came down upon the grass, but, in spite of weather, I came in at Durham in time to look over the cathedral, and to attend the afternoon chants.

Durham—I saw it the next morning from the height where the depot is—is a most curious place, stretched out upon many hills, and the river Wear comes down between them. The cathedral stands like an old capitol, on the centre hill of the town. Its grounds, sloping steeply to the river, are covered with green grass and trees. Almost wholly built of brick, that have always lived where smoking was allowed, the town can claim nothing for beauty, but the beauty of its situation, or the comeliness that a practical man can see in the business character of perhaps every English city. Yesterday it rained again, and roads were muddy. I made the last of my week's courses by rail. These second-class cars in England, at least a large share of them, are a disgrace to the nation. Without cushions or blinds, scarcely so good, certainly no better, than the third class in France, and not so good as the third class in Switzerland. Not far this side of Durham I noticed a place called Washington.

Monday evening, fourteen miles from NEWCASTLE—

And the nicest little inn in old England. But shall we not make a few straggling remarks about

Newcastle? I stopped at Bell's Temperance Hotel, tolerably well known, I believe, to Americans. Mr. Bell knew me to be one, and interested himself most politely in showing me the city. We had at the hotel over the Sabbath two English gentlemen, one engaged in the porcelain trade; the other in selling a patent fuse for powder blasts. There was also a young man recently hailing from Virginia, though born in Scotland, and now going home.

In the morning I glanced down to the river, and so on to one end of the city, which looked more cleanly than I had expected—a compact business place. I also entered an Independent church. A young man of rather poor ability preached, in place, I was told, of the pastor, temporarily absent. The hour for evening meeting coming on, we found, by mutual inquiry, that, of the two Englishmen at the hotel, one was a Congregationalist, the other a Methodist. Proposing that we should all attend church together, my vote decided which; we went to the second Congregational church, where a young man, newly settled, claiming the genteel name of Stewart, presided. The church was handsome, the congregation full and well formed, the organ lowly played, with a full choir, and the sermon, though not given in the strongest manner, good and well sustained. We closed with Pleyel's Hymn.

## X.

OTTERBURN, ENGLAND, June 3, 1862.

THIRTY-FIVE miles from Newcastle, and twenty-six from Jedburgh in Scotland, Tuesday evening, six o'clock, with a staunch rain outside and a coal fire within—a bunch of narcissus on the table for fragrance—I'm finding to-night another inn, altogether tidy, in a little place of some dozen or twenty houses.

You have seen that I left Newcastle yesterday morning, Mr. Bell coming two miles with me to point out a coal pit, and then to give me a glimpse, as he claimed, of Scotland, from the height of land above Newcastle. Parting cordially with him, I passed for seven miles by a good farming country, with an occasional park ground, to a village called Penteland, and thence six miles to the inn at Balsey. This village was a curious little place, the buildings large, all of stone, built by a landholder who yet lives in a park near by, at the good age of eighty-four. A nice little flaxen-haired lassie directed me to the inn. I asked her

if it was a good inn. She said she thought it was a good inn, but she didn't know much *about* it.

This morning there was a long hard shower. I did not start till eleven. Over the hills I have come, all over the dreary moors; it was a long trudge, with but a small village and two inns. Perhaps for six miles after my start I kept where moors used to be, but where now are good hay and grazing fields. Then, as we rose, I and my sack, higher on the hills, they had a bleak look, and for some six miles more were covered with *furze*. All along, the road was indicated for winter by high posts. Two dismal stone buildings on the hillside were all I saw; but long-woolled sheep, with black legs and faces, abounded, and seemed to think it was a very nice country. Some three miles back—making my day's walk fifteen—the road reached the height of ground, though to the north, partly covered with clouds, were hills, the Cheviot hills, that appeared much higher. I am now down quite a bit again in the valley, where grain and grass grow; amidst the cluster of houses about us I see a pretty chapel, doubtless the parish church. There is no mail from here till Saturday's to Newcastle.

STOWE, June 6, 25 miles from EDINBURGH.

It rains outside—it rains always, as the French say in Bretagne—but I have been coming on since I wrote last. The truth is, I made a little

leap by the cars from Jedburgh to Melrose, fifteen miles. This was yesterday afternoon. Last night I looked over the Abbey ruins, and then strolled a little in the valley near Melrose—the sweetest spot to live in I have seen since leaving home. The valleys, and the hills, thus far in Scotland, are to me more than fancy had painted them; every village that I meet vies with New England in Puritan neatness and character. The old village of Melrose is neat enough, the new street handsome, with houses of stone, and pretty flower yards. I was tempted to introduce myself at one of these, and claim a social evening with a cluster of friends again.

My walk to-day has been fourteen miles, the last six in a rain that is now steady and increasing. Stowe is a small old place that has a railway station, and keeps me at the Railway Hotel. I should not object to some fire—the coldest June thus far I have ever met.

From Otterburn my first stage was a long stretch over moors, and up hills, too, that would have been respectable among the Alps; mountains as far as one could see, treeless, and used for pasture lands, but, for all that, good big mountains. The weather was roughish, as the moor-men call it, that is, sleet and drizzle all day, with a wind strong enough to snap a pine. I stopped just over the Carter-fell hills on the Scottish border. Passing down the Scottish side the next day,

I struck the Jed river, and followed down its valley, one of great beauty, to Jedburgh. The storm now without holds on, with no signs of clear weather. I got at Melrose a daily Edinburgh paper, and so have the latest news. I have found, too, a musical book of Scotch songs at this hotel, very well arranged. This morning I wrote to London, for letters to be forwarded to Edinburgh. I shall direct Brown, Shipley & Co. to forward those now coming to Glasgow, from which place I can order them to meet me at my Sunday's rest.

EDINBURGH, June 8.

I came on yesterday by cars, on account of the storm, which kept up the rain till near noon; after that a tremendous wind, with showers thrown in, some of them very hard. I arrived at two in the afternoon, and came to the Waverley Temperance Hotel, on Princess' street, the fashionable business street in the new city, and fronting upon the old town. The charges of the hotel won't overgo \$1.50 per day for all.

Notwithstanding showers, I looked about the city yesterday afternoon; almost everybody else was engaged in the same way. The streets were filled with well-dressed people, the girls predominating in spite of the wind. For that matter, these Scotch girls are as like our own as two horse-chestnuts, to

“Tilt their coats about the knee,  
And follow their love through the water.”



I found at the post office a home letter of May 22d, just from Liverpool. It speaks of the garden, progress of the parks, of ——'s marriage. A very complete letter. Saturday I strolled more in the new town; heard at one place a street preacher and singer, a converted Hindoo, assisted in his hymn by his two young children—a touch of Christian romance in this latter day of foreign missions.

*Monday morning, June 9.*—Showery still. Yesterday I heard Dr. Hanna in the morning, in the afternoon Dr. Guthrie. I think Dr. Guthrie had a well-prepared sermon, so that I could judge well of his powers. It was strongly tinged with republicanism, as well as with the spirit of the Covenanters; thoroughly Scotch, rather the spirit which was in New England than that which is. He appealed to the fears, and denounced judgments; admitted the pleasures of sin, in which the wicked flourished for a time; but O their end, their dreadful end!

After supper I walked on one of the hills which overlook the town, not one of the high ones, but close in the city (Calton Hill). It was cold and windy, and still somewhat cloudy, so that I could not see far, but I received a good impression of the city and the beauty of its situation. On the high bluffs opposite me, and in the valleys below them, there were numbers of people rambling for a Sunday walk, but fewer doubtless than

in good weather. Close by me was the monument to Dugald Stewart, and the one commenced for Waterloo; below were the jail buildings, and in the city I noticed the University buildings, and Free Church College, the beautiful monument to Walter Scott, and several handsome churches. The Frith and harbor were away to the right, with but very little shipping to be seen.

We had a social evening in the sitting room at the hotel—an American and his son, a boy, from New York, two young ladies, one or two Scotchmen, and several Englishmen. Our New York friend had good American stories, was staunch for the Union, and appeared well. This morning we have further news of Banks' ill-fortune, and the further enlistment of men. McClellan looks sure.

*June 11.*—With a cold storm hanging over us, I cannot promise when I may go. I have my shopping to do for the trip, to close up what was omitted at Paris. I have got an excellent map of Scotland; a travelling map I prefer to a guide. It is well got up on cloth, and bound, has the heights of mountains, the roads, streams, villages, inns, rivers, abbeys, churches, and is sold for \$1.75. The guide for Scotland is but thirty-seven and a half cents more. I have laid in a stock of medicine, a flask of brandy, an extra pair of drawers—everybody is wearing overcoats to-day—a pair of light shoes, and am looking at a water-

proof overcoat, almost indispensable where there is so much rain and wind. To-morrow I think I shall be fully prepared for the north. We have to-day news from home to May 30.

*June 13.*—I have bought my rubber coat and shoes, and, notwithstanding the rain, which still continues, mean to start in the morning. Beside the shopping, I have looked at the library and museum of the College, and, what I found more interesting, attended one of the lectures on natural history, which commenced while I was there. The room was not large, but was well filled; the lecture I thought very good; the students gave it occasionally a cheer, the first at the mention of Professor Wilson's name.

I'm interrupted by the conversation about me; half a score of male competitors against a pair of young ladies from Newcastle. The style of the brighter one is familiar.

"Oh, I'm shocked if you talk so; that's swearing."

"But the London people say so."

"And the London people say we at Newcastle are 'ogs."

Twice this week I have had opportunity to try the French. We have had here a French party of four, two of them girls, and none of them speaking English with ease. I admit the frankness of their manners came like a gleam of sunshine, as strongly as I have seen sometimes a

want of national honesty. Again, in buying the shoes, I noticed the clerk's accent, and turned abruptly my English into French. I could appreciate the pleasure with which he hailed the native tongue, and had to stretch all my faculties to catch the flood of French that followed.

## XI.

ABBEE CRAIG, Scotland, June 12, 1862.

I AM two miles from Sterling. Yesterday morning, coming down rather late, I found the gay North Shields damsel reigning in the sitting room, but only said "Good morning;" turned away by a couple of men at their breakfast, whom I thought, and soon knew to be Americans. They were from New York State, they said, but the oldest was born in St. Johnsbury, Vermont, graduated at Dartmouth, in the class, I think, with President L——, of Middlebury College. He had lived South some twenty years, engaged in seminaries there, and is now President of a newly founded female college at Poughkeepsie. He handed me a pamphlet as his card, and asked for mine; said he knew the name well, and had known formerly our family at N——. Breakfast over, I called at the post office, and found a letter of May 29, just in time for the letter of the week.

I made my start at one, with, as usual in this climate, a rainy afternoon; my rubber overcoat

came directly into use. Nine miles of brisk walking brought me to the Queen's Ferry over the Frith. Sixpence set me across it; ninepence more gave me a lunch at a little inn by the water, and then, through a lonesome route near the Frith, I made eleven miles farther, to a small place, having a tolerable inn, called the Red Lion. For a plain supper and breakfast there was seventy-five cents to pay. I had again a rainy day, but my road for the latter half of it was a pleasant one. At Alloa, nine miles, I took a bread-and-milk dinner. From Alloa to Sterling is ten miles more; but seeing this little inn, close in sight of Sterling, I looked in, saw everything unusually nice, and stopped for the Sabbath. It looks as nice as in a respectable family at home. I get the best rooms, and shall be much more comfortable than in the most expensive hotel at Sterling. I leave my sack here in attending church to-morrow, and have it in my way for my journey on Monday.

It seems a lovely valley here. I was just looking out at our first clear sunset since leaving Newcastle. The Wallace Monument, that is being built, is right above the inn, with a mountain range beyond it. Ben Lomond is in sight to the west. Sterling Castle and Sterling are on the hill to the south. A small, brown-haired girl, dressed in black, with white stockings, has been standing for more than an hour by one of the yard gates in that direction; God bless her.



*Sunday evening.*—Since supper—it is now after eight—I have been reading an *American Messenger* of August, 1861. I found it, with a number of *Child's Papers*, at a religious book store at Edinburgh. I attended the Free Church this morning at Sterling, and after the service looked over the cemetery and castle grounds, in a fine clear air, though with clouds about. Returned to the inn, I had dinner, and then went up on the Craig, to where the Wallace Monument is begun. From here the view was more perfect than from the castle. After returning, I walked on a mile and a half to the Bridge of Allan, a quite handsome watering place and mineral springs. The wells were closed, so that I could get no water, and the churches were closed for the day.

Once more at the Abbey Craig, I have done good service to my meal, and will now close my writing. I have to tell my friend S—— that I gave one of his namesakes twopence halfpenny last night, and put it down to him. Daniel S—— he said his name was, and told me that he knew as soon as he saw me that I was a gentleman.

NEW TROSSACHS Hotel, June 17.

Leaving Bridge of Allan, I went to see Jessie of Dunblane. It was a beautiful day to see Jessie in; could I have met her I would have been to her a new lover. Alas! poor Jessie's blushes glow no more. They may have faded in girlhood,

or in womanhood, but, close by Allan Water, the Flower of Dunblane lies garnered now in the old kirk yard. From on the hill, against the cathedral ruins, I looked down at the village, or city, as an honest Scotchman claimed it to be, a quiet place sleeping in the hollow. The cathedral dates back to David II, in the twelfth century.

Leaving Dunblane, I left Allan Water too, and, going now more to the west, passed through Doune, and on to Callander, at the foot of Ben Ledi.

"Lodgings," said a little board on the door of a neat two-story house.

"You have lodgings, ma'am?"

"Yes."

"And for a single night?"

"Yes, if you wish."

It was a neat room up stairs; a plain tea followed in the sitting room, where were various pictures on the wall, and the *Christian Penny Magazine* for literature. After tea, at the large hotel at the village, I inquired as to the ascent of Ben Ledi. They told me the walk was six miles. The landlord was a civil Irishman from Limerick; learning I was an American, he was still more cordial, showed me his hotel and garden; wished the North and South again to unite and be a match for the world. He told me, too, of a handsome falls a mile and a half from the village; at nine o'clock, the twilight of the fairest day of

the season, I struck off by a wild road, and over the heather fields, to see them. Even more than the day before I wished sweet Jessie with me to trail those ferns, sighing, perhaps, more sweetly than the wind, and laughing with the reckless waterfall. There was, too, a rude stair over a stone wall, where she would have needed help, and a big rock to be got down, and a small bridge with only half a railing to be crossed. I looked back from below the rock, but Jessie did not jump. I turned at the bridge, but didn't find her hand. There was only the river throwing itself against the cruel stones, and a dim wild vision floated before me of a drowning girl.

LOCH LOMOND, Wednesday night.

Callander I left yesterday morning. Amidst a most energetic rain I came as far as the New Trossachs Hotel—you see I go faster than I write, that's partly because I've been thinking too much of Jessie—the last two thirds of the way with a young party of three, two girls and their brother. They were from Sunderland. They had started to ascend Ben Ledi, but were caught by the rain. The elder girl was quite pretty.

Stopped at the hotel—a large fine one—I met a young English chap from Manchester, that had been to Melrose in company with my friend from Poughkeepsie. We joined together, and after dinner made a walk through Glen Finlass. At the end of

the vale, at the foot of Ben Ledi, were a number of shepherd houses and some tolerable land. I asked a braw Scotchman where his folks went to the kirk. He pointed to a high mountain slope, and said they went over that to the church near the Old Trosachs Hotel. To finish our stroll, and see what for a Sunday jog they had, we proposed to return by the hill route. It proved a good specimen of a Pyrenean Col, a rough climb of at least 1,200 feet. Then came the slope down to the inn and kirk, and after, two miles back to the hotel.

To-day I have done a good bit of walking, skirting the whole length of Loch Katrine, doubling its western end, and by the road, coming five miles more on here to the northern end of Loch Lomond. I hardly know that I have any comments to add, only, these Highland hotels are monstrously expensive. They stand alone, with no villages, so there is no help but to get out of the way of them as soon as possible. I should have stopped five miles back, but they asked 87½ cents for a bed and service, and though there wasn't a soul there, they refused less. Well, I left them to their tranquillity, adding a pleasant addition to the day's tour. At Callander, where the pine board offered me lodgings, I paid but 62½ cents for tea, bed, and breakfast.

I see two Americans from New York were here yesterday, and some from Boston last week. No one to-night but myself, and, I protest, with

the sure prospect of a big bill, I make this house move.

The daily paper tells me the Mississippi is in our power, Fremont apparently worsted by Jackson, and McClellan not over-fortunate in the last fight. They wait this side impatiently for a great battle. There can hardly be any interference till it comes off. If our men at Washington were fully watchful against all contingencies, they might have a fleet of iron ships ready, enough to defy any interference whatever. By to-day's despatches we learn that fifteen new gun-boats are ordered. I hope that this is the idea. Hurrah for the Mexicans!

Ellen's Isle I did not go on to-day, but saw it finely. The first two thirds of the lake walk was charming, the last of it rough. At one point I halted for a luncheon which I had brought; at another, to look through the spyglass at a returning steamboat. Had I not intended to stop at the inn back, I should have steered over the Braes of Balquhiddy, by my compass, to the extreme north end of Loch Lomond. There was no path, but I should easily have made the cut, as there are no trees. This is the great fault I find with this Highland scenery, and why it never can equal kindred landscapes in America. There's a magnificence in our original forests that nothing I have seen in Europe can supply. The snow or greatness of the Alps won't do it, nor the beauty



of the Pyrenees, nor now again the heather-covered and fern-waving hills of Scotland. Would that the day might never come when our mountains shall lose their greenness, or America her woods and forests !

Near the BRAES OF BALQUHIDDER, June 19.

“Will ye go, lassie, go, to the braes o’ Balquhidder,  
Where the blaeberries grow, ’mang the bonnie bloomin’ heather ;  
Where the deer and the rae, lightly bounding together,  
Sport the lang summer day ’mang the braes o’ Balquhidder ?”

I left the Loch Lomond Hotel, where I stayed for the night, by the first boat north, at eleven o’clock. It was another morning “good for ducks,” but this afternoon has been mostly pleasant. A ninepence took me to the head of the lake. The mist was low so that we saw little ; passengers few and dismal. Leaving the boat, there were fourteen miles more around the big Ben More, that stands watching the Braes of Balquhidder. It is 3,817 feet high, or over 600 feet higher than Ben Lomond. Its crest was partly covered with fog, as I came round it, but quite a bank of snow stretched some way down, and two glacier streams came from it to a tarn at the foot. The inn I am at, like all the Highland inns, stands alone, solidly built of stone. I have passed no village—except the hotels, hardly a sizable house, since leaving Callander.

*June 20.*—Friday night, going to nine o’clock, and at a small but most tidy inn on the south-



ern shore of Loch Tay. Right opposite me is Ben Lawers, 3,984 feet above the sea—a giant mountain, an enormous sheep-pasture. To-day I have come about fifteen miles, stopping to lunch at Killen, on the southern end of Loch Tay. Ten miles lie before me to Kilmore, at the northern end. I find this a very handsome lake. Nothing since I left the margin of fair Zurich's waters has pleased me so much. It is quite different from that lake, yet it throws over you the same feeling of quietude. None of the rocks appear, that give the grandeur sought for so much, but, though their slopes are high, there is covering enough of earth to make the banks look fertile; even Ben Lawers, as I said, looking a big sheep-pasture.

As regards temperature, I learn that the thermometer here rarely exceeds seventy-five degrees; snow keeps upon the northern side of these higher mountains to the middle of August. The landlord, where I stayed last night, had known it to lie through the season on Ben More. And he said on Ben Nevis, which is not far off (height 4,400 feet), there has always been snow, though one year they were obliged to protect it from the sun, else their mountain would have lost its long-worn crown. As to weather, to-night would indicate Canadian furs. Since sitting down to write, I have been in the kitchen to warm me by the fire. A single peony tries to blow in the garden.

There is something of a village about this inn,

less of pretension than at Glen Finlass, the last I saw, where the dwellings or huts of rough stones were whitewashed. Here they are laid without selection, like a pasture fence, and covered with thatch. They could hardly be homelier, or smaller, but yet are not repulsive. The Highlanders themselves, as I see them, are sturdy, not large men, thick and strong—the Rob Roy rather than the Fergus McIvor figure. The women everywhere, as I saw them in England, work in the fields; all the young lassies go with bare legs. A very pretty lass I saw this morning at Killen, who would have been ready in dress for the *ballet* in Paris.

Passing by to-day one of those low hut-built houses, I heard some kind of machinery going within. I peeped at the window, but could see little, and so peeped in at the door. It was a hand-weaving establishment, with four different looms in the room, though but one of them was at work. The other weavers had gone a-fishing. I watched the machine in operation, till I got a very good idea of its working. The old man at work said he could make from two shillings to half-a-crown a day, getting fourpence a yard. He was at work on a coarse, sack-looking cloth, that sold, he said, now, for half-a-crown a yard; but in the other webs was very good pantaloon cloth, worth much more, and an honest article it all seemed to be.

KENMORE, June 21, Saturday night.

I am ten miles from my last night's place—not a great distance, but a very quiet, pleasant village, and the only one in my route for the Sunday,—I mean the only one within reach to-night,—so I pass the Sabbath here, with the choice of either Free or Established Church. As to this far-famed division, with an article I saw in a secular paper at Edinburgh, I am inclined to think the rupture was a happy event. Perhaps I judge too soon. The Kirk is even now a very strong power, and was not likely to cherish the meekness and charity that we love to connect with a true Christianity. I think I see an aptitude for domination still in the pews. Religion is very respectable indeed in Scotland. May it always be, but not to substitute the form for the life.

*June 23.*—Monday night, fifteen miles from Kenmore, eight to Dunkeld. I have made a convenient stop, just in time to dodge a little rain. We had a perfectly clear morning, and a charming day. The barometer talked of its being “very dry,” but is drifting about now to “very stormy.” The people agree we have an uncommonly wet June; the wheat turns yellow; farmers fear for their crops, with so much rain and no sun.

I found it the Communion day, yesterday, at both the churches. The custom is to have a sermon, and then the Communion, taking several

hours in their manner of dispensing it, the service commencing at twelve, and ending after six. There were over four hundred attending at the Free Church yesterday, coming in from the country about four miles, nearly all of whom appeared to be communicants. This shows religion to have taken a firm hold of the humble classes, which is not felt to be the case in England.

Returned from church yesterday, I met a well-informed Englishman, stopping at our hotel. Thoroughly English in all his notions, his sympathies were with the South as respects our war; he yet thought the Southern chance a poor one, and the energy of the Federal Government unparalleled. A Scotch resident joined himself to us, as we were outside of the hotel, and turned our talk to local topics. The Marquis of Breadalbane, who lives here, in one of the finest castle palaces I have seen, owns all the country about, so that from before I reached Loch Tay to six miles from its northern end, I was upon his grounds. This would be some thirty-six miles; but to the west, in a direct line, his lands run ninety miles. Very much of this land is mountain and rock. On one stretch of forty miles, that they call the Black Forest, is a deer pasture, feeding some six thousand deer. This forest is simply heather-covered moorland; but aside from the mountains and deer runs, all the estate is rented, including farms and villages, and yields about a hundred thousand

pounds. There are landed estates even larger in the kingdom, and many more productive.

This morning I went on the hill that looks down upon the village and park grounds. There were deer about, plentiful as sheep in the pastures, and in the wood I saw several. There were, too, the church and little homes about it, and the arched bridge over the river, that flows from the lake, for one cluster; and for another, yet more unique, a small, round island with a bouquet of trees. My enthusiasm was heightened for Loch Tay. I find it partly sustained for the valley of the Tay River, I am following now toward Dunkeld. I ought perhaps to add that, since reaching Loch Tay, park woods have been abundantly interspersed; hardly ever have I passed by a road so handsomely lined with trees, or seen a river bank fringed more prettily than this.

It is eleven o'clock now. The rain drips on the window, and mingles with the Gaelic talk that comes from the kitchen. All the peasants through here speak the Gaelic more easily than the English.

## XII.

*June 27, 1862.*—"CAME you by Athol?" I have been to Dunkeld, and now am passed through the Pass of Killiecrankie, by Blair Athol, and eleven miles farther to this inn, that stands pretty much alone upon the moors. I have left for aye Loch Tay and Tay River, with their many woods fast growing to forests. Down the river I went to Dunkeld, then up on the other side nearly to the Logierait Inn again, where we turn off—the road and railroad as well as myself—westerly and northwesterly, to come by Athol.

I have little to say about Dunkeld, but gave a day to the visit, and feed a guide to put me through the Duke's grounds, and show me into the so-called Ossian's Hermitage. There is one souvenir of the valley I found after the guide left me, I would if I could give to you. An old stone bridge spans a deep chasm into which a little river plunges. It was doubtless as a tired wayfarer that I liked so well to lie on the stone para-



pet and watch the mad little stream, dashing at the bowlders, coming down for its dive. I was very willing to rest, quite unwilling to get rested in such a place, and would assure my friend Mrs. C—— that she need not despair of me on scenery.

Yesterday, passing the coach at a large hotel at Blair Athol, I had a bit of chat with the passengers, and a few words with the landlord afterward, who politely offered me the daily paper, just come. So I have seen the latest news—Beauregard nowhere, Jackson everywhere. My breakfast is now getting ready at a very good old-fashioned stage inn, quite *jauntie* up stairs, at two-and-sixpence for bed and attendance. The landlord tells me that the whole stage route from Dunkeld to Inverness is one hundred miles; the stage carries sixteen passengers, and makes the distance, including stops, within ten miles an hour.

INVERNESS, June 23.

*Saturday night*, and I left my girl this morning. I'd no business to do it, and deserved the disappointment of not finding letters here at Inverness. 'Twas for the letters I left her, otherwise I should have passed the Sunday with her; but I left her standing on the door to wave me a good-by, and now I've no letters and no girl.

Yesterday morning I walked on thirteen miles to a large posting inn, where I had a bread-and-milk dinner; as I finished the stage came up. I

thought it over: Friday, and sixty miles from Inverness, where I had expected to pass the Sabbath! I liked, too, the idea of trying the big coach, and it gained on me. I mounted the top, and came on forty miles more or less. It rained hard in showers; in spite of the rubber coat, the additional umbrellas were too much for me. Dripping, then, and chilly, after ten at night, I got down from the coach at the large farmhouse inn I was booked for. I poked through the hall, following a bit of light to a keyhole at the farther end, and opened the door abruptly. The fire was glowing, vieing, in its color, with the red stockings of one of the two Scotch lassies that stood before it.

“Can you give me a good bed?”

They both spoke together in answer: “Oh yes, Sir, we can.”

*June 30.*—Last night there came on, forwarded from London, our village newspaper of June 11—its arrival the more welcome that I got no letters. It seemed itself, when fairly uncovered, not a little proud to meet a friend at Inverness.

Perhaps forgetting the Highland lassie, that I left so prematurely,

“O qui me rendra mon Hélène?”

I ought to give a touch of how the land looks between here and the Pass of Killiecrankie. At first, for twenty miles, all was large mountains

standing everywhere, covered with the native heather—not a tree, not a bush, though rocks enough. The truth is, I begin to catch the spirit of the heather, and to enjoy the wind whistling over these bleak hills, and to fancy the stones rested upon them. As on the moors of Northumberland, long, coarse-woolled sheep are grazing all about ; a few rough cottages appear of those who watch them.

When we come down into the valley of the Spey, the country changes. Several old villages, single long streets of stone cottages, mostly of one story, are passed, and in the valley are large, good-looking meadows, and on the hills larches and Scotch pines again tell of some laird that's living near. Leaving the Spey we get once more rugged hills, and look clear back over the Spey valley to those we have left, whitened yet on this side in many spots with snow. All those that we see, and have been through, are the Grampians.

Inverness I find looking comely enough, with a fine view from its castle hill, and good walks, very beautiful ones along its river banks. Three different churches I attended yesterday, all of them well filled ; the sermons were quite good, with a good bit of Scotch accent and manner mixed in with them. To-day thus far I have been writing, and shall not leave here till to-morrow, when I see we have it July 1st, and I shall make here my Ultima Thule.

Head of GLEN OF GLENCOE, July 4.

Inverness is eighty miles to the north of me. Since I wrote last our travelling party has resumed the road, my sack, umbrella, myself, and spyglass. The sack does all it promised to. The umbrella has had active service daily, and even the spyglass, which has been sulky since leaving its Helen at the — Inn, near Inverness, saw yesterday another lass, going alone through a large field toward an especially pleasant-looking farmhouse, that, by some trees under a hill, lay half a mile perhaps from the road, and proposed to stop and look at her. I thought, when it found she was pretty, it grew better natured; I hope it will soon get over its pique about leaving the other.

Shall I speak of Loch Ness or of Independence? You may be called to hear some patriot politician on the latter subject, and so will excuse me. Loch Ness is the northernmost of the inland waters connecting with the Caledonia Canal; a fine lake, if not the finest. As old Mr. B—— said of the Green Mountain range, as seen from his house near Mount Independence, "It looks handsome enough." I saw it first Monday night at Dores, where are a kirk and several houses about it, forming the kirk-town, distant eight miles from Inverness, at the lake's northern end.

The *public hoose*, like almost all of its kind, is a low-lived grogshop, as uninviting as one of our poorest beer-drinking groceries. However, it was

ten miles to the Foyer's Inn. The toast and tea proved of good flavor, and after a bit of conversation with mine host, and more with a customer of his, I found my bed and sleep as desired. The guest mentioned had been a traveller, had led a chequered life, and was now, near the close of it, broken down by drink. A Scotchman by birth, a graduate of Edinburgh, he had gone to the New World, stayed eighteen years in the States, returned, and after several years' interval had launched off again, this time to Australia, where I think he said he was nine years. How long since from Australia I did not learn, but at present he was returning on foot to his home in the north, from the Exhibition at London. As I said, completely wrecked by drink; perhaps never very well balanced, he brightened up when talking of his travels, and still gave interest to his stories. He had once passed by Monticello, and called upon Jefferson. His knock was not heard, but he passed through the hall into a sitting room, where was a young lady playing a piano; she was too much engaged to hear him, and he was compelled to interrupt her and tell her his errand. It might have been Jefferson's daughter—he didn't know as to that; she did not return again, but Mr. Jefferson came in. He was always glad to have seen the old gentleman; he was very polite. At Edinburgh I had met an Englishman, a kind-hearted, talkative man, who had lived many years in Mich-



igan, the best perhaps of his life. His thoughts were filled with frontier scenes ; with him Harrison and Cass were familiar names. But he had still a home that cared for him.

*Still July 4.*—I find myself at another *public hoose*, and am sitting in the parlor, dining room, and bed room of the concern. The landlord, an honest-looking fellow, says they are to build him a better-looking place next year. The books, as in nearly all Scotch inns, are mostly religious—in this case but few—the Bible, Lives of Scotch Divines, a volume of a Missionary Magazine, a Gaelic Poem, two Bibles in the same language, and, in English, a Life of Washington, a present, I presume, from an emigrant relative. That's all right ; only if the beds—there are two of them—don't grow longer before bedtime, I shall stretch out on the settee. Whilst I am writing, the women folk are doing the proud thing in the kitchen. I hear them scrape the toast whilst the kettle boils.—An hour later. The women folk have done the proud thing. If I've said anything reflecting against this inn or public hoose, I take it all back. That bed has grown several inches. This parlor has an elegant picture on one side, a young girl (the dress low neck and short sleeves), a diadem on her brow, and a rosebud in her bosom. Opposite is a splendidly framed design, "Ritchie's Edinburgh Ales."

"You're nicely fitted up, I see ; is that carpet



Brussels?" said an English gentleman, in pointing to a newly made rag carpet at an old inn, where I stopped yesterday. When told not, he maintained well the delusion. "It looks astonishingly like Brussels."

The Falls of Foyers are the Falls of Scotland. I found them ten miles from Dores. I passed a large inn a mile before reaching them, but having, from a milestone near, the promise of the White Bridge Inn, seven miles beyond, I ran my chance and went on for the picturesque. To say the falls were all moonshine wouldn't be true, for they were all water; but to climb about any glen so wild and handsome as this, alone, is all moonshine; and after vainly striving some time to think a birch tree was the Jessie that came with me, I gave it up, flung several stones at the noisy fall, that flung its spray at me, flung several more over the arches below and across the deep gorge, and left. But my thoughts went back a few years to a fall at home, far more wild and beautiful than these, where——

*July 5, Saturday, at e'en.*—I wrote two weeks since, when I stopped to spend the Sabbath on the shores of Loch Tay, that the estate of the Marquis of Breadalbane extended in a straight line, in one direction, ninety miles. I am told I have struck that line in this quarter, and am squatted again on that nobleman's territory. I spoke of his castle palace and fine grounds in that location.

Here we have a nobleman's seat again repeated, perhaps for the reason of the Hoosier, in separating his house from his barn, "On account of the *sloo* between them, stranger!"—but that is his business. I have only to thank him for this most comfortable hotel. They'll remember it in the bill, I suspect, but I'm used to it. Besides, that comes Monday. To-night let me doze by the warm fire I have ordered, and enjoy the luxury of a clean room.

I've walked twenty miles to-day, all through Glencoe, a lone, barren glen that everybody goes to see. But to get back to the Falls of Foyers, or to the road that lies between them and the White Bridge Inn: In the first place it veered off from the lake to cross over a hill, and gave me a steep climb for half an hour. Coming to the table lands, for the first time I noticed blueberry bushes. The White Bridge crosses the Foyers, and just above, on the hill, a low, long, dirty-looking building extended, which only could be an inn. Indeed, when near enough to read it, an inscription over the door warrants the fact. It was nearly seven o'clock; my first inquiry was fully answered. A lady from Glasgow had written to engage the only two beds. But for something to eat.

"There is very little in the hoose."

"So I suppose; you have milk, though?"

"Yes."

“And bread?”

“No; no bread, but oat cake.”

“Very well, milk and oat cake.” The oat cake was unnecessarily hard, but the milk was sweet and good. It was now nine miles to Fort Augustus.

HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND, July 8, thirteen miles east of Oban.

Though I ought to commence at Fort Augustus, I think I shall give a word to a pleasant cow that I see in looking from the window. She grazes in a field on some green grass, but beyond her there appear to be potatoes, a hollow, and a mountain. I have been watching, too, across the road, three little girls amusing themselves with a wheelbarrow in wheeling each other alternately. They are some dozen or fourteen years old; two of them, peasant children, have the natural pantalette; the third, coming from the inn, doubtless, has the Highland red stockings, that reach nearly to the knee, and there leave the leg exposed a wee by the short petticoat.

Fort Augustus stands at the southern end of Loch Ness. Besides the fort there were quite a number of moderate houses, and two small inns. At one of these I passed the night; in the morning restarted toward Fort William, about thirty-eight miles farther down. For five miles I kept by the canal—two steamboats passing by me, one each way. Leaving the canal I skirted through woods

some way with a country about me that made me think of the neighborhood of Ticonderoga, New York. This home look was heightened by a sawmill. I hardly remember to have seen one in operation before, since leaving home. I stopped to admire the logs, to hear the going of the saw, and to watch the pile of scantling, small though it was. Leaving the sawmill I met a native, and learned that I should have to turn half a mile from my course for an inn, or else go on sixteen miles farther, in all twenty-four miles from Fort Augustus, with nothing to eat. There had been formerly another inn, but it had been turned into a shepherd house. Well, I turned off the half mile, coming to an excellent large stone hotel that stood in a fine position among these mountains. Hardly anywhere had the Scotch firs showed more handsomely, and I could hear the river thumping the bowlders in the gorge below. Returned from the inn, I crossed this stream by a stone arch, then wound around what seemed park grounds, turned through another fine wood, and came out by a small dismal loch, one of the connecting links in this chain of lakes. Its bank opposite me was a high mountain, steep, but with grass grown to the top, hence used as a sheep pasture. Beyond this lake there was a bit of a village, with a Catholic church, so one of the peasants told me. Then came the shepherd house that had been an inn. It was a forlorn-looking old place, but some land

near it seemed good for potatoes or grain, and the shepherd, with his lad and lass, was hard at work hoeing some small potatoes.

From the shepherd house to Stean Bridge Inn was yet eight miles. I had gone about one, and began to feel a bit fagging, when an honest-looking lad with a horse and cart overtook me. He slackened and seemed ready for an arrangement, but before I had settled in my mind on terms, he asked me, and I think out of good feeling, if I wouldn't "get in." I got in, and slipped a sixpence in his hand, that he covered so thoroughly I don't think his father will ever see it. The lad was a bright lad, and had, he said, five sisters and four brothers. His father watched the sheep on this mountain, and his uncle on the hill beyond. The sheep ran out all winter picking up their own living. At something less than two miles he was to turn from the main road; then, as if thinking that the length of ride wasn't equal to the sixpence, he said that he was coming back to go several miles farther. This seemed pretty doubtful; but I was satisfied with the ride already taken, told him 'twas all right, and struck on again afoot. One beautiful little dell I passed, lined with trees, and a clear stream below going to the lake. Just beyond this was a very pretty cottage under a hill, and a fine yard of trees before it. Had I been in America, I should have claimed its hospitality for the night. Another mile on I met a well-appear-



ing Highland gentleman just coming out of another cottage, with perhaps his wife. I stopped to ask a word about the way. He had the true Celtic manner of politeness in his answer, and then, with the Celtic hospitality that I have met with now several times, insisted that I should come in and take a glass of wine, for he knew I must have had a long walk. The parlor was very cozy, and with the wine, which was most excellent, and some cake, I passed half an hour. Of course I let them know directly I was an American, and as such was full as kindly welcomed, though it was admitted that in our war their nation's sympathy tended toward the weaker side.

From the Highland cottage, with new zeal, I soon walked the remaining three miles. I should add that the lad I rode with passed by whilst I was in the house. Shortly after setting out I met him returning on horseback. The little fellow was as pleased as could be to meet me, in fact laughed all over, and I thought 'twas in part to show me he had told the truth.

Stean Bridge Inn isn't a bad place for a night. They showed me to their best room up stairs, and gave me there my supper. Close by it was a very neat little bedroom. For rugs I noticed here, as in many of these Highland hotels, deer skins; very becoming they look, spread out by a window in the parlors or by the doors. Fort William from Stean Bridge is about



we skirt around the foot of Ben Nevis. The height of Ben Nevis is 4,406 feet. Formerly it was thought the highest mountain in Great Britain. Now that claim is awarded to Ben McDhui, that shows so finely, with a range of snow-pointed peaks about it, from where Helen lives. Between these two rival mountains there is but several feet difference; at each survey the palm of height is changed, so that in fact no one knows which is highest. Snow is yet plentifully lying on Ben Nevis and the mountains near it.

Fort William is an old place in appearance, and an ugly one. I stayed but long enough to take lunch, then passed on toward the next inn, with drizzly rain to test the rubber coat.

## XIII.

OBAN, July 9, Wednesday evening.

PLACE me now in the coffee room of a large and well-conducted, but so-called second-class English hotel ; five more young men in the room, lounging indiscriminately, for there are no ladies. If there were, they would be placed up stairs in the parlor, by a rule of civilization. A large wagon-load of girls, *ari contraire*, just passed the window—the genuine article, ranging in years from two to twenty.

I have seen them before. They were all at a picnic, at an old castle ruin, half a mile across a bay from the road I was passing. I had arranged my spyglass to see the old castle, and distinguished a single female in a black riding-habit and a pretty plumed hat. This beat the tail of the comet seen by the philosopher in the comic almanac, or, for that matter, the man in the moon. She stood in the perspective, and, so far as I was concerned, completely covered the castle. She

didn't seem to care for the castle or for its environs—neither did I; but she walked about the lawn, and finally seated herself on the decline of the grass. I myself was lying on a bank of heather, some thirty feet above the road, my glass resting upon its summit. After a solitary walk this term of picket duty seemed no hardship. Perhaps fifteen minutes passed, when the damsel rose, gathered quickly her long robe, and commenced a rapid run down the green. My glass moved with its object, and soon caught the forms of two bright little girls coming to meet her. Directly came a troop of them from a wood; after them the large wagon that has just passed by. When the wagon stopped near the old ruins, they all gathered about it; baskets were handed out and taken, and a shawl or two. I watched them as they separated and as they lingered, until all had climbed a fence there was, to disappear around the corner for, I suppose, their picnic.

Some four miles from Fort William, following the shore of the arm of the sea, which reaches it and receives the canal, fishers' nets lining the way, a horse and gig passed me, driven by such a pleasant elderly gentleman as we hear of in those favored parishes where the learned man keeps a gig, and the people a minister. He reined up, for he thought I must be tired. A second time, then, I got a ride, and now for some six or eight miles, and with the pleasantest of company, a kind and

well-informed Highland pastor. When I left him at his house, he asked me cordially to come in for tea, but I thought best to decline, and left a homelike group of houses and the church, facing upon the beautiful bay, looking toward the misty hills of Morven.

The two next miles had passed ; another was to bring me to the inn, where I was to spend the night, when something like music reached me from behind ; shortly the firing of a gun, and then a shout of voices followed, borne by the wind. All along this quarter there is a border of good land between the hills and the sea, and numbers of peasants' huts are scattered along the road. I turned and saw, some three quarters of a mile across the field, at the rear of me, a crowd of people near a group of cottages. Off went the gun again, and then another shout. I mounted the stone wall to get a better sight, and saw the crowd now in motion and coming my way. The notes of the music swelled more distinctly, coming from a true Highland bagpipe in native melody upon the air. On they came, following the lane and then the road, still coming toward me ; girls, women, and men, bagpipe and gun, with a numerous following of children in the rear. As they neared me, I made a signal of sympathy, and swung my hat. This took well, and brought an echo from the gun and a rousing cheer. I fell behind, in rear of the children, and learned from

those outside at a cottage I passed that it was a "wedding party;" they were going to the inn to get married, and if I hurried I might see the affair.

The party stopped at the first inn. I crossed the ferry to the second, which was a better one, but returned and ordered tea, telling the landlord I wished for a chance at the wedding while his meal was preparing. He had doubts, but I pushed him on, knowing that faint heart never won, and intending to slip in and observe in the crowd. The landlord felt the importance of the meeting, and, beckoning to one of the leading men, asked for my name. I would have avoided ceremony, but was led to the centre of the room, where stood the clergyman. I could only say to him that I was an American traveller, and, seeing the gay company, had ventured to follow in, and had asked of the landlord to see a Highland wedding. The clergyman gave me a hearty welcome; I sat down by an amiable lass, who pointed out to me the pair to be married. The ceremony passed in Gaelic, then the friends gathered to shake hands with the happy pair. I saw very little kissing, but whiskey was brought in plentifully and passed around to all, when seated, poured in a wine glass. Waiting the opportunity, I added my good wishes to those of their friends, wishing them as joyous a life as they had commenced in their wedding, and, after a few minutes more with the lass beside me,

who did her part exceedingly well, excused myself to her, to look for my tea.

I found this in the room above, and was enjoying it quietly when joined by the clergyman. He was to cross the ferry after signing certain papers which were expected. I waited his movement, therefore, conversing with him or looking in upon the dancing, which had commenced below. The Highland reel was danced to the bagpipe by male and female. At last the papers came, and the clergyman was released. The boatman left the dance to ferry us over the river.

*July 11.*—Yesterday I had breakfast of trout, and, at eight o'clock, started for the steamer that goes about the island of Mull for Iona and Staffa. A young Scotchman from the same hotel offered for company; so we took a second passage, and, securing good seats at the front of the boat, did not envy those who paid five shillings for hardly so good a place. There was a beautifully blue dress, that landed on the dock from an incoming steamer as we went out, that my Scotch friend recognized as one that he had ridden with the day before, and found delightfully coquettish. A stiff breeze blew on the sea, that made the blue waves dance around us. The day was fair, the steamer stanch, and fearlessly curved about the rocky coast of Mull.

My companion proved quite universally a pleasant fellow. He was in the midst of a yarn



as the boat stopped at Iona. A small boat from the shore made but a single trip for the number who landed. A bit of village was before us, of one-story stone houses, whitewashed; signs of ruins were about, or fragments of wrought stone, and most conspicuous, a little to the right of the town street, the well-preserved remains of the old cathedral. My friend and I lagged behind the rest for a lunch. When ready for the tour of the ruins, a flock of children, enough for the whole island, closed about us in the way of trade. They had saucers of shells and stones, and papers of dried seaweed.

"Please buy, sir! please buy, sir! A six-pence for the lot."

"Please buy mine, sir! only a three-pence for the lot."

"Please buy mine, too, sir!"

"But, my little girl, I've enough already."

"Please buy them, sir! only a three-pence for the lot."

Released once more, I proposed to my friend to strike directly for a hill that seemed to command an extensive view. Through a wheat field, up a ledge of rocks, we soon reached this, with its panorama of the little island once so famous. It is mostly pasture, with sheep and small cattle about. In the west the Atlantic was unbroken. The rock of Staffa we could see to the north, other small islands beyond it, and east the shores, all

mountainous and indented with bays, of Mull; one lofty peak upon it that kept covered with clouds. Nearly all solitude it seemed; no sound for us but the ocean's roar and the wind.

At a signal from the steamer we returned aboard and headed for Staffa. Landed again by a small boat, we walked on the basaltic columns to the entrance of Fingal's Cave. The sea rushes into the cave, rising or falling with the tide to its upper end. The columns of basalt, in shape pillars of cut stone or iron, line its sides and arch its roof. On one side upon these one can walk to the extremity, but just as I had reached there and began to grow sullen with the sullen surf, there came the order to go. We passed afterward on to the height of this island—smaller and lonelier it is than Iona—which gave another beautiful view of the bay in front of us, and a more extended one of the ocean. Continuing in our course clear around the island of Mull, we reached Oban at seven o'clock.

SHORE OF LOCH AWE, July 12.

I left Oban yesterday at 2 P. M., taking a backward route to Taynault, where I was three days ago. It is a handsome route nearly the whole way. An arm of the sea comes to Taynault, which the road keeps in sight, and along the shore of. The opposite shore is mountainous; only in places, though, do the mountains come directly from the water. I passed again by the

picnic ruin, and by a long log that I knew, from having lain and dozed upon it quite a time. At the Taynault inn I took some bread and milk, and watched a great frolic outside, of some lads and lassies that were ducking each other with water. One of the girls, that would have been the belle, for she was very pretty, slipped into the kitchen, got a whole pail of water, and, returning whilst his back was turned, succeeded in pouring it all on one of the young men. He shook himself much as a Newfoundland dog, but then darted for the girl. A few rods below, crossing the road, was a clear stream. The lassie fought well for perhaps ten minutes, but at last, completely tired out, suffered herself to be carried, and was very completely immersed in the cold water.

After leaving the inn the road goes down the brae, crosses a stone arch, turns to the right toward Loch Awe ferry, pushing into the hills. These are covered with a young growth of copse. It is the twilight hour. The richest singing of birds that I have heard meets me. The birds chiefly are what they call here thrushes, very much like our robin, but not its equal. From the hilltop where I met the first house, there was something of a view. Three miles more, through the pasture land, brought me to a village with a kirk and post office, two old two-story houses, and a number of small ones or huts. Leaving these, I overtook on the road a peasant woman, and had a bit of con-

versation. She had the honest Scotch manner ; wanted to know if I was English ; I told her American. That seemed a long way off. Then came the war affair. She had seen by the papers that it was conducted in the most cruel manner. She stopped speaking for a few moments ; I knew she was thinking of the wars and rumors of wars. As I left her at the gate of her lowly home, she advised me as to the inns, of which there is one each side of the ferry.

It is now past noon ; a rain outside, but not a hard one. I am twelve miles only from Inverary, where I go for the Sunday.

INVERARY, July 12, Saturday night.

Finding here a temperance hotel, I stop at it, having uniformly found houses of its class comfortable and reasonable in charges. They are more economically kept, generally much smaller than the so-called first-class hotels. You find at them the commercial or middle class of travellers, that may prefer them for economy or comfort, and some of them from principle. (A young man enters as I write, whistling as industriously as a small Yankee boy coming through a wood at night.) At Newcastle the temperance houses were large, and added the term "commercial" to their name. (Our whistling friend has rung the bell, to order a cup of coffee with plain bread and butter, but has recommenced to whistle.) Their

prices were about two thirds those of the first-class, the entertainment as good, but no piano or showy parlor. The same is true at Edinburgh and other large towns. Style is costly ; those who expect it, expect to pay. At Dunkeld, as here or in any small place, a temperance hotel is a private house made public on a certain plan, and is more or less comfortable as it may happen. This appears well. The sitting-room carpet should be a bit cleaner, and the old Scotch gentleman, that hangs against the wall, might have been better painted ; as for that matter, he would make a handsomer decoration if he didn't look so much like the herring he doubtless used to catch. The long table on one side is covered with books and papers—one of the former, *The Ancient British Church at Iona*. There are *Temperance Tales*, *Scotch Travels*, *Sermons*, at the end a backgammon board. My bedroom up stairs is all right, with a good bed and a Bible on the bureau.

The whistler I find is from Yorkshire. He said at a glance that I was from London, and, being of a sanguine temperament, disdains to inquire if right. He thinks he has been sold in crossing the ferry, and guesses he will inquire about it to-morrow. He does not like to be sold. He left a beautiful pipe, too, in the glen he came through this afternoon ; a very beautiful glen ; called Hell Glen. "Only twenty-five minutes in crossing the ferry, for two shillings ; I don't like to be sold."



Monday morning at INVERARY.

“’Twas thy voice, my gentle Mary,  
And thy artless, winning smile,  
That made the world an Eden,  
Bonny Mary of Argyle.”

Going on to the Duke of Argyle's grounds yesterday suggested “Mary of Argyle.” I noticed fine lime trees in front of the castle; in the wood the largest firs and beeches I have met. The oaks did not thrive well; birches were in plenty, but not our white birch. From the hill that overlooks the castle there should be a fine view of the other hills about, and the arm of the sea that shoots up here. The castle itself, perfectly plain, looks to me exceedingly handsome below, but at the second story the funds seem to have given out; in the box that is added on top the whole effect is ruined. The duke is not wealthy by his Highland estates, but opens his beautiful grounds to the public, and is a sound temperance man.

From Loch Awe we had the Highland scenery, hill, heather, and sheep, with a sprinkling of small old stone dwellings. But as July grows warmer I find a flood of little plants and shrubs begin to blossom. The bell heather, with a beautiful little bell-shaped flower, flings a new shade on the hill-sides. Of its delicate hue, I only think of one of our wild flowers to compare it with, a small purple cluster that comes early in spring. I can



think how it grows, and where it grows, but not surely of its name. The bluebells here keep more in the grass, but all along the roadside, the stream sides, and the borders of the hills, the fox-glove shoots out its stem, and fills it with its showy pink flowers. When I see these by a stream at a little distance, I think them the cardinal flowers, but find them differently formed on the stem and far less brilliant. Honeysuckle blossoms I saw in abundance, climbing up the bushes near Loch Awe. A little white flower like pepper grass grows everywhere on the banks. Buttercups flourish as with us, and, when I come to the Lowlands, the daisy tells me there ought to be strawberries. Besides these there are other little flowers, less frequent or less forward, many of them that I know, some that I do not. Golden rod and everlasting I have not seen since leaving home, nor the mullen, that guards our pastures with so much care. Of trees I have seen no maples, nor hemlock, nor cedar, unless in gardens here; I think, not on the Continent. The ash and mountain ash are both common here as with us; basswood I do not find; butternut and hickory are unknown.

ARROCHAR, two miles from LOCH LOMOND, July 14.

I came in here last night from a walk of eighteen miles through two fine glens, their sides rising in high sloping sheep pastures, at least fifteen hundred feet. Less rocky and more fertile

than usual, these were covered to the top with grass, and not with heather. The sheep, too, were white faced, handsome, and finer than most I have found. They looked only specks clear up toward the top. All sheep and cattle run out in the Highlands through the winter, and pick their own living. The black-faced Highland breed, hardy, winter without difficulty. The finer flocks occasionally suffer severely. The cattle show a similar difference, many of them coarse, with big heads and large horns, and the countenance of bisons. I see, also, many handsome, social-looking cows, which give, I suppose, the sweet, rich milk I find so plenty.

I got, Saturday, reports from Charleston and Richmond; to-day, news to the 2d of July, when McClellan stood *tandem*, the right wing behind the left. A Glasgow paper thinks the almighty Yankee is in a position to run, but I don't quite see where he is to run to. Other editorials of papers I see, are in a better spirit than before the battle. I think I shall be in Glasgow Thursday, and shall find there letters and papers for the last four weeks, the longest interval, except the first, I have made. I have just thought that to-day is my birthday, and I am twenty-three. McClellan, they say, is thirty-eight. I make no complaint of him; but if Scott were at that age—

GLASGOW, Wednesday evening.

Highlands no more. I bade them farewell to-day from the top of Ben Lomond. It was not the

best of days for this favorite view, but a fair one. The distance got blended in the mist, but we had the beautiful Loch Lomond itself, with its little islands at the wider end below ; its high mountain shores beside and opposite us. Loch Katrine and its mountains were at the northeast, and east, almost directly, was the fine valley that opens out on Stirling and its castle, whence Ben Lomond shows so prominently. Ben Lomond itself rises thirty-two hundred feet above the lake. It is matted to the top with coarse grass tufts that furnish food for countless sheep, and from springs it sends down many a gay burn that widens as it goes. One of these, starting directly below us, at the northeast, a very wee thing, gets soon to be a bold burnie and the eye follows it a long, long distance winding through its own valley to the little Loch Chou.

I overtook a party of English lads in making the ascent. They were direct from Glasgow, and brought the latest news of McClellan's *tandem movement*. This was as favorable as I expected ; I can yet keep a bold front with the Yankee flag flying. By extracts from American papers, I have seen how they take the English comments on Butler's demi-monde order.

Well, as I hoped, I have found here four letters ; one of May 1, to London, was found and forwarded at the second request, as is the home newspaper whenever ordered. It was well done at the

Metropolitan office ; they looked again. One by one I read the letters as I leisurely ate my supper, and afterward, throwing myself on a sofa, re-read all, and followed with the home items of the newspapers. The weather to-day is hot and sultry, the first such of the season. But my pen begins to doze ; Lock Lomond, and Ben Lomond, and Loch Tay, and Lock Ness hover about me, in dreamy confusion.

## XIV.

GLASGOW, July 19.

I STOP here at Glasgow, as at Edinburgh, at the Waverley Temperance Hotel. They are owned by the same man. This is full at present; among the company are a number of Canadians, who came over for the Exhibition, by the Quebec and Glasgow line.

To-day appears to be what we should call in France a *fête*. The stores chiefly are shut; the people out *en masse* for a holiday. Down town a way the fair shows are going on, a crowd packing the streets near, and gathered on the green by the Clyde. A vigorous auctioneer, with the hammer, claims attention, and assures you, in the crowd that surrounds him, if you will not give a shilling for his pair of suspenders you shall have them for a sixpence. A man on the left makes the same offer with a penknife. Further on, the beat of a drum before a circus contends with the blast of a trumpet before a menagerie, and the placards of a concert with those of a theatre. Escaping the

crowd, and turning another direction, a mile's walk brought me to the cathedral, and, beyond this, to the cemetery, where I stole a pink for my solitary souvenir, and had a grand glimpse of the city and its chimneys of manufactories. There was a stiff breeze; now and then a brisk shower.

*Sunday night.*—I had a nap this afternoon, but, coming down to tea, passed the evening sociably with a number of these Canadians. There was one girl American born, the rest were originally from Scotland. The evening passed not badly, but it provokes one to see these *Island-born* Canadians more jealous of us than if they had lived always on this side.

I attended the morning service at church, and, the weather being clear, walked afterward to the West End of the city. I had heard so much of the superior beauty of Edinburgh that I was surprised to find the dwellings here far finer than I had seen there. Commerce brings wealth, wealth builds with solidity and beauty. From the West End the view off toward the Clyde valley is very charming. Altogether Glasgow is a great commercial and manufacturing city. It shows capital in the business and style of building of every street. I can admire the whole of it for its life and activity, and, as I hinted above, the West End, or fashionable part, seemed to me in all respects equal to any city I have seen this side the sea.



So I close on Glasgow. Where next? is now the question. I could sail more cheaply from here than by any other route. The first cabin passage is but sixty-six dollars to Montreal. But there is Ireland yet, and my fancy hints of Wales and perhaps a fashionable watering place. My watch tells me it is time for bed.

LARGS, Coast of Clyde, July 21.

Here again is a temperance hotel. This day went busily in the morning, getting a bundle done up for Liverpool. It ended in landing me from a moderate Scotch steamer, that runs from Glasgow down to Largs, and after to Millport. The Clyde, for about fifteen miles from Glasgow, is but a narrow river, with muddy water, that is made brackish by the tide. In low water the average depth above Greenock is only ten feet, so that large vessels do not ascend. Below Greenock the river has widened out into the frith. I noticed many large ships being built at Greenock. High hills and handsome bays, along the shore, and islands mingle in the scenery. A modest young girl told me all about the country we passed; she knew it all well.

*July 22.*—I have just finished a breakfast of oatmeal porridge and milk. The wind seems gone down as I look out of the window on the sea; or, rather, the sound lies almost smooth, and is dotted with small boats, and, just as last night, there are people strolling about the beach. Last night I

walked up by the shore road, some three miles, followed by and following parties of young folk ranging like myself. I ended my stroll on a brown-colored rock by the shore; looked around for shells, but did not find any; and lay again to hear the surf that moaned so sullenly. Returning, I passed more of the holiday parties, one playing a game of string, another dancing on the green, many youths and their lassies, in the long daylight, strolling about the beach. Nearly all the girls looked modest and tidy, and were not more familiar than one would expect them to be in the land of Burns. The Glasgow fair extends over a week at this season, as an old custom; during more or less of it the whole working city is released from employment. The more worthless portion keep about home, where the circuses and menageries are in full tide. Those, who enjoy the country, take which they please of the various coast steamers that ply to the ports and islands of the neighborhood. Rothesay, in the isle of Bute, is a favorite point; there are others more attractive than this, but scarcely any of them shows a crowd so well assorted.

AYR, Thursday, July 24.

From Largs to Ayr is not a great distance, but I had a call to make on my friend, the Scotch pastor from the Pyrenees. I had heard in the Highlands that he had married and returned for the summer. As I had heard nothing before, and seen

nothing suspicious myself, I was prepared for a mistake. From Largs to —— is but three miles along the coast. Mr. B——'s house is close by the shore, looking out on the bay, or frith. I found the senior couple, as usual, at home. George had gone to see a sister, but would be back at six. But the bride was in : of course the marriage was real, and was the great event, as much to the old folks as to the young. And the lady was from our French parish, a Swiss girl ; I must have seen her at the rehearsals of the choir. I had lost two cousins to Swiss girls at New York, but this whole thing was new to me. I was obliged to admit a want of memory for the foreign name, but for the face I wondered which of the dozen it would prove. Mr. B——, senior, had, after a time, left the room ; Mrs. B——, who was a little deaf, was reading, and did not notice the new bride's entrance. I knew her face instantly. I had noticed it the first time, or about the first time, of my attending the Scotch church at Pau. I recollect thinking of a friend who would have chosen it amid the group, —his style and this subject were special alike,—but had not thought of the discrimination it was inviting from the foreign *pasteur*. The dignity of the wife was just perceptibly veiling the shyness of the child. She knew me, too, it was evident, and, reaching the table, looked toward the mother-in-law. The good dame might have been somewhere near the middle of Deuteronomy, with the intention of finishing the book.

“I know your face well, and you must be Mrs. B——. There was no one at —— whom I should have recognized sooner.”

By this time the good dame had arranged her mark, and looked up to find the interview begun much in the usual way. So, also, passed the afternoon, till the boat came with Monsieur B——, and afterward, shortly, the supper. The senior Mrs. B—— is Highland born, thoughtful for all others, thoughtless of herself; her Celtic courtesy lends a grace of welcome to the stranger's stay. After supper, the young people inviting a pair of neighbors to the party, we had a boat-sail on the frith. The scenery was very fine; we had a long and very pleasant sail. It seemed as though we were on the lake, the islands make so perfect an opposite shore; I thought no water scene had pleased me more. The evening closed, after our return, with singing a psalm and family prayers.

In the morning I took the boat for Arran Island, going as far as Lam Loch, and returning to Millport, opposite my starting place. As it faces the frith, Arran throws up quite a handsome chain of mountains. These prove mostly rock, as you approach, with the genuine Highland glens piercing them, so that the scenery is very much what I have often described. I took the Ayr steamer at five in the afternoon and reached here about night.

*Sunday evening, July 28.*—I intend leaving

here in the morning, have been to church twice to-day, the first time going to a small chapel, and the last to a large, new and very handsome church. I might have gone again this evening, perhaps, if I had not made too late a supper, and then got sleepy. The fact is, I tumbled on the bed and had a good nap. I am wondering how long a stop my sister made here at Ayr, and if she went anywhere but to Burns's cottage. Well, that's enough; you see pretty much all the lay of the land. However, I enjoyed the walk, that I made on Thursday, along the bank of the Ayr river, to a handsome bridge I found several miles up, as much as that of Friday to the Doon. I don't know that I connected any memories with it, or, in fact, very much with either, but 'twas a relief of green fields and harvest from the city life of Glasgow, and a change from the Highlands, and Highland heather. The Ayr was swollen with a big rain we had had, so that the tree branches on either side were dragging in the water, getting very wet. The water, because of the rain perhaps, was thoroughly muddy. For a souvenir of this walk I plucked a daisy—they have been scarce in the Highlands; I have got it pressing now in my paper-covered edition of Burns's Songs, with one of the legs of the bedstead on it, that seem to have been made on purpose for this use, broad at the bottom.

Friday was a more beautiful day for a stroll;



it was almost perfect, and I used it well. I enjoyed it too; positively mused along the banks of Bonnie Doon, studied the relative proportions of the old and new arches with a critical eye, wondered when the ivy that's clinging to the old one began to cling, bethought myself of listening to the chanting of the little birds, and then sought along the banks and braes for the little flowers that I knew bloomed there sae fresh and fair. When I found one, I took it to put alongside my daisy.

The Doon is not a big stream; a man could jump across it in three jumps, if he jumped well. But it's a pretty stream—as you see it near the bridges, a very pretty one. Of the country about it, as of all that you see about Ayr, it's a handsome variation of farming land, with the sea in sight on one side, with a long swell beyond Burns's village, that might have been, or perhaps might be called now, a heather hill, on another; but only one or two points of low mountains in the horizon, unless perhaps you except those on the islands. Being alone, and so having a good deal of extra time, I wondered, among other things, why Burns did not sing more of these islands, and of the sea that had always been within his sight. I suppose he did not get much of a chance with a boat, when he worked on the farm; didn't own a boat, as some folks do; any way, he seems to have liked a ripple better than a wave, Bonnie Doon



better than a firth, and a bonnie lassie better than them all.

The monument was to me handsome in itself, and appropriate; the grounds about it richly flowered, and neatly kept. Alloway Kirk is a remarkably choice ruin, beautifully situated, and might well have suggested a legend to one who dearly loved the whole spot about with the attachment that a warm heart ever feels to its home. Burns's cottage is a very neat one of its kind, prettily placed. With a family within, cheerful in mutual kindness, happy with peaceful hearts, no palace could offer a dearer home nor claim a stronger love.

There remains old Ayr, which I feel the more disposed to speak kindly of as I leave in the morning; but, to talk truth, it's a quaint old town that never knew what beauty in itself was. At the same time it has found out its effects, and knows how to give these. When you shall have passed a few days in its almost, or quite obsolete streets, and won, if you are capable of doing it, the regards of the old low thatched houses, you will most cheerfully and honestly repeat what the old town is always ready to hear,—for such is vanity,—

“Old Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses  
For honest men and bonnie lassies.”

STRANRAER, Tuesday night, July 27.

And here do I close on Scotland. I have been looking at the low-mountained coast of Ireland, as it rose beyond the beautiful level of water, and took the sweet blue hue that memory loves. I bethought me of Fingal of old, of the days of Ossian, and the wild phantasies, that he wove, connecting with this coast. But aside from these it was the Emerald Isle, the sweet Erin of song and memory, that island which before all is the Isle of the Ocean; I welcomed it with as real a delight as though I too could have sung, "Erin is my home." To-morrow I hope to be upon it, yet I could almost go by and keep only the impressions I have from this distant sight. 'Twould be impossible to have a poetic ideal more fully realized. A low beautiful land rising from a calm sea, so far away that I can but just distinguish it, though the day has been a gala one of sunshine and cloudlet shadows.

Yesterday and to-day have both been charming days. Yesterday you know I left Ayr. I left it littling in the distance; as I went by the cars it littled rapidly. I kept by cars twenty-three miles to Girvan, where the railroad ends. I don't think that I have passed through any region that has so much the native look; and now, out of the route of tourists, the hotels have a natural charge.

Girvan is an old fishing town, shaped like a kite, with the church and buildings around it for

the body, and one long street for the tail. This street runs three quarters of a mile, lined for the most part with low slate-roofed houses, made of stone, and plastered. It abounds with dirty children, who form an extended line of tangled tow-heads on each side. They rested from their labors of building castles in the dust, as I and my sack passed down the centre, and doubtless were undisturbed again, till the daily stage to Stranraer went through.

Once more in the open country, and near the open sea, I had a long quiet walk pretty much to myself. I had one rather full talk with two fishermen, who were disentangling their nets upon the shore. They told me that the seaweed, that is thrown up all along, was left to "rote" a year, then carted off to mix with the land for manure, and that it was most excellent. They told me too,—but I must first tell you, that, at the toss of nine miles from the shore, along where I was going, rises, heaved from the sea, Ailsa Craig, an immense little mountain of rock; it is nearly three miles in circumference, and 1,110 feet in height. I said it rose from the sea. It might have been pitched in from above. For aught I know it's the tail end of an ancient meteor that got extinguished, by falling in so wet a frith. However, comet tail, or island summit, there it is, a large, uncouth, unnatural body, that suggests itself, before everything else, to your eye, each

time you have winked. Well, the very honest fishermen told me it was the favorite resort of all kinds of sea-fowl, who consider it a big *Petra* made for laying eggs in, and just adapted to the moral or physical developing of young sea-birds. These fishermen also told me, that the eggs of these sea-gulls are as large, as good for eating, as ducks' eggs, and their feathers well worth the plucking.

I stopped for the night at Ballantrae, another and smaller fishing town, that lies here away on the coast, thirteen miles from Girvan. From Ballantrae to Stranraer were yet seventeen miles. The road, after eight miles across a neck of land, where the bell heather again flourishes, comes to Loch Ryan, then winds close about this loch to Stranraer. Incident was scarce along here. There was what seemed to be a small picnic party quite a way ahead of me, but they turned off before I could come up. The girls looked blythe and saucy, and were prettily dressed. I was very sorry they turned off so quickly, but—they did.

## XV.

LONDONDERRY, IRELAND, August 3, 1862.

I AM in a hotel here that can have no recommendation except that of cheapness, and that's one you don't appreciate till the time comes to settle the bill. I have been to Belfast, and I have been to Port Rush, the Giant's Causeway, and am now come to Londonderry. Belfast is a larger city than I supposed, has a good deal of extra boating in its harbor, with very much more business than they have here at Londonderry. It has one centre business street, with a branch from it, that is quite well built, and looks city-like; otherwise, the buildings are mostly of brick, with but little about them that is pleasing, so that, although not a disagreeable city, it is one you would not care to stop in long. Between Belfast and Coleraine, there is a long stretch of fine country. As I saw it from the railway, it was hedged into patches, hardly any of them larger than a good-sized garden, whether they be used for potatoes, flax, turnips, or as a pasture to the cows. A branch

railway goes from Coleraine to Port Rush, and then to the Giant's Causeway there are seven miles by wagon or foot. I left my sack at the depot and started *à pied*. The road runs around the harbor five miles, to a small village. Here you can make a short cut across the beach, that, with the tide out, lies before you a beautiful path of compact sand. As usual lately I had no friend, but I had an umbrella with a brass-pointed shaft; with it I wrote in the smooth sand a name. You remember the Seville girl wrote a motto:

"Her words were three, and not one more,  
What could Diana's motto be?  
The Syren wrote upon the shore,  
Death, not inconstancy."

What a fool she was!

Was she? What a miserable doubter of truth and goodness you are! She was a magnificent girl. I do not care if she forgot on the morrow the words she had written to-day, she was a magnificent girl to have felt them in those few hesitating moments.

Over the beach and up the hill, there is a large hotel, it must be, though I didn't go in. Passed this, commenced the attack of the infernals. One line battered me geologically with stones; the other metaphysically with ideas.

"Pure Irish diamonds, your honor, rock crystal, coral, and every variety of interesting stones.



Your honor shall have the whole collection for a shilling."

"Here, your honor, is another box for a saxonpence."

"Indade, your honor'll nade a guide, some one to point out the particulars. You see, your honor might go by some of the most entertaining points. Indade, you'll want some one to point out the particulars. Yes, indade you will."

There is on the coast here a semicircular cliff of rock and land, of, I should say, three hundred feet or more in height. Between the foot of this cliff, only the two ends of which run to the sea, and the water, you have the causeway; but a part of the cliff itself shows the sides of the same basaltic columns, the tops of which rise from out the water, forming, closely packed together, the causeway that you can walk on, or that the giant walked on. It is precisely the same sort of thing as at Staffa, but far less interesting. Here there is more causeway, but there you have a single strange spot in the ocean, with its cave, where these columns are, and where the sea is always chanting its dirge of immortality.

I came back as I went, hoping, but failing to catch the train, that I knew left somewhere near eight for Londonderry. The name I left upon the sand was yet perfect when I repassed. Yesterday morning I came here. There wasn't much of scenery from the cars; one side water, the other not inviting.

ENNISKILLEN, Imperial Hotel, Monday night.

I am swinging first class to-night, confound the expense, but I opine,—English writers say that's the way we speak in America,—I opine that I've saved enough yesterday to carry me through Ireland. *Il pleut, il pleut toujours, comme il a plu aujourd'hui*,—since I left Newtown Stewart.

In haying time, when I was a boy, with us always worked two Irishmen. I have always known them. One of them came from Newtown Stewart, the other from Port Arlington. To stop at both of these places, and be able to report direct, I make a part of my trip in Ireland. At half past nine I took my ticket at Londonderry for Newtown Stewart. We followed a river most of the way, went by Sion Mills, where a good-sized stone spinning mill was, and Victoria Bridge, where an unpretending stone arch bridge was. At Newtown Stewart station I got out of the cars, left my sack, and walked across the old stone bridge to the village. It was market day, hence the country people had brought in their stuff, and were selling it in the street, making an unusual stir. I walked up through. The street is a very wide one for a small village; well built for its size, that is, when compared with any of the old towns you find over here. Well, I walked to the end, and then, turning with the road to the left, kept by some small old one-story dwelling houses, to where there are three narrow roads parting off toward "Bessy Bell

Mountain." Here was one quite tidy place, with two or three much smaller just beyond it. Coming from one of these, and toward me, was an old Irishman; he had a pleasant face and honest eye. I thought perhaps that he would remember those that I knew from here, at any rate could tell me something of the place; I hailed him.

"Have you lived in this old town a long time, sir?"

"Yes, for some time."

"I am an American, and stopped here from the cars this morning, because it's the native place of an Irish family I have known ever since I was a boy."

"An American, are you? I was born here, lad, in that house you see there, and live now in this one" (he pointed to the tidy place I spoke of). Yesterday was my birthday. I was eighty years old yesterday."

I don't think any one would have thought the old man over sixty. He was walking vigorously. His sight and hearing both seemed perfect. From the moment I told my errand, or, in fact, that I was an American, he was wholly interested in me. He had had himself, he said, five children in America, though two of them were dead. He knew of the —— family, but could not identify Patrick or John, but thought they would remember him if old enough. His name was Patton; he used to keep a distillery in the village. He pointed out

to me the scenes about, the high mountains back, the old castle wall to the right of it, as also the castle ruins in the village. Afterward we walked down again to the town. I left him to get dinner at the hotel. Coming out an hour after the old man stood near by, hailed me, and joined me again to go to the depot.

What would you think of being here in this old Irish town to-night? Enniskillen! Did you ever ponder the name in your geography? And then if you were here alone, or if you had been wandering for almost two years! It's a gloomy night outside. The rain has come this afternoon in torrents, "en versant," as we used to say in France. Oh! it is a gloomy night outside, and there's nothing pleasant inside but the ticking of the clock. I would give a thousand worlds for a Mother's kiss to-night:

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow."

But I would rather close for the night, curiously, perhaps, in connection, with a Scotch verse:

"Oh, weel may the boatie row,  
And better may she speed;  
And weel may the boatie row  
That wins the bairns' bread.  
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
The boatie rows indeed;  
And happy be the lot o' a'  
That wish the boatie speed."

*Thursday evening.* — Still at Enniskillen. “They say the Northerners have got the devil knocked out of them this time.” Coffee-room talk.

I have stopped over here to-day to see Lough Erne. The steamer that should run on it has not yet commenced; and so I started off this morning afoot, kept along near, and on the shore of the lake, for ten miles; here there was an Irish “public hoose,” and I, and a couple of pigs, went in and got some bread and eggs. Then we all came out and looked at the lake, which was here at its widest point; as the pigs had often seen it before they grunted off toward the barn, leaving me and the lake alone. The lake, at this point, is simply a large fine sheet of water, with shores that are handsomely divided between turnips and potatoes. I waited for the mail van to Enniskillen, and by this returned to pass another night. Both times in passing I noticed a large stone quarry. It was near this in the morning that I had the first view of the lake, at, perhaps, its most handsome point, for there are three or four large islands grouped together and covered with trees.

*Wednesday morning.*—I wrote but little last night. There was too much talk going on in the commercial room. There were three or four Irishmen, one Scotchman, and one Englishman, from Liverpool. They caught up of course eagerly American rumors, that are said to have passed through here, by telegraph, from *Derry*. Most of



them did not try to conceal their satisfaction ; as many as three made, and kept up for some time, uncalled-for insulting remarks. But the Englishman, who had shown all the evening his spleen against the Yankees, took now the other course. One Irishman, and by far the most intelligent, sided strongly with us. I left what defence there was to be made, to him, only occasionally corrected a statement ; as, that the Southerners seceded because the North forced them to pay taxes on their cotton as it passed through Northern States to New York, to be shipped. One of them thought it was very strange that no one had ever heard of the Southerners before this war. They had always talked about the Yankees but you never heard of the Southerners, though it seems they were a great deal the stronger nation. This was to him very curious.

Now for the reports that are circulating here, and we shall have no daily paper to shape them till half past twelve. First, then, that McClellan has been cut up in an immense battle, and the Southern army had advanced within thirty miles of New York. That Congress (adjourned, I believe, never mind !) was debating whether or not to give up the war. All the many rumors I have traced down to these two.

Wednesday, MULLINGAR STATION, quarter to eight, P. M.

I go hence to Athlone, leaving here at twenty-two minutes past nine. " First class waiting and



refreshment room," it says over the door, where I have just come in. Being first class it is well got up, and has beside a fine array of refreshments a large table here, crowned with an inkstand and a plume—what a Yankee friend used to call, "A-dam goosequill." I left Enniskillen this noon. Up to that time the American canard, for so it proved, thrived; but the Belfast papers had full despatches from Derry, less this. A temporary relief at least, and though prospects certainly are a little gloomy on our side, I can hardly think the Southern army to have suffered less in the late battles than our own, or, that they are in a position for immediate and successful attack.

This is a fine railroad station; one of the finest I have seen. It is on the Dublin and Galway railway, where this northern route, that I have come, joins it. The building itself is of stone; so have the smaller depots been that we have passed to-day. I noticed, between Belfast and Port Rush, a number of wooden ones, that looked very much like our own.

We made one other stop to-day, of about three hours, at Carran. The village was a little way from the depot. There was a number of these Irish skeleton gigs waiting for a passenger. The drivers were all very anxious that I should ride, and offered great inducements in price. I walked however up through one street,—oh, how forlorn these poor people look,—and then I turned and

came down another that joined it obliquely; it proved the principal street of the place. Very gay boards, with large red letters, offered "entertainment for man and horse." Others, more modest, only talked of entertainment and refreshment, whilst to aid them they had some eggs and biscuits and candy in their windows. Afterward I came to a three-story plastered hotel, the Globe Hotel, with coffee and commercial rooms; on farther there was another hotel of the same size. Here I went in. The dirt increased as I entered; toward the kitchen it was frightful; but the commercial room was comfortable enough, and the tea and toast that I ordered were good.

LIMERICK, Friday evening.

There's a national agricultural show going on here at Limerick. I arrived this afternoon, with a ha'penny in my pocket. The first point was to find a hotel; I did as I have often done, asked the first honest, practical-looking, business man I met, where was a good hotel that was reasonable in charges. The second point was to go to the banker's, the third to go to dinner, and then with one of these Irish gigs I went off to the fair. My gigman was not allowed to enter with his vehicle, so I paid him for the course a sixpence; cheap enough. Another sixpence took me into the show. There were long sheds of cattle, quite a show of sheep, and, in another direction, a good collection of machinery and agricultural imple-

ments. Afterward I came to the fowls, and a long line of tubs with butter, but in vain I looked for the floral department; there was none such; the idea of connecting it with an agricultural fair seems here unknown. There were several richly dressed girls out that had been "highly recommended," but she that took the first prize had gone home.

Limerick to me compares well with Belfast; that is, the long centre street is well built, and, to-day being fair time, is full of people and gigs. Perhaps to-morrow I shall find it quiet enough.

Last night I slept at Port Arlington. I went there from Athlone by rail. I had intended going by boat from Athlone down the Shannon to Limerick, and so slept at Athlone to take the boat advertised to sail in the morning. But when I saw the boat—than which there was none better nor fleeter on this river—I began to ponder; and when I learned from the captain that he didn't expect to get to Killaloe before ten the next day, I began to back out. Picture to yourself the most forlorn canal boat that ever rotted in one of the bulrush bays of Lake Champlain, run into one end of it a bit of smoke pipe—you will have the facsimile of the craft advertised, as a steamer, to run on this river every other day.

It was two o'clock when I reached Port Arlington. The depot was half a mile from the village. The village, as I came into it, was a long

street, lined with two and three story aristocratic dwellings. Toward the end of the street was the best hotel, called now the Matthews Hotel ; here I stopped, and indulged in bread and milk with strawberries. The lunch over, I walked out, and down the street, to a small bookstore. I went in to see if there might be a stereoscopic view of the neighborhood. There was none ; but finding the old man talkative and intelligent I explained to him more fully my errand, and he came up the street with me, to help set me on the right track to find the friends of Mr. P——, the Irishman that had lived so long with us at home. He supposed these to be two brothers of the name, that lived three miles out. Luckily, at the head of the street, in the old market place, was one of these brothers. He pointed him out to me ; I went on alone. Coming close, I knew, from family resemblance, he must be the man I wanted. He was standing by a load of turf, with three or four other laboring men. I went up and asked if he had any relations in America. Yes, he had ; there was Maggie, but she'd got back ; and there was Maggie's husband, but he'd got back too ; and then there was Allie, and Harry, and Johnson. I told him I thought I could give the last reports from them, that Harry had lived with us fifteen years, and that Allie lived close by. It was several minutes before he comprehended all, or how I came here, but when he did the thing was complete. " Great

“God Almighty, you don’t say that you have seen them !”

I learned that he was the oldest brother, and had a wife, and one daughter, Maggie; that Maggie was married, and had two children, who lived with them; that she, with her husband, had been to America, to Long Island, but had returned about a year ago. Then there was another brother, younger, who lived a little way beyond him, with a wife and seven or eight children. There was also Johnson’s sister living on the way. I made arrangements directly to go back with him, and so see them all. He was going back as soon as he had sold his turf, and would let me know at the hotel. In the course of an hour he called. I had got a lot of candies for the children. We kept on through the second street beyond the market, over the stone bridge. Here we both got into the cart, and so rode to the spot that had long been to this humble family a home. Entering, I found the “old woman” active, and rather too sharp for me in wit. Some of them hinted that perhaps I might have a wife. She caught it up.

“Faith, and he’ll be having several of them. Do you think that a young gentleman like him would be after travelling alone?”

Everything inside was neat and in order, a bright turf fire burning on the hearth. I noticed a short whispered conversation between the old folks, then it was suggested, if I was going on



to see the other brother I would best start. We went through the turf fields, and I was to report that the turf was all cut up to Jim Queen's old place. Well, we kept on by this, over the bogs, till we came to where the younger brother lived; another small place with a number of acres of land about it, which, after the custom here, he rented from year to year. Here, too, the hut looked more comfortable inside than I had supposed them to, but they are very small. There were four little girls very ready to receive their share of the candies. The younger brother was fully as much pleased as the other to see me, and hear about the friends on the other side; but he was disappointed that I knew nothing of New Orleans, where he had a daughter from whom he had not heard now since the war. We must have talked here near an hour. Evidently both brothers, for this country, were doing well. I left this one standing by the oatfield hedge, and watching us a long way across the fields. When we got back to the first house, I saw there had been active times in our absence; on the table, near the turf fire, was a large plate of pancakes, with some hot rolls. Margaret, the daughter that had returned from Long Island, was in, and appeared a very tidy young woman. She thought she should return with her husband as soon as the war was over. The supper through, they insisted on hitching up the pony; in the cart I rode back to the hotel.



## XVI.

DUBLIN, August 16, 1862.

"'Tis pleasant to think that where'er we rove,  
We shall always find something blissful and dear;  
And when we are far from lips that we love,  
We have but to make love to lips that are near."

THE day has been very pleasant. I've improved it by making, with an Irish gentleman I met here at a hotel, a trip down the Dublin harbor to Kingstown, and thence to the United States gunboat *Tuscarora*, that has been appearing in print, on this side, since last fall, when she was watching the *Nashville*. Lately she has become again conspicuous in looking after the 290, and is, too, again unsuccessful. They intend, so they told us, sailing from here to-night. We had to-day a fine ride down the bay, and landing, went directly by small boat, with a dozen others, to the steamer. This lies about a mile from the shore, and is being visited by a great number of pleasure parties. There were half a dozen small boats waiting near her when we came, whilst persons they had brought looked the vessel over. Everything on the ship was of course thoroughly in order.

The ship itself, though only wood and not the best of such, reflects with credit American ability. The flag hung from the stern. An American girl that came on board the other day walked under it, exclaiming,

“Thank God, I am under my flag again.”

I hardly walked there myself, but I jumped into the vessel as I would into our kitchen at home, for I knew the little ship was mine. The Doctor, who guided our party, was a young chap from Philadelphia. He called, and introduced to me, a midshipman from Vermont. He was about my own age, and knew many persons that I knew. All the midshipmen were much pleased with Irish girls, several of whom, very pretty, were at the time promenading the deck; and this suggests to me Killarney, with the Irish girl I left behind me. I left her last night, with her aunt, in the cars for Limerick. She supposed we shouldn't ever meet again, and I supposed she would long remember Innisfallen, its ruins and its whispers. Under the circumstances I could not have been disappointed in Killarney. When Helena was handsome the lakes must have been so. Everything about them got tinged with her charmings. But I got to Killarney Saturday night, and I did not see Helena till Tuesday morning. The fact is, after Tuesday morning I did not see anything else—but before.

Killarney is neither well nor badly built for a

small town. It has three long streets with a great number of shops. Its streets are busy with guides, and vans, and horses to let. Then there are many small stands with poor fruit for sale, and groups of ragged children gathered at times about some wandering minstrel. I stopped at a private boarding house. Sunday I attended church at a Methodist chapel, where there were not more than a dozen folk; after this I went into the Episcopal chapel, which was well filled. Monday, unable to find a comrade, I engaged a boat with boatmen to row me through the lake, completing the visit, as customary, by visiting the Gap of Dunlop. I had my first view of the lower lake from the top of Ross Castle, that lies at the Killarney extremity. The islands, all wooded, group in finely, and with the varied shores threw so much life into the picture, that you would think yourself looking at Kate Kearney herself. The upper lake is much smaller, almost narrow enough to be called a river. It has the same mixture of islands, with far more mountainous and desolate surroundings. It too has the same charm of vitality. The middle lake is very different, a single large, unbroken stretch of water, with, for one shore, a mountain; an island, and stone bridge, and low slopes of rock and land for the others. To me it was more beautiful than the other two, just as a blonde is more beautiful than a brunette. The bits of rivers that connect the lakes, and the stone bridges

that span the rivers, I ought to mention, for they add very much to the beauty of the whole. The stream, between the upper and the middle lakes, is some four miles long, and has one quite swift rapid under a bridge. In going, the boats, landing their passengers, are pulled by. In returning, you may stay in and be borne safely down. When we returned, a very well-dressed party stood upon the stone arch to watch our descent. There comes always the same effect—I noticed the girls were the prettiest I had ever seen. The Gap of Dunlop may be said to be noted for its goat's milk; no less than six demoiselles passing their lives there in retailing it. It was here, too, that I bought a couple of crochet collars, because I couldn't help myself.

Of the ride I took Tuesday, I should add a word more. We went some twelve miles, stopping at the Muckross Abbey, one of the finest ruins I have met this side. It was here I wreathed Lena's hat with ivy, the abbey had already been wreathed with the same. Leaving the abbey, we had on our route some exquisite views of the lake, as well as some very perfect brushwood riding. But when we came under Magerton mountain, I could have thought myself riding from Interlaken to the Jungfrau; the mountain itself was so very high, in the mist; the mountain scenery so very perfect. The Irish scenery, and this would apply to the whole of Ireland, is far more as nature

designed it than the English, or the Scotch, or the Continental. That is, the country is less highly cultivated. There are more briers and brambles. Unfortunately this is too true. There are no pleasant farmhouses, neat gardens, and well-drained fields, interspersed. Poverty meets you everywhere, and true to itself, when it moves, it is clothed in rags.

But to keep on by that mountain with its briers and thistles. We made another stop at the Tore waterfall, a fine fall of a fine stream, that comes down the mountain, and is here, as it should be, veiled with woods. From an open spot above these falls we had our best view, of the whole of the lower lakes, and their islands; hills lie beyond, and low mountains on the horizon.

Killarney no longer. I have left it in the wake as I did that golden Name upon the fickle sand,—Molly Tribune.

*Wednesday, Aug. 20.*—Again at Dublin, after two days' jaunt into the county Wicklow. Monday morning, by an excursion train, I went to Bray. Bray is a village, flourishing from its nearness to Dublin. I noticed two very large stone hotels. There must have been four or five hundred people on our excursion train. I stood in the depot and watched them pass out, to separate into groups for a day's tramp into the country. Many were young, and some old; the



girls dressed airily for a hot sunny day. When nearly all had laughed by me I followed along up the dusty road. A half mile walk brought me to the post-office, where I threw in for home a Macmillan's Magazine, with a very handsomely written article from its American correspondent. There, too, I got the direction, and kept on by the Dargle river to Enniskerry. The day was one of the few choice ones we have had, and the sun hot enough to give the blackberry bushes a sultry swing, and make the weeds wilt that grew near to the dusty road, or flourished on the banks of the river. At a very tolerable Irish hotel, at Enniskerry, I stopped for dinner. Whilst waiting, I reread the last letters from home, received at Dublin, and when I had sat down had company from several other gentlemen that came in. One of them proved to be going the same way I was. He was from Liverpool. We passed first to a pleasant waterfall there is here, in Lord R——'s grounds. There were at the falls some hundred or more people, just finishing a bountiful picnic. I got a place on a high rock, under the fall, and watched the affair work; old folks disposed to group, young folks to ramble, though they confined themselves to the vicinity. One adventurous young maid, with a handsome beau, persisted in walking on the boulders to the verge of the fall.

Descending from the rock, I had some talk



with a number of gentlemen. They told me that the week before a young man was killed, by falling, in trying to climb up the face of the rock. There had been three killed previously. The rock must be over a hundred feet and is nearly perpendicular. Once more on our road we had nine miles to Roundwood, a small village where we were to pass the night. "Take the first hotel to the right on entering—comfortable and cozy tea." That was what my directions said, that I had from some Americans I met at Belfast. The tea went well with the raspberry jam. The next morning gave us plain breakfast with eggs: bill four shillings each. To Glendalough, or the Seven Churches, from Roundwood, is about nine miles, with, as the day before, pleasant, highly cultivated valley scenery. Of course to make valleys there are mountains, and here, as in the Highlands, these are covered with heather, now beautifully in bloom. The vale of the Seven Churches is much like all the rest of these vales, unless in having two small ponds, and a very perfect old stone tower—one of the watch-towers, for whatever purpose they were built, that remain scattered throughout Ireland. I climbed up to the only opening there is, a sort of window some dozen feet from the ground. I could look in, and see that the tower was hollow, with the walls smooth inside. They are built of coarse stone with mortar. I should judge this eighty feet

high, and thirty feet in circumference at the base.

At the hotel, where we dined, we met several agreeable travellers. There were an Irish gentleman and his wife going thence to Killarney. There was a Saxon-looking girl that passed several times rather quickly through the hall. There was another young girl in a party of three eating dinner, that seemed to fancy I was looking at her, which I can honestly aver was a mistake *d'abord* though a fact *en suite*. She passed us on the road afterward in a car; we both involuntarily smiled. But, after all these had gone, there came a young man for his dinner, whose very handsome features, and warm blue eyes, touched a stronger chord of feeling with me than usually gets hit. Perhaps it was because he looked so very like Katie Chamounix, so much so that I asked him if he had a sister, whom I could have met last year in Switzerland; but he said no.

From Glendalough to Rathdrum we had another nine mile walk, not to say anything about the rain. There were one or two very choice bits of scenery, but all these valleys are much the same and the vale of Avoca would be but another reflection of them. We did not go so far, but took the train from Rathdrum back to Dublin.

*Thursday afternoon.*—I leave here this evening directly for Holyhead. I must consider Dublin one of the finest cities I have visited in

Europe. Last evening I went to its Park. The view from there pays well, as indeed it does from almost everywhere you strike. The County Wicklow mountains show from all points, and the bay I know must be, as it is said to be, one of the choicest in the world. Its complete beauty includes the County Wicklow mountains, but, looked at so as to exclude them, that is when you face it toward the sea, it still would be almost unrivalled. Dublin itself is principally built of brick; in no part is it showy, though almost everywhere, where I have seen it, is respectably neat. The old Parliament House is an extensive stone building, now used as the National Bank. The University buildings, also of stone, stand close by, covering, with the grounds, a large space. The river Liffey cuts the city into two, and is crossed by numerous bridges, very much as the Seine at Paris, only toward its mouth it is unobstructed, and lined with shipping. The city by no means excels in a business view. Belfast is more active. There are, though, plenty of carriages and bustle in the centre streets, and many fashionable stores. On the whole Dublin is a good capital city, a large one, and a pleasant one.

## XVII.

NINE days in Wales ! Of what in them I either did or saw, I write, and, without apology, prefix a short historical chapter. For this I am to a large extent indebted to a work, entitled "Welch Sketches," published in London, in the year 1853, and to a History of Wales, by the Rev. Mr. Warrington.

Hoping, or, if you please, affirming that it is tolerably reliable, we proceed.

"The Athenians asserted that their forefathers sprang from the soil of Attica. And, whether they did or not, the claim was simple, and straightforward, and, once admitted, saved a world of trouble." The Welch, less wise, trace themselves higher, and of numerous opinions the most popular is, that by the successive movements of the Asiatic tribes westward, the Isle of Britain, till then uninhabited, was finally reached, and that the tribe thus first settling here was of those called the Cimbric. There is another theory, also well sus-

tained, that the Gael preceded the Cimbri, and were afterward driven by them into the Highlands of Scotland, and the near islands of Ireland, Man, and the Hebrides.

Now of the history of these Cimbri; for, whether they were preceded by the Gael or not, all admit that they came and occupied the English and Welch part of Great Britain.

The earliest authentic history we have, is of one Dyenwal Moelmud, who lived B. C. 441, and is styled in the Triads, "one of the three national pillars of the Isle of Britain," because "he reduced to a system the laws, customs, maxims, and privileges, appertaining to a country and nation." Among his laws he says: "There are three things which strengthen the tranquillity of the neighboring country—equal privileges, a common form of government, and the science of wisdom, under the mutual protection of the neighboring country, emanating from union and national right." This alone would give a favorable idea of the civilization of the Cimbri in this most distant period. Between the date of this king and the conquest of Britain by the Romans, but little reliable is known; though it would appear, that the inhabitants were divided into petty tribes among themselves, with to each tribe a separate chieftain; that when the Romans made their incursion, they joined together to resist them; but, as we know, were finally obliged to yield to the persevering power of Cæsar,

B. c. 64—all excepting those who preferred to live among, or now prepared to banish themselves to the mountainous defiles of Cambria. And here, perhaps, the separate Welch history may be said to have commenced ; for although, in the more than four hundred years that the Roman power remained dominant in Britain, Wales became in a great part subdued, and several fortresses were built within its bounds, still the more difficult regions of the mountainous country remained ever in the possession of the roving Welchmen, who many times desolated the Roman frontier, the same as the Picts and Scots did from the northern Gram-pian Hills. To the numerous contests that continued between these two distinct races, to the bravery, cruelty, or success of the Saxons, we can but allude, in passing on, to that hero of British heroes, the great and chivalrous Arthur.

Arthur was a son of the prince of the Silurian Britons, whose country is now a part of South Wales. His father had been chosen the head of a confederacy of British chiefs against the Saxons. Upon his death, Arthur was, by common voice, elected his successor, and was crowned at Carleon, A. D. 517. Arthur fought the Saxons, under Cedric, twelve times. At the last battle, near Bath, he gained a decisive victory, so as to be able to declare his own terms of peace. There were three fair ladies in King Arthur's court ; so the Triads say. Alas, that ladies fair are often inconstant !



In this case, it might have been against her will, but we read : “ One wife was carried off by Melva, king of Somersetshire, to Glastonbury. Arthur collected his friends from Cornwall and Devonshire to the rescue. To avert bloodshed, the clergy interposed. Their counsels were respectfully listened to and followed ; Melva restored, and Arthur received the abducted queen ; and so pleased were both kings with the result, that they liberally rewarded the monks of Glastonbury for their opportune interference.” Some time after this fortunate restoration, Melrod, only son of Arthur’s sister Anna, left as regent alone with, won the affections of the queen, and passed with her—most wrongfully we protest—a luckless night ; he then joined himself, with the faction he controlled, to the Saxons, and against his uncle. In a battle that followed, Arthur was killed, A. D. 542.

With Arthur’s death the British power yielded more and more rapidly to the Saxons, until it became wholly confined to the mountainous country of Wales, and the neighboring region that lies between the Wye and the Severn. During the centuries that followed, this district was divided into six principalities, under one king, who held the chief authority. But in the year 843, Roderic the Great succeeded to the sovereignty, and he divided the kingdom into three parts, North and South Wales and Penrys. These, during his life, were ruled by princes under him ; at his death,

they went to his sons separately. Internal war between the new kingdoms naturally followed, until the year 940, when they were again united, under Howell the Good. As the title would imply, this king became renowned, not as a soldier, but as a lawgiver. During his reign he devoted himself, and with marked success, to the improvement of the civilization and comfort of his nation. He died A. D. 948.

Of the numerous kings after Howell, we read of Gryffyd-ap Llywelyn, who began to reign A. D. 1027, and in three successive campaigns defeated the English and the Danes. His after reign was a continued war, and, from 1037 to 1055, a continued success. In 1069, Edward the Confessor gathered his whole force to subdue the Welch. The army, led by Harold, was irresistible. Llywelyn was forced to sue for peace at Edward's terms, and he paid the tribute which the English kings had long claimed, but only by the force of arms succeeded in obtaining.

At the time of William the Conqueror, the Welch princes, awed by his name, submitted without resistance to pay him homage, and take the oath of allegiance. But the nationality of the Cimbri was destined to have one more great defender, Llywelyn ap Iosweth, grandson of Owain Gynedd, king of North Wales. This man, known as Llywelyn the Great, so much sung by Welch bards, so much esteemed by Welch people, became

king A. D. 1194; and in his long reign of forty-six years, upheld faithfully the honor and prosperity of his nation.

There remains the history of Llywelyn ap Gryffyd, the last acknowledged Welch king. Of them all none can claim a higher respect. The grandchild of Llywelyn the Great, he commenced reigning alone about the year 1255. A man of peace, he desired peace above all; but, a man of honor, he could not see the honor of his country invaded. He found himself forced into a contest with the English. For ten years this contest was maintained, and always, whilst the English were under Henry III, with success on the part of the Welch. At the end of this time, a treaty of peace was made between them. In 1271 Henry died. Edward I, upon being crowned, summoned Llywelyn to do him homage. His summons was neglected; war followed, and Llywelyn, now hard pressed by the ability of Edward, was forced to accept Edward's terms of peace. Severe enough terms, we read, these were.

In the mean time, Llywelyn had fallen in love. His lady was Eleanor de Montford, daughter of the Earl of Leicester. They were betrothed, and were to have been married years before, but Eleanor fell into Edward's power; he detained her a prisoner in his court. Peace concluded, she was released. I fear the first blush of her cheek was gone. Never mind; her lover did not think so.

They were married, and whilst she lived she restrained Llywelyn's fiery temper. Alas! the true girl, who had waited so long for her lover, died in childbed, two years after her marriage. The daughter, Catharine, lived. Llywelyn sought again the warrior's glory. He had cause enough. Since the last peace insult had been added to insult, and the rights of his people trampled on by the English nobles. Edward, always vigorous, equipped a great army, and marched a second time into Wales. This was in the spring of 1282. Llywelyn skedaddled to the Snowden mountains; but from there so well did he direct his attacks, that when fall came the skedaddling took a different direction. Edward, with the remnants of his army, retreated, "gloomy and depressed." Once more against the fates we cry, Alas! the end that might have been so gay, is told most sadly in a few words. December 12, 1282, Llywelyn was killed in a skirmish in South Wales. He died, and his nation died with him. Against the great army of Edward, that came again the next summer, there was no leader. Wales, easily conquered, was now annexed to England; to rivet his power, Edward built in different places, and garrisoned, several strong fortresses. Then craftily he sent his queen, Eleanor, whilst *enceinte*, to one of these new castles, at Caernarvon, and the babe there born (Edward of Caernarvon) he offered to the Welch as the new Prince of Wales. Hence

originated the title of the Prince of Wales, as applied to the first son of the royal family.

To close here would make our paragraph as incomplete as a girl's love letter without a postscript.

“Thou dost belie him, Percy; thou dost belie him;  
He never did encounter with Glendower;  
I tell thee,  
He durst as well have met the devil alone,  
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.”

Owen Glendyr, or, in English, Glendower, the last Prince of Wales, was born about the year 1353. As to the place of his birth, there is as much difficulty in settling it as Goldsmith's town pauper had in settling his. But that's all the same. He grew up somewhere, a comely youth, fond of poetry, and fond of the ladies; we find him a young man intimately connected with the Royal Court at London. During this time his profession was that of a lawyer. To the day of his death he might have been a lawyer still, had not private injury aroused the fiery temper within him. Henry IV, meditating a private expedition against the Scots, summoned Glendower, who was a crown tenant, to his assistance. Through the perfidy of Lord Grey de Ruthin, Owen did not receive the summons until too late to respond. The king, unmindful of the circumstance, forfeited his estates, and gave them to his rival, the real offender, Lord Grey de Ruthin. But when Lord Grey attempted to take possession, Glendower, with his tenants and friends, armed



for the occasion, met him; both driving him off and ravaging his own domains.

These difficulties occurred in the spring and summer of 1400. On the 19th of September following, the king issued a proclamation, to gather an army against Owen Glendower and the Welchmen that supported him. Owen Glendower immediately proclaimed himself the rightful Prince of Wales, descended by his mother Helena—a very pretty name, that—from Catharine, only daughter of the last Llywelyn; and, with the vigor that always marked the man, he prepared directly, both to defend his old property and his new title. How strong their old antipathies to the Saxons, and love of their old nationality, still existed in the souls of Welchmen, we can see; for, no sooner had one of their own chieftains boldly offered himself as their leader, than there flocked about his standard “the farmer from the plough, the student from his books, the artisan from his anvil.” The history of the contest that followed we have no time to give. It lasted sixteen years, until the death of Owen; during that time army after army of the English were defeated, and driven back.

Owen Glendower, still unconquered, died September 20, 1416. We close, as we commenced, with a quotation:

“Peace, Owen Glendyr did not, and could not, give to his distracted country; but he left her an example to all time, of simple, honest, incorrupt-



ible patriotism. . . . Scotland glories in her Wallace; Switzerland, in her William Tell. Wales will not shrink from the comparison: she points, with a glow of honorable pride, to her Owen Glendyr, and his true compatriots."

"The vision of beauty and of glory passed, Wales awoke from her dream of independence, again to kiss the hand that smote her. Liberty and loyalty are the two great master principles in the minds of this heroic people; to bear unchallenged the title of 'Prince of Wales,' was enough to win enduring affection, and command unswerving obedience. Three quarters of a century passed into the gulf of time, and Wales had her reward: she conquered her conquerors. From the loins of Owen Tudor, of a royal tribe, came a line of sovereigns who, for a hundred years or more, wielded the British sceptre. Within that period momentous changes were wrought, great deeds were done. To Sir Rhys ap Thomas, and the Abbot of Tayle, Henry VII owed his crown. Henry VIII appears in the most favorable light, when viewed from the Cambrian side; to a spirited appeal from the Welch nation, he feelingly and liberally responded, by causing an act of Parliament to be passed, incorporating Wales with England, and putting the natives of the principality on an equal footing with his English subjects. Edward Tudor and Elizabeth Tudor advanced and completed the work of the Reformation. To Mary Tudor belongs

the praise of having sought to heal the breach, and restore broken unity; though merciless was the spirit in which the attempt was made, and, consequently, fruitless the issue. In our present most gracious Queen, Welchmen proudly recognize the lineal representative of the royal blood of the Cymry, through Gladwys, sole daughter of Llywelyn the Great, united to the heir of the house of Mortimer."— *Welch Sketches, 3d Series, page 97.*

## XVIII.

BANGOR, NORTH WALES, August 23, 1862.

WHEN we sailed last night from Dublin, I had little idea how, or where, I should go after reaching Holyhead. We were from nine o'clock till three in the morning. There was little to be seen except the lights and lighthouses, as we left, and the very brilliant light from the Holyhead lighthouse, as we entered the harbor. 'This last varies all the while, going out, and brightening again, till it pains the eyes like the sun to look at it. We landed, as I said, at three o'clock. I took the first hotel I came to, and went to bed, sleeping late in the morning. Breakfast over, I saw the first thing to be done was to go on a hill near Holyhead, that gives a complete view of the whole coast and country about. The day was beautifully clear for this climate, though not equal to those we used to have in Touraine. The hill was but a mile and a half's walk; it gave me the whole of the island county of Anglesey, a large flat district, bounded some thirty miles off by the

Welch mountains, that do not look unlike the Green Mountains of Vermont. Down from the hill, in time for the six o'clock train, an hour's ride brings me through the fertile fields of Anglesey, over the tubular bridge of Menai Straits to Bangor.

"Which is the best Temperance Hotel?" I asked a policeman at the old depot, whose face was a fine sample of Saxon honesty. He said there were several, but they were all equally good, and all just below near the station. I took the second, and am writing in it now. It is every way comfortable. There is a richness in the furniture suggestive of first-class prices, but I've no fear of anything unreasonable. Our English friends, though they have not so fair a climate, have more honesty—I am not speaking now politically—than the French. To-day has been most beautiful. Finding myself on a bit of a stroll this morning, to be on the line of a more extensive one often made from here, I crossed the Menai Straits, at Gath Ferry, and kept on to Beaumaris, a small, more or less fashionable summer resort, that commands a fine view of the Beaumaris Bay and the Menai Straits, with the rocky, and almost mountainous coast on each side. Returning on the same side of the straits, about five miles, to the suspension bridge, I recrossed here, with three miles more back to Bangor. The whole distance there are fine houses, that might remind one of

the banks of the Hudson, a few miles above New York.

CARNARVON, Sunday evening.

Private lodgings with a very excellent Welch woman and "her man;" both of them at least sixty-five. The old lady has a sister in Philadelphia, who, she says, is as full of patriotism as a young volunteer. I got here last night at ten, and came to these lodgings, recommended from the Temperance Hotel at Bangor. The city I find old, packed together in a lump, with the castle walls, almost entire, commanding it. There was plenty of bustle in the streets last night. To-day I have attended two Welch services; in the morning at the Methodist chapel; in the afternoon in a tent, now raised within the old castle walls, for the Eisteddfod, that takes place here this week. The Methodist church is a large squarish building—a sort of box chicken-coop inside, with a roosting-place for the pastor. It was remarkably well filled for so large a building. Of course I could understand nothing, all being in the Welch language, but I noticed of the singing that it was very good. The tunes were minor, sung by the whole congregation; but the chords were finely struck. This afternoon there was a large crowd at the tent; the services also in Welch. I had intended going to an English service this evening, but finding on the table here a little book of Mary Howitt's, it detained me. Since finishing this "Love and Money," I have

been looking over another, "Woman's Mission," but no authorship given.

This noon I took a small walk on the height above the town. From it you again see the flat island of Anglesey, now over the river to the west; on the other side, within eight miles, is the Snowden range of mountains, the loftiest of all in Wales; but after having viewed the Alps, or even the Scotch Highlands, they do not look very fearful. Snowden itself is 3,571 feet high. There is a very pleasing extent of rolling upland between us and the mountains. The Snowden valley, too, makes a pretty gap.

I have been down to inquire about my route to-morrow. The good woman and her man are reading their Welch Bible. They are both of them excellent Methodists, and were quite anxious to-day to arrange my meals so that the girl could go to meeting. It is a comfort to get among such people, though the home-made bread is unnecessarily heavy. To write more or not? That's the question. "Shall we go, Lena?" I asked, as we sat alone together under a tree on sweet Innisfallen.

"Yes!—no we won't either; we won't go, only when the rest come in sight you take your arm away."

"Oh! my Nora Creena dear,  
My gentle, bashful Nora Creena."

*Monday evening.*—I thought this morning of writing home for some one to go on Snowden



with me to-day. The Eisteddfod doesn't commence till to-morrow; hence to-day was to be planned for, and I took a return ticket for the hotel under Snowden. The day bade fine, so arriving I had some sandwiches built, and struck directly up the path for the summit. The little Welch youngsters declared, "It would be impossible, sir, without a guide, sir;" but the five frank guide, that I pulled up the Jura mountains, in Switzerland, has guided me ever since. To-day I gave a little hero a penny-ha'-penny to start me right, another ha'-penny to a young heroine, for courtesying *à la mode*, and there, aside from sandwiches, the expense ended. Both my spyglass and myself in our travels have learned how to climb. To-day we went by a party of four, all men; then a Welch couple, man and wife probably. Passing these there was a long gap to another pair, and further on still a mule party were going, as the snail did, slow but sure. We hardly intended to overtake the mules. The spyglass knew they were a long way ahead; but the girl—surely we could do that. Fifteen minutes and half an hour went by. By George! that girl was like the phantom ship—never the nearer. Up, up she went, not a bit of rest.

"It's now or never," said the spyglass, as we came to the steepest climb. "If she reaches yonder rock first, we shan't see her again."

"And if we never see any girl again, we

couldn't throw another inch into an hour, up this rock."

"She wavers," cried the spyglass. "See! she wavers! Hurrah, we'll have her now, the hussy—ankles and a'." She looks at us, and she goes again. No! you don't do it, my beauty, you can't do it! *Vous êtes trop fatiguée, et j'en suis bien content.* The spyglass was right; the girl faltered more and more, and then she stopped. She stopped, and we went by shouting victory.

And the wind blew on the top so that all the girls made short stays. (No pun intended.) The day was fair, the near view good, giving us an excellent impression of the mountains of North Wales; and adding to its beauty, with the extensive plains of the Anglesey island, as well as with the ocean, or the valleys more near. The little lake shows well in the valley of Llanberis; and, when going up or coming down, you see dug out, some two thirds up the opposite mountains, the slate quarries.

The spyglass says it did not try much; but let the truth be told, that girl beat us coming down. For half a mile we saw her jump like a deer; (as she was—a pun intended.) She had a fine, frank, merry face, and took it well when I told her she was about the best walker I ever met. "How do you do again?" said she, when I met her afterward at the hotel. "We beat you coming down."

The drive to, and that back from Llanberis,

for my return ticket gave me the same, was among the pleasantest of all the British scenery I have seen. The cottages on the hill sides made me think of Switzerland. They are of stone here and wood there; never mind—in the distance they look alike. Then of the villages we went through, or the little houses on the road that we passed, almost all—though so small, many of them with not more than two rooms—were so neat and home-like, it was a comfort to be near them.

*Wednesday, August 27.*—I am yet here at Carnarvon. Yesterday I attended all day the “Eisteddfod,” and got a very complete idea of its working. The succeeding days are substantially a repetition of the first. A word of divergence upon the history of the Eisteddfod.

The Eisteddfod simply means a session of bards and minstrels. It arose naturally from the old druidical customs, and would seem, at the decline of “Druidism,” to have taken the place of the “Gorsedd.” Popularly, King Arthur is said to have originated the “Eisteddfod;” after him, there are numberless sessions on record, from A. D. 540, under the Welch Prince Maelgwn, to those in 1524 and 1567, under the immediate auspices of Henry VIII and Queen Elizabeth. The first of these spoken of was held at Conway, the two last at Caerwys. “Several Eisteddfodau were held in South Wales during the seventeenth century. The muses were to a great extent dormant from that

time to the close of the eighteenth century, when Eisteddfodau were revived, and have since been held, with considerable success, in almost every Welch town, in turn, and in Liverpool and London. They have now become annual, movable festivals, and have arrived at a high degree of popularity."—*Carnarvon Herald*, Aug. 30.

It may surprise some of my readers, as much as it did me, to find that here, all through Wales, the people have retained so thoroughly their language, not only talking it, but having a large amount of literature written in it. They are, too, all the while zealously striving to perpetuate what they have, and to increase it. To do this, the national convention, or Eisteddfod, is well adapted; and for doing it it is well sustained. Liberal prizes are offered, varying in value from one to sixty guineas, for the best compositions (in Welch) in prose, poetry, and music; and also there are prizes for success in various objects of art. The highest prize of sixty guineas was this year for the best essay treating on Welch literature. Another large prize was for the best essay on the best mode of teaching the English language to Welch children, in day schools. The chairman of the committee prefaced his award with his own ideas upon the point. These were, that the true way, and only way, was to teach them English through the Welch; for, he claimed, Welch children could never feel the inspiration necessary to

successful learning, unless talked to and instructed in their own language. This does not by any means imply any present dislike toward the English nation ; far less any desire, supposing it could possibly be done, to disunite themselves from Great Britain. There is doubtless not the slightest of any such feeling existing by itself. There may be some of the same jealousy that you find so strong in the Highlands, and in all Scotland ; but it is very much modified. Of the Celtic hatred of the Saxons, that pervades so large a part of Ireland, there is none. Is it not curious then, that whilst the Welch retain so pertinaciously their old customs and language, the Irish should allow theirs to be, as they are fast being, irrecoverably lost in the English ?

Of the exercises yesterday, more than two thirds being in Welch, I could understand only their purport. The large tent within the castle wall was well filled ; every age well represented. The evening concert commenced about six. The “artists” were all Welch professional musicians, well known throughout the kingdom. A large proportion of the songs were Welch songs, several of them national airs ; these, almost without exception, were plaintive, either written in minor keys, or abounding in minor chords. Several of them were beautiful. Of the “*artists*,” two old harpists, with gray hair and trembling voices, that sang in the morning, pleased me as much as any.



There wasn't any attempt in their singing; both infirm and old, they could hardly have made it. They sang because, from love of music, they had always sung; singing thus, of course they sang well. In the evening, of four female singers, two sang well, two poorly. The males did not excel separately, but the choruses were all fine.

MAENTWROG, Sunday evening.

It was a beautiful night last night, as well as it had been a beautiful day. I intended coming here; but in coming down hill with the twilight, found myself squarely met by a large hotel of stone, handsomely built, and partly concealed by ivy. It suggested ease, and made me feel a desire to see what was in it. So I went in, and called for tea. The coffee room was large and handsome. In it were an Englishman and his wife, and a little girl, a *Times*, two days old, and a Liverpool paper of the day before. Then, as I sat down to my supper, there came a young man and woman to theirs; afterward four more men—gentlemen, if you like—of the travelling world. I am sorry to say the ladies left, but with the rest conversation grew brisk, so that when I rose from my supper and regained the road, the stars above were brightly beaming.

I left Carnarvon at half past six Wednesday afternoon. In a sultry, smoky evening, I walked on about eight miles, passing through another Welch



village, and by numbers of those neatly-white-washed stone farmhouses. To almost all of these there are little yards, and with the warm night the doors of most being open, I could see in. In all there was against the further side a large side-board, of light-colored wood, the low part given to drawers, the upper to shelves, which were filled with crockery. The order, arrangement, and neatness of these showed, on a smaller scale to be sure, the same sort of nice housewifery, that keeps the kitchen floors of New England farmhouses so clean. I am thinking as I write of one of those where I used to go for apples when a boy. It stands upon a long high ledge, with grain fields upon one side, and a wood—such a one as you can only find in America—covering the other. The whole height comes up to me now as I found it when I hunted for squirrels ; so in the glorious autumn days when walnuts waited to be shook. The last time I was there I was on horseback. My trip over here was before me then ; my health poor, my desire to learn great. I wondered, I remember it well, whether the first could sustain the last, or if the last would destroy the first—a question yet unsolved.

I have a long walk laid out for to-day. The day itself is as fair as yesterday. Perhaps the walk may prove so ; but I doubt it. There was much yesterday that was very beautiful, a combination of valley and rock that pleased nearly all

the while. Late already, I must close to make my start.

Sunday evening, at BETS-Y-COED.

Being somewhat pressed for time, I shall be obliged to abridge somewhat my Welch tour. I hate to leave these beautiful valleys. The one I am in now is the Vale of Conway. Of the Vale of Ffestiniog Mr. Lyttleton wrote: "With the woman one loves, with the friend of one's heart, and with a good study of books, one might pass an age in this vale, and think it a day." But however fine Ffestiniog seems, it cannot equal this, as it came before me yesterday, from the hill above—mountain, rock, vale, and river, with green fields to soften and trees to deck them. Why! with the girl I love—but she does not exist.

Settling with Mary Ann yesterday, who talked her English in the same rich tones that all these Welch girls do, I walked on up the vale to Ffestiniog, and three miles by this village, to where the road turns from the Bala one, going to the left. A small public house below the road offered, perhaps, the only chance for a lunch. I entered, and asked for fresh milk. There was none. However, I got bread and butter, both good, and with them some excellent spring water. Turning to the left, which was by a by-road, I came out to hills very like the Highlands, or perhaps still more like the Northumberland moors. All that were in sight now were rocky mountains, with large plains of

bog and coarse grass lying under them. Some of the distant hills, as the light struck them, were purpled with the bell heather. Perhaps at two miles from the turn was another public house. Here I found milk. Both of these public houses were about equal to the poorer class among the Highlands. The food you get is eatable; the cloth spread on the table clean; but the old stone flooring wretchedly in want of sweeping, and the whole house of cleaning—their business, and not mine. I enjoyed the milk.

Here again I turned to the left, and now my road was hardly more than a footpath, winding under a stony mountain, where poor sheep were getting scanty feed. In half a mile a brook began to start; a vale opened that it was to go through. The vale emptied into a valley, where was a broad road; I might have come on all the way, had I turned quick enough. At a little village in the valley there was a large number of people, separating from attending a Methodist meeting. The Celtic countenance was very marked; several that I addressed could not understand a word of English. I entered a store here, to examine the wooden shoes that are worn almost altogether by the children. Bordering the sole, which is entirely of wood, is a narrow iron rim. The toes are tipped with brass. The price of the pair I saw was two shillings and threepence. They were made at Manchester for the Welch market, and wear

exceedingly well. The tops of them were coarse leather. Wooden brogans, all wood, I knew intimately in France.—There was nothing further of interest until I came to the hill I spoke of. Here was another inn, a plain Welch inn. I went in, and ordered tea of a ruddy-cheeked girl. She showed me from the kitchen to the room at the side of it, not large but carpeted, and trimmed, *à la* Welch custom, with all kinds of pictures. Tea finished, I paid a shilling, looking over the kitchen whilst I settled. There was the usual sideboard, with drawers below and shelves above. On the upper shelf, platters leaned in rows, on the lower ones, plates; tumblers and cups thrown in the foreground. Then, let me see! there was a very large old fire place, where the fire was dying that had cooked my tea. A mantel was above, as with us, and two benches branching off each side, with a very nice pussy monopolizing one of them. An old-fashioned high clock, the indispensable comrade here to a chest of dishes, filled up the corner.

When I left the inn I went down the hill; I crossed a bridge; I passed a big hotel; came to the village, and stopped for the night at another inn, very much like the one I have just described.

CHESTER, Monday.

To come from Bets-y-coed to Chester, you come five miles by foot, or by stage, as you like, through

the Vale of Conway, to Conway. The route soon leaves much of its more mountainous character, and extends itself in a fine farming valley, sided with hills, and dotted with trees. Coming into Conway the old castle shows finely. When we came, there was a young girl near it, with some stray gold curls, that showed more finely yet. Conway to Chester I made by cars. The sea is on one side and a farming country on the other. Second class cars with us—no cushions on the seat; Liverpool paper with news of McClellan's retreat. No poetry intended.

Yesterday I passed here at Chester, one of the most curious old cities of England. Its walls are yet entire; you can walk upon them the whole round. The city is built almost wholly of brick. The buildings are in almost every conceivable shape and position. Some of the stores jut over the sidewalks, resting on pillars, as in the Italian cities; and there are two long rows where the sidewalk itself is raised up several feet, with the body of the buildings projecting over, in the same way.

At the hotel here where I stop, I have made an agreeable travelling acquaintance with a gentleman from London and his son. I have found him one of the most decided supporters of the North, as regards our war, of any Englishmen I have met. He speaks enthusiastically of the amount of power we have already shown; and, in spite of our



evident mistakes, feels confident of our final success. His name is Mr. John Saunders. I found out incidentally that he has been for a long time, and still is, connected with the London press. He is, too, the author of a work entitled "Abel Drake's Wife," lately republished in America by Harper & Brothers. Judging from the conversation and appearance of the man, I should think the work might be well received by American readers.



## XIX.

Private Lodgings in HARROGATE, North of England,  
September 26, 1862.

HARROGATE isn't London. Never mind! I've been there, if I did not write from there; and will tell a word about it, perhaps, before I finish. I am now lodged here for a number of weeks, I have reason to think with my usual good fortune; only I am in danger of forgetting my name, for the good Yorkshire woman I am with gives it a twist at each address. She varies from Bathelly to Babcock; anything that begins with B satisfies her idea, if not mine.

London! what shall I say about it? Or, the Exhibition; what shall I say about it? I'll tell you, the Exhibition is a bore. All exhibitions are; only as this is a very big exhibition, it resolves itself into a very big bore. I looked it over one long day, and saw "such a many things," as they say here in Yorkshire.

I should divide the Exhibition into three parts: first, the different courts, or depart-

ments, assigned to each nation, for the show of whatever they may bring. Then comes the picture gallery above; and after, the machinery department below; both of which are complete in themselves. Of the courts, I will speak of the two I looked at most—the French, and our own.

The French have, perhaps, the finest position set off to them, and have fitted it up with great taste. Here is all the show of fancy work that you see in the Boulevard windows at Paris. Glass ware and brazen ware, musical instruments and jewelry, silk goods and woollen goods, felt hats, &c., are spread about in their separate show cases, the same as in the Boulevards. Then there is one case of fine fruit, in which “La France” so much excels; and above, in the gallery, a photographic display, in which again “La France” so much excels.

Our own court has but little, very little, and yet the little speaks well for Yankee genius. The statues of America and the Greek slave, as well as Powers’ California, that stands in another part of the building, are unquestionably among the finest of the statues; the same as our flag, in mere point of beauty, is unquestionably the handsomest of all. Within the department—which by the way is both very small and very far to one side—the milking machine kept a crowd about it, and is decidedly one of the sensation articles of the Exhibition. There are, too, sewing machines, attend-

ed by sewing girls. A fine Western reaping machine is attended by a medal. Two pianos, of New York make, have gained the same attendance, and were being highly complimented by an English musician when I passed. Two skeleton wagons, as a novelty, attract some attention. There were several other articles which had received medals; *mais j'oublie*, as my waiter at Pau used to say, when some specialty I had ordered for breakfast couldn't be found when breakfast came.

The picture galleries are well lighted, and lengthy. The pictures themselves I hardly feel a right to criticize. I took about the same interest in them that Charivari gives the Englishman in the Louvre, who gazing thought, and thinking, asked his wife, if the oil used in the paintings was the same as we put on the salad.

The department for machinery occupies a very large space, and becomes one of the most interesting, as well as important, features of the Exhibition. Much of the machinery knows how to work as well as when at home; and if curious, you might spend a short life in watching its working. I was glad to see here, that of the railroad engines, one of the best, built at Newcastle, had Yankee-fied itself in a substantial roofing above where stand the engineer and firemen. The British plan, as well as the Continental, makes a skeleton of the engine, and so leaves fireman and engineer entirely exposed to the weather.

Now for the best part of the show, the show of folks—" *que puis je dire*"—of the forty thousand that went the day I went, and lined all parts with a moving lining of various hues. I can but suggest this crowd and say, that, like myself, they appeared to enjoy most the recess given to eating, and looking at each other.

I ought to say something about London, although I know it but imperfectly. More than any other city it satisfies an American's craving for bigness; for this cause alone, I think, if uncalled-for prejudices be dropped, it will honestly please all Americans. Very true, you have not the fine atmosphere that we know at home, or that Frenchmen know at Paris. Very true, the central city in every way lacks beauty. The old brick buildings may be comfortable; they are not handsome. The fronts on the streets are unadorned except by smoke, or worse yet, as in Regent, the most fashionable of all the business streets, by a plastered imitation of stone. Then, of the buildings that are meant to adorn—St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, or the Parliament Houses—the outside effect is almost or entirely lost, by their low position and dismal surroundings. Still, the great fact of bigness remains, and with it the idea of wealth and power. Apart too, from the central city, lie the parks; and here you have the charm of beauty, a far-extending country scene of green grass, great trees, and fine flowers of many shades, and very expensive residences bordering the sides.

*Wednesday, Oct. 1.*—There is a chill in the air to-day that tells of coming winter. It tells of past winters too. A flood of memories have been coming in upon me to-night—walnut trees with the clubs I threw in them—fishing excursions upon the mountain with Fred—sleigh rides with the girls, and buffalo robes—skating from clear back, when I tumbled off from one skate at every push, to my very last attempt with the girls as teacher. Let me see! One of them told me, I recollect, as the ice cracked beneath us, that she didn't care if it did break—we should both go together. The beautiful flirt! She has gone altogether since: “Wooded and married and a’.”

The woman I am with grows more and more puzzled about my name. However, she's an excellent cook, and keeps my rooms very neat. I pay ten shillings a week; for this get a bedroom, the use of a sitting room, with fire when needed, and the cooking of whatever I want for my meals. This is the English custom of lodgings. My food, I find, costs me about ten shillings more (\$2.50). Everything is very dear here. Ham at twenty-five cents the pound, mutton at sixteen, good butter at thirty cents, veal eighteen, &c.

The news of the Maryland battles is coming in upon us this week. McClellan has done nobly. If honest Abraham will do as well for us in the Western Department, we sha'n't have a little surrender item there each week. My English friends



don't like McClellan ; he is spoiling all their fun. On going to the sulphur well this morning, I got the *Leeds Mercury* with the latest news. At the well was an oldish gentleman, and a pretty girl, that I presume to be his daughter. She dimpled her chin with good effect in making faces at the water, then in leaving they preceded me up the sidewalk. Rather abruptly, perhaps, I addressed the old gentleman, who like myself was reading the morning paper : "It seems they have got away from us again, sir."

He stopped, as short as one of McClellan's victories (hurrah for McClellan !), and looked at me in astonishment.

"We had felt very sure to bag them all this time, before they could recross the Potomac.

The old gentleman, making sure his pocketbook was safe, yielded to a fixed fact in accepting the conversation.

"They would appear to have made a very wonderful retreat."

"They did well, no mistake ! but McClellan's after them."

"I see the Federals have lost a great number of officers. (Reading in the paper.) The loss of Federal officers is so great as to be unaccountable." They'll hardly be in a position to follow up very close."

"I don't know ; McClellan appears to be a man of great ability."



My gate, that we had reached, stopped the talk. All this while the daughter had taken my old position just behind, whilst I held hers by her father. For the warm look, that my eyes gave her, as she rubbed by, I got a very little bow. If I see her again to want another, I may or I may not tell about it.

*Sunday Evening, October 19.*—It rains and storms famously; so in going to church this evening, I took the first one, that always stands down the hill, in a pretty valley, a short quarter of a mile from me. It belongs to the Established Church, but I had noticed that it did not reflect high churchism from without: I found it as quiet and unpretending within, truly a place to worship in, and I enjoyed the liturgy, appropriately read by the clergyman, the chanting by the female choir, and a most excellent discourse which followed, upon the continued struggle between the spirit and the lusts of the flesh. Probably owing to the weather there was but a slim attendance, but, as is often the case at such times, the clergyman preached remarkably well, with apparently more than usual earnestness. This morning I went as usual to the Congregational church. The clergyman, as last Sunday, indulged whilst preaching in the luxury of kid gloves, which were well sustained throughout the discourse. His choice of hymns, though, was happy; the tunes selected for them were fine; the singing of the congregation,

led by an organ, exceedingly well done. One of the hymns sung I remember to have sung before, but never felt its beauty :

“ When gathering storms around I view.”

*Wednesday Evening, October 22.*—We have been having a great storm, that still is going on. It has both hailed, snowed, rained, and lightened during the last few days, with a wind that has blown down many ships, blown over many chimneys, and blown some very deep blushes on the cheeks of our best girls—but they would go out. The Manchester paper, this morning, was filled with accounts of shipwrecks. I like this Manchester paper much : “ The Manchester Examiner and Times.” It is Bright’s special organ, wholly liberal, and very ably edited. There is a healthy ring to the editorials that is rarely equalled. The “ Daily News,” at London, has the same vigorous life ; but that is a three-penny, this a penny paper. The “ London Star,” a penny paper, is also radical ; in our war wholly for the North, but it lacks in tone. The “ Leeds Mercury ” I also see often, and like it well. It takes a fair, honorable view of matters, and shows good literary management. In Scotland I bought generally the *Scotsman*, published at Edinburgh. It has an elegant look, both in the quality of the paper, and the plainness of the type. I believe it too is tolerably fair toward us, though I looked chiefly to the news items.

It is bedtime and my fire is out. I had a new lot of apple sauce made to-day that was very good ; also some plums, which I buy at sixteen cents the quart from farmers as they go by the door. I get most excellent homemade bread from a woman near. It is *almost* as good as our best New England bread.

*Oct. 24.*—English scenery, or habits, or life, as I have seen them now, although very imperfectly, I ought perhaps to be able to dwell a little on. Harrogate itself may stand as a very fair specimen of the best of English towns, although, being a watering place, it differs of course from those that are not. To begin with: There are five or six churches, two of the Established, the others of the various different denominations. Then there are perhaps twenty hotels, in the upper and lower villages, all of them built of stone, all of them gay and festive in their appearance. (This last phrase is borrowed from a coquette I know.) The largest of them accommodates a hundred guests. To some of them there are handsome green yards, with trees and walks, but not near so extensive as with us. After the hotels are the private boarding houses. In this northern part of England, as in Scotland, everything is built of stone, a pleasing soft-colored stone that abounds here. In all the southern and middle parts of England, as I saw them, brick is almost exclusively used, giving a dingy, disagreeable, instead of a clean, agreeable effect.

The blocks of boarding houses or private houses are in size from one to three stories. Most of them have narrow yards, prettily given to flowers. Blinds are unknown. The housewifery of England is good, universally good; you can see it in the clean doorsteps; you know it by the fresh window-panes, or the always pleasing parlors that you may dare to look at through them. I have nothing to say positively to the vaunted good looks of English women. I couldn't find it, honestly, Kate; I couldn't, hardly so much as elsewhere. But the girls, Kate; yes, you do find those that have the pride that aristocracy gives, the freshness that horseback riding gives, the honesty that a faithful observance of Sunday gives, the kindness that a young heart gives, and the love, Kate, take care of those dimples, that a girl can't help but give; for, rich or poor, we are all of us children of humanity.

Shall I tell about the brutality, or the coarseness, that arises from the want of cultivation, among the lower strata of society; or shall I mention the miserable exhibition of weak pride, or wretched vanity, that connects itself too often with the aristocratic element, perhaps rather to the trash that clings about it; or shall I sigh for that extreme pride of selfishness, that comes from power, and overlooks all the rights of others, and sneers at all the chivalry of a world, or forgets all the dearer precepts of religion? As a Yankee boy I

will not. God knows, there's enough that's wrong at home, and I will rather forget all these, or laugh at them all, to take a walk among the hedges, or over the strong made roads of merry England.

That walk has resulted poetically ; there's no help for it, to close the chapter :

To-day, within the wood,  
I met in solitude,  
    A maiden fair ;  
The wind swept in delight  
    Her golden hair.

Slumbering there she lay,  
And artlessly at play  
    Her features moved ;  
Whilst every smile that came,  
    Told dreams of love.

A beauteous maiden form,  
Like blue sky 'midst a storm,  
    She came to me ;  
Sleeping on the bank  
    So pensively.

A lovely, artless girl,  
Protected by the curl,  
    Alone, that now  
Fell softly from its place,  
    Across her brow.

I could not wish to harm,  
Or wake in harsh alarm,  
    This timid child ;  
And yet her beauty rare,  
    My soul beguiled.

And, with the ferns alone,  
My arm around her thrown,  
    Against my breast  
The sleeping, golden girl  
    I gently press'd.

With softened, chastened cry,  
She struggled hard to fly  
    From my embrace;  
But I retained her yet,  
    With crimsoning face.

“No, no; my girl, no, no,  
You only gain to show,  
    In struggling thus,  
The beauty of thy form,  
    Thy deepening blush.

“Chance threw me by thy side,  
Perhaps a chiding bride  
    She'll give thee me;  
Wife of my gliding years,  
    Say, wilt thou be?

“Thrown on the world alone,  
From duty oft I roam  
    Most wickedly;  
But thou shalt help me live  
    More faithfully.”

I stopped, the maiden's eyes  
Shut in a pleased surprise,  
    Her struggling ceased;  
Though she refused reply,  
    Until released.



A moment yet to love,—  
The watching trees above  
Swayed to and fro ;  
When I a rich kiss stole,  
And let her go.

Now, o'er the bubbling brook,  
Her curls she frowning shook,  
Then archly cried :  
“ I live close by the mill,  
Near Lana's side.

“ I live close by the mill,  
Just as you reach the hill.”  
And as I feared,  
She glided in the woods,  
And disappeared.

However bold it seem,  
This night to Lana's stream,  
I'll quickly go ;  
A lover loves his maid,  
She loves him, too.

And those blue eyes I'll surely find,  
Expecting me to-night ;  
And those gold curls, amorous twined,  
Will startle in delight.  
Her laugh will go right merrily,  
Throughout her cottage home ;  
And she herself all tenderly,  
Will watch till I shall come  
To her side, this night.

## XX.

HARROGATE, November 6, 1862.

MY friend who reads this, whoever you may be, have you or have you not travelled? I don't mean this side the sea, but you have been sometime to New York, or Boston, or Chicago, or somewhere else, where you were to go by cars, and stay away long enough to require luggage. Well! what I'm driving at is this: if you went you went doubtless the day after the night before, and now I've got right on my own position, the night before. In your case you recollect the valise that was packed, and how it got packed; in mine, I see the portmanteau that lies packed, and I know all about the packing. You had a wife, perhaps, or a mother, or a sister, that folded very carefully all your things, and laid them in so easily, that you did not feel called upon to thank her for it. Unfortunately some one else married my wife, and the pussy-cat, which has represented nearly all my company the last month, said she knew nothing about such work: so I had to do it

myself, and am now prepared to say, that you did very wrong in not thanking the kind friend who packed yours. In your case, too, the packing was the result of skill, so that at your first stop you could lay your hands upon each article that you wished without disturbing the rest. In mine, the packing was the result of strength, and I don't mean to stop till I get through. This gives me a chance to slide on to the second point,—destination. I'm going to London, No. 7, King Street, Cheapside. So much for to-morrow.

The long clock, ticking in the hall, ticks very much as the one did at Enniskillen in Ireland. My piano lies open, and invites some little melody. Pussy doesn't like music; every time I touch the piano she jumps up, and, if the door is open, leaves. If it is not open, she looks at me as if I ought at least to put on the soft pedal, and then goes back to renew her duty as fire watcher. But that little melody, what shall it be? At Enniskillen I hummed: "The Boatie Rows." The two clocks certainly tick alike, but to-night that melody must be something else. We will leave it to the piano.—The piano hesitated but little; perhaps because we spoke of Enniskillen, perhaps because of some other cause it caught an Irish air, and dwelt upon the last words:

"Oh! *why* art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen?"

No. 7, King Street, Cheapside, LONDON, }  
Saturday morning, Nov. 8. }

There's a London fog outside, thick, heavy, and chill. I have an engagement to penetrate it at ten o'clock with a Massachusetts clergyman, who arrived at Southampton in the last steamer. He brings the latest and fullest news from home. Beside this clergyman there are three American couples here, and two young men; all together, we carry a ruling majority, which is more than the Administration can boast of. Last night we had a parlor party. Two of our pairs are returning from, the other going on to, the Continent. Of course the last were desirous of learning, the first fully prepared for telling, the things to be seen. I took a one side position, and paid a close—if you except an occasional smile—a most polite attention. These women are so eloquent, and then they are such enthusiastic travellers. They see everything, including Rubens' pictures.

*Thursday evening, Nov. 13.*—A week in London spent. In so large a city there should be interest connected with the week. A word of those things that everybody sees. The British Museum kept us, myself and the clergyman before mentioned, the greater part of a day; and I recollect now, of all the stuffed animals, fishes, and birds, one gray squirrel and a blue jay. From the shells, and stones, and seaweeds or corals, we got no mistress. The jugs and mummies, gath-

ered from the ruins of Egypt, or Rome, or Pompeii, or anywhere else, were all too old to be agreeable. In the book department, what energy we had spent itself in appreciating the fact that the early printing of the Germans was, in every respect, most exceedingly well done, and could fairly rival the work of the present day.

The National Gallery of paintings was more limited than I supposed. Of its paintings, a little sheep of Murillo pleased me especially. But placed among the pictures there is one marble group, two nymphs with a lad, or a lad with two nymphs, I hardly know which, which kept me longer than anything else.

The Tower and the Tunnel came in one trip, our return being by the Thames, on one of the meanest boats that ever claimed to be a steamer. Going through the long Tunnel, we had continued opportunities of investing in Tunnel curiosities, little shop stands lining its whole length. At one of these, kept by a bright girl, we both made some purchases. She said, "All Americans buy these," holding up some Tunnel views.

"But how do you know that we are Americans?"

"Oh, I guessed."

Westminster Abbey and the Parliament Houses, as well as Saint Paul's, as I have had occasion to mention before, lose much of their effect from the lowness of their position, and from

the in every way unfavorable surroundings. Contrary, too, to my expectations, I liked the whole city less and less the more I saw of it. It is dirty, and it's foggy, and it's old, and, until you get away from it into the parks, you find nothing pleasant to the eye. Of course I intend to make an exception of an occasional petticoat; but even here I am inclined to indorse the sentiments of several British writers that New York far excels:

"You may walk for an hour in Broadway, crowded as it is with people, and not see a single repulsive countenance. 'I have seen more pretty faces,' remarks an English writer, 'in New York in one hour, than in all my life in Britain.' My own journal for November, 1853, has a similar entry, viz.: 'I'm every day more and more struck with the good looks of the American ladies. One seldom meets a female with unprepossessing features.'"—*"America and the Americans," by William Edward Baxter, Esq., M. P., p. 97.*

Whilst visiting the Houses of Parliament, we dropped in and saw the different courts now in session. The old custom of wearing gowns and horse-hair wigs is still retained by all the lawyers, and the judges have on the ancient ermine.

Our new gold pen, if it has no principles against, is too aristocratical to talk about the Haymarket at midnight. It believes, though, in ballets, and, if I would let it, would show itself a genius in telling of a gold-haired girl it saw at



one last night. There never was a more beautiful girl. Δοκεῖ μοι, ἔφη ὁ Σωκράτης.

From actresses to clergymen there is a little step that we pride ourselves on being able to make gracefully. Mr. Spurgeon is an elaborate failure; Mr. Cummings I liked; Mr. Hall seemed an honest, able man; and Mr. Puncheon has a mind of very exceeding ability, but I could not think his heart and his manhood were as thoroughly in the right place as were John Wesley's.

And now, my pretty pen, you shall tell about the two evenings that you spent with some American friends whom chance gave you. This may not be so much in your line as the theatre, or the fashionable concert at St. James' Hall which you went to, where pride and passion, and class and vanity ruled; yet you shall tell about it, and mind you do it well.

Two years ago, and a little more, I made my first English travelling from Liverpool through to London, reaching there at ten at night—a bad time to look up a hotel. Fortunately I recollected that my sister had slipped into my hand, just before I left home, the direction to a private boarding-house in London, which she said might be of use to me. In my diary I found it laid. So, hiring one of the cabs that waited at the depot, I directed it to No. 7, King Street, Cheapside. It was the next night, I think, at the supper table, that accidentally I found one of the

boarders to be, like myself, a Green Mountain boy. The acquaintance naturally ripened in the two or three days that remained, and we parted with a cordial shake of hands, he continuing at London, and I going direct to Paris. Months went by, and chance threw us together once more in the American church at Paris; and now, returned to London, I received at dinner a note from the same young man. I found it an invitation to appear at No. — Paddington Road, where I should find a goodly lot, all Americans. I was to come when I pleased, by taking the omnibus marked Paddington Road, Bow, and going toward Bank. Getting ready to make a call where girls were, sent my thoughts back to college days, when my chum and I hurried through our Latin, he looking out the first half and I the last, that we might the sooner meet “our girls” at the little *réunion*. He, lieutenant in the army, was sick at New Orleans the last I heard from him. My pen, you see, scatters badly.

“Which is the Paddington omnibus?”

“Just gone, sir; but there’ll be another in eight minutes.”

“Paddington Road; here you are, sir.”

That’s a fact; here I am, and here’s a pretty girl by me on the seat. She is pretty—she is very pretty, though the bundle in her lap and her dress tell her to be of the working class. I wish that infernal Englishman opposite, with the thick

whisker and handsome eye, would pay a little more respect to our rights, if not to her sex. Confound his impudence; he bends over and dares to ask her, whilst we see him clasp his hand about her ankle, if she doesn't think crinoline a great bore in an omnibus. I say, confound him. We glance at the girl; a nicer one never lived; there isn't one tincture of wickedness on her cheek, though it flushes now more from pleasure than the opposite. Poor girl! she can't help it. Both, the power of passion and the feeling of class, prevent her from protesting against the rudeness. Fortunately at this moment the Englishman had reached his destination. That flush of passion was nearly faded before I left, a few streets further on; but it's an easy thing—it's a very easy thing for a young, unprotected girl to be led astray in such a city as this.

Here's the street, and No. 3; and here appears to be the bell. We pull it, and we wait; an instant only. The door opens; the honest face of an old friend greets us; we know that it's all right. The parlor is here, and here are the ladies; two from Vermont, and two from New York, and the other, I think, from New Hampshire. For brevity I will throw two evenings spent into one. The girls believed in McClellan, and of course they believed in Fremont, such a splendid man, who ran away with Jessie Benton. My second male friend from New York, who,

with another from Connecticut, helped our sex into a quartette, had a still better belief: he believed in popped corn, and demonstrated his position by producing the genuine article, including popper—the old Connecticut patent. This last, he said, was supposed by the English custom-house officials to be a rat trap. But my story has so increased that it already begins to labor with its own magnitude. (*Ut jam magnitudine laboret sua.*) We had the popped corn, and then we had American songs, with a New York piano: the “Sleigh-ride Song,” “Nita,” “The Laugh of a Child,” followed by the “Star-Spangled Banner”—the first time I have heard it since leaving home. The girls went up stairs, and got from their trunks a half-dozen little flags to wave in accompaniment; and more yet, the girls threw their hearts into the song, and one of them felt it her duty, when it was finished, to hint a strong doubt of my patriotism because I had not returned before this to get shot. The supper was a success, enriched by true maple syrup just brought from Vermont hills.

I sha’nt tell that in the after-evening we played euchre, because, perhaps, the girls wouldn’t like to have it known. Neither shall I tell how, by mistake, I called one of them “my dear girl,” because I shouldn’t like to have it known. The evening is passed. There rests only a three-mile walk back, for the omnibuses are all gone to bed.

With a keen delight in the starlight night (I must insist there was no rhyme meant), we make it.

“Wait a minute, Susie.”

It is one of two girls, gayly dressed, speaking to her friend. It is now midnight. They are out on the faubourgs searching for a lover. Well! it's a soft, mild night, to-night. With a certain levity they can yet sing the beautiful words that Victor Hugo gives to the French grisette:

“Nous achèterons de bien belles choses,  
En nous promenant le long des faubourgs;  
Les bleuets sont bleus, les roses sont roses,  
Les bleuets sont bleus,—j'aime mes amours.”

Yes, yes, yes, *les bleuets sont bleus*, but the nights will grow very cold by and by, my girls.

## XXI.

La Station à DIEPPE, La France, }  
November 14, 8 P. M. (Train to go at 10.) }

I SHALL stop at Rouen, I think ; left London at ten this morning. All right so far, though the very efficient and polite French officials frowned perceptibly at my passport, which has been let now to take care of itself for two years. Once more the French is spoken all about me. It brings back days and months, I could almost say years, that seemed to have gone. Two years ago this month, I passed from here through the old city of Rouen, and landed in early dark at Paris. I had been recommended to the Hôtel de Normandie as being respectable, and reasonable. It struck me on entering that it ought to be reasonable ; I couldn't recollect when I had ever been in quite so dingy a hotel. However, they talked English, that is, the mistress did, as well as the head waiter, both of whom were English, and as to price, they would keep me after the French manner for seven francs per day. This last, after hav-



ing lived a week at first-class English hotels, I considered a pretty fair idea, though a dim suspicion of frogs to be eaten somewhere haunted me. My room is shown to me. I sit down on my small trunk and open it. Little reminiscences of the past dare to appear. Confound the past. There's French to be learned, that's the first thing, and those fifty lessons in Fasquelle's, which you and Nelly H—— looked out at West Brattleboro' Academy half a dozen years ago, are going to count but very little on the job. I say the French, that's the first thing; then, after that, you know, you have several pet ideas, which cannot get developed into a vigorous life, without many months of time and labor. The fact is, trunk, you and I may as well grapple it, we are not going back for years. Let me see; I don't know much about these French people; I guess I'll twist your lock once more, whilst I leave you to go down and get a blink of the city by gaslight.

Now, my friend, I continued patronizingly to myself, when I was fairly out the door on the street it fronted, it will be a very discreet thing in you to get a good idea of the name of this street you propose starting up. Well! we'll draw up and study it by the light of yon lamp. "Rue de Richelieu." Richelieu, Richelieu, that's all right, there's where I've got it. You recollect those books on France, which your father insisted you should listen to. Without doubt this street was

named after the Mr. Richelieu that figured in those books. And now, "marchons," as we said at West Brattleboro'. This Rue de Richelieu seems to be as dull as the old gentleman was. Here's an idea, though; the clerks in these stores all along here are what one might call clerkesses. Don't you see? They are all girls, and if you stop and examine the cotton hose which hangs in that window, you will perceive that the girl, waiting there by the counter, is very pretty. She perceived the same fact several years ago, in all the five looking-glasses that hang in her chamber, that's what makes her look so philosophical. By the way, if a fellow's got to stop to examine every stocking he sees, it will make very slow travelling. I'll come and look at this pair again. No. —, where do these numbers lie? No. —, I've got it, No. 4.—Thunder! here's another idea, splendidly done, too, no mistake. It's a pretty position. What a nice leg she's got, and how lovely she looks lying there on the sofa! It's a shame though, too bad, such a good girl. That's a pretty face in the corner, and there's another with that little bit of gauze on. "*Cartes-de-Visite, 1 fr. chaque.*"—Hallo, here's something that looks like the Paris I've read of. It is a magnificent street. We will go to the right. Rue de Richelieu, you recollect, opposite that big pole, which looks as though it might be a political flagstaff. Here we are with the crowd on the Boulevard.—When, an hour after,

we turned back by the flagstaff, the ballet girls still slept in the window, but the girl that kept the cotton hose had closed for the night.

Hôtel de Victoria, à ROUEN, }  
Saturday morning. }

I am just through with a chocolate breakfast. If nothing else told, the good chocolate would tell that I was again in France. I might say the same of the bread, for in England it is universally very poor. In France it is generally very good. Giving it though every credit, I shall not indorse the opinion of those who would place it before our own homemade article.

Arrived at the station here last night, I passed out, with my valise in hand, by the only exit there ever is from a French depot. I went by the cabs, kept up the broadest road, and, for the night, took the first respectable-looking hotel. To my ring of the bell, a Norman damsel responded. I told her I wanted a bedroom, with one bed, emphasizing this last restriction a wee bit, that I might not be charged for a double-bedded room in the settlement. Once more in a Catholic country, no Bible ever lies upon your bedroom table, and its best precepts have but a fickle hold upon the mass.

Shown to my room, and the easy questions that a French waitress always asks answered, I sat a while and mused upon the peculiarities and similarities of French hotels. I could almost have sworn to the furniture as the same that I had at

Tours, in the Grand Hôtel du Faisan ; or anywhere else where I have passed a night in France. There was the same bed, with luxurious springs ; the same four mirrors, one on each wall ; the same mahogany bureau and washstand ; the same writing table, and then, on the mantel, the same indispensable clock was ticking its life away, guarded by the two demichandeliers and the two china vases.

Rouen is as completely a French city as Buffalo is an American one. A busy quay along the river ; one wide business street, in which, I presume, although I have not noticed, are the buildings of the Prefecture ; one airy boulevard, both wide and long. Elsewhere the streets are all dark and narrow, whilst in the centre the immense cathedral frowns down upon the old town, in keeping its triumphant watch, as the Pantheon does at Paris, or the other cathedrals of the same family do at Orleans and Tours.

Shall I draw another picture from my first French life ? I think I will, giving this chapter mostly to the two tableaux. On the third day after I arrived at Paris, I engaged board and lodging by the week, at a Hôtel Meublé in the Rue de Fleurus, to which I had been recommended by a young American in New York. My room faced the street, was very good in itself, very good when I got to it, and gave me a sort of birdseye view of all Paris. I can recollect

well the first evening that I spent in it, with a bright fire, Galignani's daily paper, and a young girl's photograph. The next day French books began to appear. But the third I labored under a new idea. I thought it over carefully, and determined it affirmatively, to go into some private French family; but where? Now I've a great respect for ballet girls, and also I've a great respect for clergymen. The thought I took was a good one. From a clergyman I could get a reference, undoubtedly, to some family for board and instruction, as I wished. From the Galignani paper I took my direction, made the trip to the pastor of an English church in the Rue St. Honoré, and succeeded in learning from him of a place which he thought would suit me. This was in the Rue de Vaugirard, No. 98, only a street or two from the Rue de Fleurus where I was; the next day I called; the second concluded the bargain.

The end of the week brought me into the family, with a game of whist for the first evening. Besides myself, there were two South Americans from Brazil, as boarders. The family included Professor S——, his wife, his son, and—excuse a moment's hesitation—his two girls. Don't think I am going to tell much of private life, although I mean to stretch this paragraph several lines more. At half past eight in the morning a rap at the door told the cup of chocolate with the



*petit pain* was ready. This was always good, especially when the madame made it herself, as she often did. At nine Monsieur le Professeur popped into the room to hear and correct my lessons, prepared from Fasquelle. At one o'clock the two Brazilians and myself had our breakfast alone; one meat with one vegetable, bread, butter, and a bottle of wine *ordinaire*. At six o'clock came the hour for dinner, which we had with the family. That dinner was always good. The madame was always wholly a matron that would have graced any table, or any home. The Professor was always wholly a Frenchman, insisting with the most polite pertinacity upon instructing me in the nicer points of etiquette. The oldest girl was wholly a lively French demoiselle; but the youngest was a sweet pet, a girl among the hundred, who ought to grow into one of the best and most intelligent of women. I sometimes feared there was a vein of selfishness that would grow with her growth; but we'll hope well she will smother that.

There's a ghost in every family. Isn't that the way the old sentiment reads? I am not sure about the ghost here, but there was something worse, a poodle dog. If I could only do him justice I would try to sketch him. A mean, yelping little cur, I could have handed him into eternity forty times a day, only he kept always behind the girls' dresses.



I ought, and I must call upon this family before I quit Paris again. I stopped with them three months, going thence to Tours, in fair Touraine.

## XXII.

“A chiel’s amang you taking notes,  
And faith he’ll prent them.”

PARIS, 5 Rue de la Paix, }  
Dec. 5, 1862. }

I HAVE got a new book this morning to write my notes in. I have also got a letter.

When I reached Paris from Rouen three weeks since, Saturday night, I went into one of the first hotels, near the station, to stay in it over the Sunday. Price agreed on by the day eight francs. Sunday I went to church, the American church, Rue de Berri; the Rev. Dr. McClintock, pastor. The church and I are old acquaintances, and good friends. I was something late, but I opened carefully, and turned up the winding staircase, that leads into the small gallery, where the choir is. A glance told me that the choir rested substantially the same. The next day, Monday, was commenced in a call for letters at Monro’s, the American banker’s. These read, I glanced at the names of Americans entered in his book. With

satisfaction I noticed at the top of the last page the name of my old friend R., 25 Rue d'Ulm. I made a quick start for the *Quartier Latin*. I will but give results. Six francs lured the French medical student that occupied the room with R. to move into another; I now take his place. We front toward, and are almost within a stone's throw of the Pantheon. We pay for rent, a double-bedded room, forty francs a month. Wood, and lights, and service will cost us thirty more. Our meals we take where we choose, at an average expense of half a dollar per day; and this is about as cheap an arrangement as an American can accommodate himself to at Paris.

"Col-o-niel," said I this morning, awaking from a sweet dream, that was too sweet to be a reality, "Col-o-niel, what time is it?"

"Nine o'clock," answered he emphatically.

"Ah! Coloniél, that's the hour they used to commence school when we were boys. As you are up, and I am not, just direct that big letter for me if you please. It must go this morning. Do you know how that old song goes:

'I dreamt, 'twas but a dream, thou wert my bride, love.'

Never mind, it *was* but a dream. I wish—I wish I was up. Coloniél, you ought to have a fire."

"I don't want any fire; I am going to the dissecting room directly."

My cup of chocolate taken, an hour after I sat

alone looking out upon the magnificent beauty of the Pantheon, and thinking how three things were necessary to the tranquillity of my mind,—a warm breakfast, a stamp for my letter, and a blank book. The first want became soon so seriously uncomfortable, that I arose, threw on my overcoat, and went out in the damp morning to attend to it. There is a restaurant near us that we both know well. It gives us good meals at the lowest price. Besides, the waiters are very civil, and always answer handsomely the expected *pour-boire*.

“Monsieur will take a chop this morning?”

“Yes.”

“And some butter—Monsieur always takes some butter?”

“That’s a fact,—un supplement quinze sous,—and look here, some of those stewed prunes.”

“Oui, Monsieur, pas de vin?”

“Non, pas de vin.”

Now there’s the stamp for that big letter. Perhaps they will have them in this news-shop across. “Pardon, Madame; avez-vous des timbres-postes?”

“Oui, oui, Monsieur.”

“J’en desire un de seize sous.”

“De seize sous, voilà, Monsieur. Merci, Monsieur. Bonjour, Monsieur.”

Stay, it’s Friday. To-morrow the steamer sails over the sea for your own country. “Pardon, Madame, je prendrai un Siècle.”

“Voilà, Monsieur; merci, Monsieur; bonjour, Monsieur.”

—Never saw that bazaar before; quite a brisk one. “Entrez, Monsieur; qu’est ce que vous voulez?”

“Avez-vous le jeu d’échecs?”

“Voilà, Monsieur.”

“Bon, quel est le prix?”

“Quarante neuf sous, Monsieur.”

“Eh bien, je le prendrai.”

Let’s see, they keep everything at these bazaars. They must have that blank book.

Don’t be too quick; look twice before you jump. Do you recollect, in the long walk you took the other day, the shop where you bought that photograph of Rosa Bonheur?

Yes, I do very well, I shall always recollect it. The girl that did it up for me looked as much like one at home as one sweet pea looks like another.

Very well, don’t you recollect she asked you if Monsieur didn’t wish anything more? And she suggested a diary for the coming year.

I recollect every word she said, perfectly. She brought down a dozen, and told how nicely each was made, and said they were cheap, and her hazel eyes looked so honest, and,—I was warming imperceptibly,—and—

Don’t grow too eloquent, there’s really no occasion.

And, I say, she opened the door, when I went

out the first time with a sweet little smile, that brought a quick compliment to my lips. The next time I went she didn't open the door. I think she didn't look up at all. It was a very nice little shop; not so small either. I believe it was her father that kept it. All this last I spoke dreamily.

If she kept diaries, she kept blank books; suggested my reason, that strives thus often to advise me.

A thousand times better idea than you usually get off. Allons, we must leave our chessmen at the room.

“Vous allez à Clichy, n'est ce pas?”

“Oui, Monsieur.”

I got up on the omnibus, both the letter and the *Siècle* in my hand. I examined this last complacently. It would sail away in the steamer to-morrow, and carry with it, in spite of post-office rules, a little line of writing. Our omnibus passes down the Rue de Tournon, turns into a narrow street, goes by some roast chestnuts, with some more roasting, reaches the quay, winds along the river to the first bridge, crosses this, and passes through the Place du Carousel to stop at the foot of the Rue de Richelieu, in the Rue St. Honoré. Again in motion, we go up the Rue de Richelieu. In this ride two thoughts strike me with force: that Paris is really a beautiful, airy city, and that the heavy omnibus makes much less noise, and



hence goes much more comfortably over the new-fashioned, smooth, asphalt pavement, than on the rough ones. The emperor is doing a good thing for Paris any way ; better this than to do nothing. The Rue Neuve des Petits-Champs crosses the Rue de Richelieu, and with a continuation runs direct to the Poste Restante—Poste-te, Restante-te, as they say at Marseilles, and the South. Once turned from the post-office, I do not intend to tell at all in which direction I went.

——“ Yes, Mademoiselle, a little book to take notes in, don't you keep them ? ”

“ Oh yes, we keep them, wait a minute, I'll bring them. Something like this you want, don't you ? This is very good paper, twenty-five sous. This one is something more thick, thirty-five sous.”

Ah, those eyes ! What a sweet little flower she is. Don't you wish you were picking strawberries with her, among the daisies under those mountains of yours ?

If you wish it she doesn't.

Doesn't she ?

No, she doesn't like the warmth of your tone when you speak, nor that you should come so closely when she is taking down the books. She hasn't smiled once, but she does frown. She won't open the door, and she won't say good-by.

“ Ah ! ha ! on verra.”

She will open the door, and if she does not  
say good-by, she will dream to-night she did.

Come, come, my girl, where daisies grow,  
Come 'neath my mountains, come with me;  
We'll catch the hours, that swiftest flow,  
And rob them of their fragraney.

Come, come, my child, the melting sun  
Is lingering in the middle sky;  
On daisies bright its beams are flung,  
Above where reddening berries lie.

The berries from their lowly bed,  
Or those that flaunt on bonny stem,  
We'll pluck; or if you wish, instead,  
To rest, we'll seek some shady glen,

Where buttercups, that glisten near,  
I'll gather in their airy pride;  
To toss them from thy matchless hair,  
Or droop them from thy maiden side.

Each whispering breeze, that passes by,  
That dares to touch thy cheek so fair,  
Will wing its way with tenderer sigh,  
Will joyful be; when thou art there.

Thy heart, thy heart, in warmer tide,  
Will beat, will beat more sweetly far;  
Thy cheek, thy cheek, in purer pride  
Shall always glow; where daisies are.

Then hasten, yet, where daisies grow,  
Alone, alone, with only me;  
When blushes o'er thy bright cheek go,  
I'll kiss love's tear drop from thine e'e.

Thursday Night, 25 RUE D'ULM.

Monday night, with two friends I attended the R union of Americans, that the Rev. Dr. McClintock gives each week. Some thirty were present. Before we went up, we dined at Demory's, 116 Palais Royal. It is perhaps the best restaurant of its kind in the city. Price of breakfast, twenty-five cents; two dishes to choice, with dessert, and half a bottle of wine, or, instead of wine, if one prefer, a cup of chocolate, or coffee. Dinner is two francs; giving a soup, bread *  discretion*, three dishes to choice, with a dessert and wine, or coffee, as at breakfast. In most of the restaurants of this class the cooking is poor. In this it is good. From here we went to the Hotel du Louvre, glancing a moment first at the jewelry in the Palais Royal. The Hotel du Louvre, though eclipsed now by the Grand Hotel, must still always remain a magnificent building. In its large Salon d'Attente, gilded and painted, we stopped perhaps half an hour. Last night I went to the theatre. I felt like it, and suffered imperceptibly the luxury and voluptuousness of the dresses, that exposed too well the rounded limbs, and handsome form of the girls, to steal over me. But among all the easy gaiety of the group, there was one girl whose lovely face and soft blue eye touched within me a deeper feeling than one of mere passion; when she floated to the front, and sang, in the sweetest of voices, a gay French song, I

couldn't help it, the tears would start as they did two years ago, in the same place, to the same voice. I care nothing that the purity of her eye and the beauty of herself have been dimmed by even years of licentiousness and frivolity. Love loves her. Modesty kisses her. And fair Chastity hath sworn that she will always hover about the girl, whom she was born to serve :

“You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will ;  
The scent of the roses will hang round it still.”

And I will always wish thee, indeed I will,  
sweet Louise, though we never yet have spoken,  
a happy life, a peaceful death.

#### THE BALLET GIRL'S SONG TO HER LOVER.

My hair it is golden, my eyes they are blue,  
My heart warms to passion, it will warm for you ;  
I will frown on sweet virtue, and drive her away,  
To be gone through the night,—Oh ! she'll come back at day.  
Tra la la, &c.

Do you love the soft flashes from fond eyes that go ?  
Do you love the bright blushes on young cheeks that glow ?  
I'm a poor ballet girl, on the great world alone ;  
Surely more than bright blushes were easily won.  
Tra la la, &c.

Have you tears for the sorrow you think may be mine ?  
Then you've joy for the beauty you know can be thine :  
My bosom heaves softly, with the passions that sway  
Its beauty by night, if they do not by day.

And with love I am singing, tra la la la la la,  
 With sweet love I'm singing, tra la la la la la,  
 So kind and so beautiful, childish, and gay,  
 You must love me by night, if you do not by day.

Oh! mother, dear mother, don't frown on your child;  
 With no one to love her, her young heart beguiled  
 Hath wandered some farther than it ought to, they say,  
 But if sinful by night, it repenteth by day.

Though careless I sing, tra la la la la la,  
 Though thoughtless I sing, tra la la la la la,  
 Though I recklessly sing, tra la la la la la;  
 When wicked by night, I am sorry by day.

My form is most beautiful, airy, and bright,  
 My face yet is lovely, and pure in God's sight;  
 I'm too pretty a girl, with bad vice to play;  
 I will smile to sweet virtue—she'll not go away.

Tra la la, &c.

25 RUE D'ULM, Dec. 12, }  
 Friday Evening. }

“Gone to Demory's, where I am to meet —  
 and two others to go to Houdin's. We are to dine  
 at 5.30,—thought you might want to come.  
 Yours, R.” So much I found in the hole of my  
 key when I returned this evening, but I would  
 rather spend a quiet evening with my room than  
 go anywhere to-night, at least, anywhere in Paris.  
 I fear my pen is going to refuse to write. It  
 commenced briskly, but got somewhat provoked  
 in making a fire with green fagots and wet wood.

The fire however proves a success ; I shall draw up before it to muse, if this pen of mine continues balky. Only here's one objection, I can think of nothing I care to muse on. I believe there's a letter for me at Munro's. If I had that, it might arouse my thoughts that slumber so, and force them gaily on, as the white-sailed sloops skim before the breezes of Lake Champlain.

Here are thoughts for you to muse upon. Don't you remember, when you drove to Alburgh Springs, you came back by Grand Isle County, Vermont? There never were more beautiful drives than you had in that trip. You recollect the light waves of the lake, with the distant mountains. You recollect the evergreens that lined its shores in many places, and the beautiful farmhouses you were all the while passing. You have seen nothing such since you left home, and will find nothing such anywhere in the world, except in America. Don't you wish you were now among those Vermont mountains, where a manly heart grows, nourished by the cold vigor of winter winds and the dark foliage of giant hemlocks? Wouldn't you be better there, among those scenes of healthy purity, than here at Paris, where there is no purity ; where all the young men you meet, be they from America, from England, or from France, talk of mistresses as they would of popped corn, and help drag such girls as Louise to the dreadful torture of a harlot's death? Besides, those moun-



tains at home love you. You never went among their old trees, that they did not urge you to go forward and win a useful life. You have never fished along their trout streams, without their waters advising in a thousand things that perplexed you. You never picked berries among their bushes, but that they whispered of love, and told that a quiet home of one's own was the place where life could be best passed. Don't you think that was the truth? Don't you know that was the truth? Why don't you go home then?

Whilst my thoughts are among those home mountains, I think I will let them linger and give some of the whisperings of an old Pine, as the old tree itself whispered them to me years ago.

## XXIII.

## WHISPERINGS OF AN OLD PINE.—1.

YES! I am an old Pine, standing on the mountain top. I am very, very old. My limbs, some of them, are palsied and decayed. And yet I am a strong and healthy Pine, and my top, vigorous and green, towers up a hundred feet above the mountains, to dally with the lightning, and sway in unshadowed sunshine. I am a proud and happy Pine; 'tis natural that I should be, I have lived so long, and for a century reigned the king of all the forests around me, on all the mountains about me, of all the world that I can see; and I think that I must see pretty much all the world there is. Ages ago,—so very long that my leaves forget to wail when I try to think it back,—I was a little Pine, only a bush. My great grandsire was king then; but he, giant that he was and knotted in strength, was killed. Whilst fighting the tempest, he was struck by lightning: and now I stand where he stood, old, strong, great as

he was, looking myself down upon a little shrub that I see peeping up at me from below, yon where the snails crawl. Wonder if I shall be struck by lightning! Ugh! it would be the death of me I suppose. Well, if it should, it's a glorious death for an old Pine. But what matters it about myself; or why do I conceited tell how many the circles of my mighty trunk? Little care you gentle folks, that live down in the valley, about the tall Pine, which hath watched over your fathers' childhood, and sighed, perhaps, the only requiem above your mothers' graves. The most of you I mean, for there are a few of you who love me very much; so have they told me, and I believe them.

Do you see that little cottage just below me on my right, nestling amidst the hills, with the brook that starts from my base winding near it? Rather a pretty cottage, isn't it? Such a one as you would love to think of as your home sweet home. That is a mighty fine elm there near the front yard gate; tall too, that is, tall for an elm, which is generally a very short tree. Do you know I always loved that house very much? because it is so cozy, you suppose. No, that isn't it. Perhaps because of the little pine that is growing in the front yard, you think. Yes, partly that. The seed from which that little pine grew came from me. When I tell you some time how it got down there, you will know better about those

who live in that house, and why I love it so much. But stay, don't you see sitting before the front window a little girl,—perhaps she should be called a maiden now,—all veiled in sunny curls? If your eyes were as good as mine you would see her. That little girl is the beauty of these mountains. She is the loveliest of all the American daughters over whom I look. Every curl of her golden hair is a prize which angels might envy. You look incredulous. Well, you don't know her; you haven't watched over her from her cradle as I have. She never clasped you, as she has me, nor let her temples rest upon your arm, as she has upon mine.

Twenty-six years ago that small cottage was built, and in it moved a young man, then, and a pretty girl, his wife. Their name was Lawrence, so I heard some woodsmen say. To them whilst they yet lived in their new home two children were born. The proud Ellen—for so all the mountains and the trees came to call her, she would move so haughtily beneath their shadows and their boughs—was four years older than the mountain pet. I remember I began to think a great deal of the child Ellen, so merry was she playing in the valley, when it was whispered among the trees, coming from the big elm, that Ellen had a little sister. The same day the death bell sounded among our mountains; the newly born babe never saw its father; the mother in

the time of sorrow was told that her husband, the lover of her girlhood, was dead. Do you wonder that from that instant the old Pine watched tenderly over all that household, but most of all over the newly born babe?

Years went by. I cannot tell you all, how the little golden haired Bertha became our darling; nor how her sister grew in beauty and in womanhood,—the proud belle, the generous-souled girl, the merry, reckless, bewitching beauty. Often used she to come up here and gaze off, for hours sometimes, laughingly upon the grassy world, tearfully upon the azure skies. Sometimes she was alone: at others, she had brought with her some country beau, awkward, dazzled, bewildered from her beauty and her wit. But I knew that no one of them caused her heart to throb faster, or brought to her cheek the blush of a maiden's love. Would she ever, I used often to muse, would she ever, the soft-haired maiden of the North, forget herself, and lose her proud supremacy? Oh, yes, she will, I sighed in answer; her thoughts will yet unconsciously cluster about some lover, who will at last win her for his bride. Would to God, that, whoever he shall be, he may be worthy of so sweet a flower—of so warm a heart.

There came a time—for months the Lily of the Valley came not near the old Pine. What meant it? I could see her, stepping strong as ever, wend her way beneath the roadside trees to school, or,

for miles sometimes, to pick wild flowers, and gather wild berries.

I asked my little Birdie, one day, why her sister never came to see me now—she had not for a long time.

“It must be because she’s a naughty girl,” she answered. “I’ll make her come to-morrow. Tell me, good Pine, have you seen my Kenneth come this way?”

“No, my golden pet, he hasn’t been here.”

“Oh, that’s too bad, isn’t it?” From under the curls the child’s face was very solemn, and then a child’s smile brightened it. “It’s too bad, Piney, for we would both like to see Kenneth, wouldn’t we? But then I am very happy here with you.” And she lay down upon my moss-covered roots, child and angel blended into one. So thought the old Pine.

“Will you never tell, good Pine?”

“Never tell,” echoed I.

“When I get old as Nelly is, I’m going to marry my Kenneth.”

Ah! the little girl, she had looked often on the sun, but never seen its dark spots. The old Pine had, and I said, “My poor child, you are yet only a child. Each year always brings its changes; besides,—the old Pine now spoke in much wisdom,—besides, however much your Kenneth loves you, the old Pine has watched closely and never heard him give you any troth, nor ask any in return.”



"Then, good old Piney, you were in a big doze all day yesterday, for it was only yesterday that Kenneth asked me for my troth, and I gave it to him. You knew Kenneth was going away, old Pine."

"No, indeed I did not, or indeed how could I? Kenneth never tells at all what he means to do."

"But he told me, old Pine."

"And you shall tell it to me, my little pet."

"Well, Piney, I will; but you oughtn't to have been dozing yesterday, although it was such a sleepy day. I think that was why I thought I would come up here with you, where the breezes are, but when I got to the brook, half way up, I stopped there, it looked so clear and cold, and I took my shoes and stockings off you know to wade in it. So I tucked up my dress, and paddled all about in the river, and then I stood still, and let the fishes skim over my feet; one little fellow I caught right between my toes. You've no idea how he seemed to enjoy it. But by and by I let him go—that is, he got away—and I jumped out on to the mossy bank, and then, it was all so very beautiful, I lay down to listen to the water playing upon the boulders, and the wind rustling in the trees. Pretty soon I heard a little twig break. I looked up and there was Kenneth standing right by me, and looking at my bare feet. Wasn't it unkind in him? And when I told him

to go till I put my stockings on, he only laughed, and threw himself right down by me, and put one arm about my waist; when I tried to scold, he called me his darling, and kissed me, and all I could do was to draw my feet under my skirts. Then he made me put my head upon his shoulder; he told me I was his mountain girl; next week he was going off to college, four long years; then he would be whatever he wished, but I should be his wife: of course I should, only he wanted me to promise now, and his large blue eyes looked so sober, and so full of love. But I told him he must go away, first, until I got my stockings on. And then he laughed again. He called me his little thistle-down, and said he was going to put them on himself pretty soon, I knew it very well—the naughty boy,—but that I must promise now to be his wife. He drew me closer to him and kissed my lips, and he looked at me again so mournfully; when he looks so, he always makes me do what he wants to have me. I told him to bend over me once more; I kissed him; I wanted to all the while, you old Piney, and oh! I'm so glad I did. Dear boy, I whispered to him that I would be his wife whenever he came after me, and then I put my feet out on the moss, and told him to put on my stockings if he wanted to. When he had put them on, we walked away down the mountain together, till he left me at our home. And now, old Pine, don't you think, don't you *know* that I

am going to be Kenneth's wife? But see, there comes Ellen. Don't you know, my Piney, I sometimes think Ellen loves Kenneth too."

The old Pine sighed and felt badly; but Ellen, more haughty than ever, came up toward us. She spoke not a word to me, but I was used to that. Often she would stand for hours, and give no sign that she thought of anything but herself. Now she did not notice me, but she turned to Birdie and spoke:

"Bertha, darling, mother wants you, and wanted me to tell you if you were here."

"Good-by, my good old Pine," said Bertha.

"Never mind the old Pine, you little goose, come here and kiss your sister's cheeks. Go to mother now, quick; never mind the stupid Pine, I say." But Birdie never left me without a good-by. Ellen often did. The old Pine loved the golden Bertha as it would an angel; but the old Pine, that scorned the tempest and the lightning, though it did not care how Ellen treated it, used always to weep in sadness, when it saw, as it did now, a fever flush on the proud Ellen's cheek. When the golden curls were fully gone, Ellen turned away, perhaps to follow.

God bless the gay Ellen, and cool those tear drops from her cheek; sighed the old Pine to her. She turned; oh! how relieved we were to see a smile upon her face again.

"It was well meant, you blundering Pine;

Ellen's compliments, and she wishes you this bright morning a gay good-by."

How true a girl! How glorious a girl! The old Pine loves Ellen. Yes, yes, yes; the old Pine loves her.

## XXIV.

## WHISPERINGS OF AN OLD PINE.—2.

THERE are shadows, often, from wandering clouds, that fall upon the world I see ; deepening the green of summer or darkening the snows of winter. Lingering they will intensify, or they will pass, till the fields again are all flooded in sunshine, or thrown into an equal obscurity. The old Pine has watched in the same way shadows of feeling, and passion, falling upon the human heart, covering the sunshine of its life, or perhaps only flinging new shades of greater beauty around it. But the colors, whether bright or dark, will surely fade, and the life exist again as before, unconscious that, for a time, its being was wholly altered.

There is love, and joy, and peace, and gaiety, and mirth in the world below ; and there is sorrow and mourning, disappointment and death. Full many a brave heart that has worked hard and cheerfully against life's ills ; full many a reckless

one that has gone carelessly in life's prosperity ; are garnered now within some of those graveyards, that spring from the quiet meadows. They sleep there—the pleasures and the pains, the hopes, the disappointments of life, alike for them closed. Down in that nearer yard I sometimes linger, at twilight, with my shadow. I know each name that is carved upon the tombstones. Thank God, my Ellen yet lives ; but beneath that plain white marble stone sleeps the girl, that ever clung so closely to her, the young and timid Jennie. In the flower of her youth she died. Ellen was still among our hills then, and once, and twice, when she came to see me, I saw a tear drop on her proud cheek.

“What is it, Ellen?” I asked.

“Haven't you noticed it, old Pine,” she whispered. “Our Jennie is going to die.”

“And if she does, Ellen, have not I known a hundred such girls as poor Jennie to die? The old Pine is naturally a mourner, and I will wail for her, as I have wailed for the others. But, Ellen, did not you know it, you are going to die, too ; and when that hour comes the difference between yours and Jennie's death will seem so little, darling, that I wish, oh ! my beautiful girl, I could entreat you to think more of the Heaven above, and less of the earth below. Ah ! Nellie, you're a bright girl yet. Sorrow, the sorrow that comes from mortality, has left you still untouched, but——”



"No more of your buts, Sir Pine. If Jennie dies, I'll plant some violets on her grave. But I don't think Jennie will die. She's too young. She'll get well I guess, or, if she doesn't, of what use are sighs from proud Ellen? I didn't know before how much you excelled as a minister! Do you want to kiss me this morning? If you do, here's my cheek, or my brow, or my lips——"

"Or, better yet, your waist, *my* Nell!" It was Kenneth that at that moment sprang to our side.

"No, no, no! Kenneth, dear Kenneth, please don't.—Let me go," cried the young girl, in a voice that tore through the fibres of the leaves, so acute it was; "let me go, I am *not* your Nell. I tell you, Kenneth, let me go." His arm fell, and she stood before him, calm and beautiful. "Now," she said, "I am all a girl, yes, I am all a woman now. My heart is my own. Even the dear cord of love with which you tied it is broken, and never again will poor Ellen give her heart unasked."

"Let's go home, Ellen."

"I don't want to go yet, you may go."

"But that cloud coming has rain in it. The air is now a bit damp, and, whatever else befalls, I should like little to see proud Ellen sick."

The dark cloud that Kenneth pointed to kindled in the brightest fire as he spoke, but in the eyes of the girl we saw a wilder light. She struck my huge trunk, as though her soft hand were of iron, and her fingers crept deep into the bark.

“It is said now, and you too have called me *proud*. Ay, and because, nerved by your voice, I would have saved my soul. Tell me, Kenneth, my blue-eyed boy, was that a time to call Ellen proud? Did she touch the self-love—forgive me, dear Kenneth,—did she touch rudely your love, however true it might be for her; but, if so, did she not rend her own heart, so that it seemed as if insanity would fill it? My God knows I said it not in anger, or in pride; and He knows how poor Ellen *always* humbles herself before Him.”

“It is the heart, and not the mouth that speaks, and if sweet Ellen had but watched the tone more closely, she would have found no *proud* there. But, I tell thee, Nelly darling, even for you, you have thought too intently about this. Your hand is hot, your face is flushed, and your brain——”

“Aches,” said the girl, and again the wild fire shot through her eyes.

“Come, Ellen, we *will* go home. Don’t you feel those raindrops?” Kenneth had taken her in his arms, to bear her away through the woods.

When they came to the opening, where I could see them again, Ellen was walking, but his arm was firmly around her, and fondly, in the still air, I heard him say :

“It’s no use, Nelly, you may protest, and rebel, or worry your little brain as much as you please; as long, at least, as we roam together in these woods, I shall do as I have always done. You

cannot love me better than I love you. There's answer enough for all your pretty tragedy; and here upon us comes a rain, to turn the whole into a dismal comedy; *my Nelly*." This last was whispered, whispered with a kiss; but the old Pine didn't care. It loved them both, and I am too strong a tree, too great, and powerful, and healthy, ever to mistrust kisses, or blushes, or coquetting smiles.

## XXV.

## WHISPERINGS OF AN OLD PINE.—3.

It was upon an autumn day, several years after Bertha told me of her betrothal, and I was swaying listlessly, in disagreeable idleness, as I sometimes have to, when I heard some twigs crackling below me in the mountain thicket. 'Twas a girl's step, and, looking, I saw a white hand clasp yon small tree, and the wayward Nelly swung herself across the little gorge there, and sauntered toward me.

"How do you do, long-lost Nelly?" asked I.

"Call me Ellen, Sir Pine, if you please. None call me Nelly, nor ever shall, but Jennie and Bertha."

"Miss Ellen, then, if you prefer. How do you do? I haven't seen you for a long time."

"I told you, Mr. Pine, to call me Ellen, not Miss Ellen." The proud beauty flung her head, and, flirting her dress skirt, lifted her foot upon a

little stump, to leave her ankle uncovered, excepting by the white stocking.

"Perhaps," said I, for I thought her tartness deserved a censure, "'twould be more modest in you to keep your ankle covered."

"And perhaps, Mr. Pine, I shall act my pleasure about that, and my pleasure is to leave it uncovered." As she spoke she drew up her dress nearly to the knee, and glanced down imperiously on the beautifully rounded leg. Then lifting down her foot, until the drapery covered it again, she came up to me, laid her hand upon me, and spoke very kindly.

"I'm very well, indeed, old friend, and have been all the time. I'm glad to see you looking so hale and green. In spite of her unkind ways, you love Nelly, don't you?"

"Indeed I do, sweet Ellen."

"Do you want me to tell you a story, old Pine? You must be lonesome up here, with no one to talk to."

"I would love to have you very much, if it were only to hear your voice."

"Then I will, and it shall be a true story, about myself; for I know you like to hear about your Ellen, who hasn't been to see you for so long. Let me lay my head down here on your arm, and if I tell some things you already know, you mustn't interrupt."

## ELLEN'S STORY.

“I remember it well, it was a beautiful day of the early spring time. The swollen brooks sang, the early robins sang, and the bluebirds sang in the warm sunshine. Sap dropped briskly into the buckets. The liverworts were just a-starting, you know, Sir Pine, and I—perhaps you saw me, I guess you did see me, I saw you—and I was going to school with Birdie. Let me see; I had on that wood-colored calico dress, that you were impudent enough to say, once, I had made on purpose to show off my form—beautiful figure, those were the words. And then I wore a pretty hat, for I trimmed it myself, and a beautiful little collar that I worked myself, and a white pair of stockings, that I knit myself——”

“Take care, Ellen.”

“You take care yourself, old Pine. And a nice white petticoat, with a beautiful lace edging, that I designed myself, and—old Pine, some gaiters that mother bought for me. Don’t you interrupt me again. Well, and I was going to school with Birdie. We were to have a new teacher that day. The one that had taught all winter was sick, real sick, old Pine. What makes you look so as if you wanted to kiss me? There, I’ll put my cheek down on yours so, and look up at your dreamy leaves;—sick, and one of his classmates in



college had come to take his place. I had not seen him, but Jennie told me he was very handsome; so I determined he should be my beau, just as all the college chaps, that teach our school, always want to be."

"Ah! Ellen, Ellen, you were born too noble a girl, to throw your life away in such poor triumphs."

"Just as all the college chaps that teach our school always want to be, I said, Sir Pine. Well, over the muddy roads, by the remains of the almost melted snow drifts, we picked our way along, and reached the school some little time before its commencing. The day was so warm outside, that, for the first time, there was no fire in the old stove. I went directly to my seat, though my little sister whispered:

"Look, Nelly, look, there he is, talking with Kenneth. Isn't he pleasant? do look; I'm going to love him—I know I shall. Why don't you look and see him?"

"Because I don't want to," replied I, pettishly, and, throwing my books on the seat, I raised the window and leaned out in the sunshine.

"I'm going down to see him; mayn't I, Nelly?"

"Yes, yes; go, if you want to, child. Don't bother me, I'm listening to these birds."

"I didn't mean to bother you, Nelly."

"And Nelly didn't mean to speak so foolish,"

I replied, drawing back to kiss her. 'Go, now, if you want to, and see the new teacher.'

"I turned around as she left me, and leaned out again. A robin hopped down upon the grass right before my window. I watched him as he pecked the damp earth, and then I looked away upon the mountains, with their evergreen summits covered with snow, and above them, floating over their tops, the fleecy clouds. And I believe, in the delicious beauty of that spring morning, I really forgot the new teacher, to avoid looking at whom I had opened my window. A hand fell on my shoulder.

"'How do you like him, Nelly?'—'twas Jennie's voice.

"'If you mean the new collegian, as I suppose you do, I haven't seen him yet. I am enjoying this lovely morning whilst I can, watching this little robin here who has been winking at me for fifteen minutes, and bathing in this golden light my soft brown hair that you love so much to smooth.' I moved along. 'Lean out, too, Jennie; isn't it lovely?'

"'Yes, very lovely; but you're a queer girl, Nelly, to be here fifteen minutes, and not look at the new teacher.' She was stroking my hair, and looking at me very solemnly with her sober eyes.

"'Don't look so serious about it, Jennie. What do you think I care about the stupid col-

lege boys? But if you want me to, I'll look, to please you.'

" 'I wish you would ; he's very handsome.'

" 'Poor girl ; I fear your little heart is getting all tangled up. Beware, my serious Jennie :

" 'Men were deceivers ever !'

" 'But just look at him now ; he's looking toward us. Isn't he *very* handsome? Do look, please.'

" 'I turned around, and met the eyes of the new teacher fastened upon me. Haughtily I returned the gaze—half scornfully, half seriously.

" 'Don't you like him?' Jennie looked me seriously in the face, awaiting the reply.

" 'Why, yes, foolish child, my own sweet Jennie ; I like the way he met my gaze very well indeed ; but whether I like him, I cannot tell that yet. My sister, though, seems to have wrought out her conclusions. She'll make a great flirt, I think. See, there she stands, with the biggest apple our basket had, waiting to give it to this new pet. It's too bad.'

" 'I fear you're a little selfish, Nelly.'

" 'Don't hesitate so seriously in the accusation, if you do fear ; don't you know I am, you sweet goose? I always was. It wouldn't come from the heart, if I ever did anything that wasn't a little bit tinctured with selfishness !' I wound my arm around Jennie's waist. 'But you know that

I am sorry for it all the time, and then God forgives.'

" 'Yes, yes, He does ; and I didn't mean what I said ; you aren't selfish, and never was.'

" I pressed the hand she put in mine. Guileless Bertha had overcome what little hesitation she might have had, and finished frowning upon Kenneth, who had ventured to twist over his hand a dozen of her curls. With the large apple poised, she stepped before the teacher, and placed it in his hands. How would he receive it ? He leaned over and gave the young miss a kiss, which Kenneth, who had come over to bid us good morning, declared was done most gallantly.

" 'He will steal her heart from you ?' I said to Kenneth.

" 'He will steal fair Ellen's heart from her.' Kenneth never called me proud, and I——smiles and kisses, but no frowns, did I ever give to the blue-eyed Kenneth.

" I looked petulantly upon the floor. 'How extremely unpleasant to have a sweet pet for a sister, who appropriates all the kisses !'

" 'Or nearly all ;' said Kenneth, and he pulled the comb from my hair, and let it fall loosely over his own hand, and down upon the desk. 'Kenneth knows of two she'll never get ; one for each of thy blushes, Ellen !' And he gave them, right there in the open school room, you impertinent Pine. Then, whilst a serious expression blended

with his smile, he moved away, leaving me to smother a flame that had been long silently glowing; for I knew he loved, and would always love most dearly, the golden curls.

“‘I am inclined to think,’ said I to Jennie, as I was gathering up my hair, ‘from the manner in which he lets his deep eyes rest upon us, that yonder new teacher is very envious of the kisses Kenneth gave me. It isn’t vanity, but the truth, that makes me speak;’ I added, laughing. ‘It strikes me, that if he had more wit, he would venture, at least offer, to repeat them himself, instead of standing there, looking so absolutely enamored at a blushing country lass, and her hair down.’

“‘But you wouldn’t let him do it, would you, Nelly?’

“‘Wouldn’t I? and why shouldn’t I, you frowning Puritan, if he did it handsomely, as Kenneth does; though I think I should tell him to wait till we were alone some time. Come, come, darling, you needn’t look so seriously cross at my humanity. By the sweet shade of sadness that’s ever lurking in thine eye, I have told thee nothing but the truth, whether it be indefinitely right, or infinitely wrong. But see, he’s taking the ruler to rap for school. I wonder if he would dare to ferule me? ’Twould be funny, wouldn’t it, to have him hold my hand, and bruise away with that heavy ruler. I guess I’ll provoke him

to it. I will." I repeated this last with emphasis, for Jennie looked so incredulous, and would now have remonstrated, had not the raps fallen to drive us to our seats. My little Birdie came and sat down by me, and from beneath her many ringlets she whispered that she was going to get her lessons all very good now, and then she bent over her books, and toiled on steadily, to win a smile, and a kiss perhaps, from one who had already won her childish heart.

"How do you like my story, Sir Pine," asked Ellen.

"Very well, indeed," replied I, "as far as you have told it, which, I must think, is only the first chapter."

"You must think just as you please, but it's all the story you'll get from me."

"And why not tell me more, fair Ellen?"

"Because—I don't want to;" she arose pettishly; "but I'll send John up, and if he's a mind to tell you more, what success he had with the wayward Ellen, he may."

For an instant she gazed at the glowing sunset; then, looking up to me with a smile of inexpressible sweetness, such as she was ever wont to wear after a frown, she said:

"You're a real good old Pine, and I want a cone from you, as a keepsake. Drop me down one."

So I dropped her down a nice one.



“Thank you,” she said, “it’s so pretty; coming from you, too. ’Twill be first rate to kindle a fire with, some cold morning;” she added, winking at me from over her shoulder, and disappeared in the deepening shadows of a twilight forest.

The next morning I saw her stooping over where that little pine is, in the cottage yard, and when she rose she looked up at me, and waved her white ’kerchief.

“May a kind Heaven always watch over and preserve the beautiful Ellen;” was the answering prayer of the old Pine.

## XXVI.

## WHISPERINGS OF AN OLD PINE.—4.

"ELLEN sent me up to tell you the rest of her story, and how she came to let me call her Nelly."

He was a handsome young man, standing there holding his hat, and the sun's rays glanced through my leaves, upon his chestnut hair. I did not wonder that Kenneth thought he would steal fair Ellen's heart.

"I have never seen you so near before," he continued, letting his eye dwell upon my huge proportions, "and Nelly flattered not, when she called you the monarch of the woods. Say, grand old Pine, did ever any one climb to your top?"

"None but one, the blue-eyed Kenneth."

"And is this dauntless lad, you speak of, the one who dares to call our Birdie his?"

"He dares to call the golden Birdie his, and it's golden Birdie's greatest joy, that Kenneth loves her so as to call her his; and, more than that, the proud girl whom you now call Nelly would

have flung aside all the scorn that ever wreathed her lips, to have had blue-eyed Kenneth call *her* his."

"That may all be true, but the girl is mine now, old Pine, and I have been too long upon a friendless world, have felt too often its roughness, have grown, I fear, too rough myself, to hesitate about the sentiment. I saw Ellen, I loved her, I dared to woo her, and I have won her; be it or be it not as you say, because she could not keep the lover she wished. Your Kenneth may be more a man than I; his mind may be stronger, his moral worth greater. It is a fact, by Jove, it is a fact, that twice has he come silently, but sternly, I believe defiantly, in my path, and both times have I yielded to the demand he made. But then I liked the boy—liked—I love him, and if he would take Nelly to-night, I would give Nelly to him, as joyfully as she would go."

There was a pause of several minutes, till he spoke again.

"Only the chivalrous Kenneth ever climbed you, old Pine. Perhaps Ellen will love me better that I too climbed her favorite tree.

"It will not take me very long," he continued, seated on my topmost branch, "old friend of my sweet Nelly, to tell you all in my history that you wish to know. Away off north here, where the land mystifies with the sky, lies the home of my boyhood. There did I live till my thirteenth

year, when, with no reason but that I felt an intense desire to do as I pleased, I made a little bundle of my clothing, and with it drifted off into the world. How far I drifted, or how long, doubtless you care as little to know, as I do to tell. But in all the shiftings of my fortune, however doubtful was the future, I never felt a moment's gloom. I gloried in my youthful independence, and cast myself with the most entire reliance on my own ability and untried resources.

"Well, it was two years after I left home, in the fall of a presidential canvass, and, in the town I happened to be in, there was a bonfire, platform barrel, and a mass meeting. Every opportunity that offered, I swung my hat with a hurrah. In this way I was passing the, to me, worse than useless hours, for they were moulding a worthless life; when, among the speakers that came forth was a fine-looking man, of perhaps forty-five. He spoke, and cheer after cheer rose from the excited crowd; but I, who had before been so uproarious, forgot my utterance, whilst I felt my whole soul fired with the tone and spirit that came from his genius. Ere he finished his speech, I had ceased to be a boy. The vagrant lad, resolved I, shall be a great lawyer, and, before many years, rouse the souls of others, as this man does mine. Filled with this newborn ambition, little caring how long the road, or how great the toil, when the meeting broke up I followed the

man who had so enthralled me, and, confronting him, asked what I must do to be as great a man as he. He looked at me in curious surprise, at the abruptness of the question, then answered:

“‘You must study, my lad, long and diligently!’

“‘So I suppose; but what shall I study, how commence?’

“‘Why, as to that—is your father alive?’

“‘Yes, sir.’

“‘And cannot he direct you? You seem Yankee-born.’

“‘That I am, sir, born in the Green Mountain State, and proud of my birth as a hen is of an angle worm. But, you see, my father and I are at variance; that is, I left a couple of years ago, he being disposed to treat me as a small boy, which I wa’n’t, and I him as an old gentleman, which he was fast becoming. Since then I have lived indifferently well, and completely happy, floating mostly where I’ve been shoved, until to-night, hearing you, I determined to become a lawyer, and take my turn in pushing others; and, whether you guide me or not, I shall begin to-night, surely to succeed.’

“‘Come to my room to-morrow,’ he replied. We will see what may be done.’

“Well, the next day I went to his room. Very directly we came to an agreement—I to serve him to the best of my ability, and he to assist me on

in the education and position I sought. My own part I did faithfully; on his, there was a collegiate education given cheerfully, and a junior partnership in one of the best-established law firms in the Buckeye State.

"'Twas during my collegiate course, which I made in my own State, coming on the Spring term as you remember, that I accepted in the place of a sick roommate the part of teacher in your school. But it's where I first saw Ellen, that you would know.

"The morning that opened school was a mild morning, one of those Spring days, when the soft air that blows around and melts the snow drifts, creeps into and melts the heart. So it did mine. I remember, as I walked toward the small school-house, I felt myself more than half inclined to love every mountain damsel who might become my scholar. And fancy, always ready to soar somewhat above impulse, would fain paint one among them altogether lovely, who by degrees should verge from a smiling idol into a frowning wife. I entered the schoolroom door, but though many a plump face and rosy cheek turned rosier from my ardent gaze, not one of them all, I sighed despondently as I felt it, could by any art of imagination be changed into the ideal maiden I wanted to love. Little knew I, when I sighed, how perfect a beauty of form and feature the mountain dell had nourished.



“‘There comes Ellen,’ lisped a blue-eyed rogue by me, ‘I’m going to kith her;’ and he paddled off toward the just opened door. My eyes followed, and drank in the beautiful vision that has been hovering over my heart, just ready to fall and smother it, ever since.

“The little girl that entered with her, and who I knew must be her sister, soon came to me with an apple large enough for a thanksgiving pie, and teased my heart so sadly with her golden curls, that I could not but toss them back, and give her a kiss. When I raised my eye, blue-eyed Kenneth stood laughing over the blushing Ellen, her hair lying on her neck, kissing her as if she, too, were a child. So naïvely, yet so modestly did she let him do it; from that instant, no fly was ever more completely entangled in the meshes of a web, than my heart in the meshes of her flowing hair.

“Now, my venerable friend, as you doubtless think, this was all natural enough; but, and it was a tremendous but, your roaming beauty did not seem to care a rye for me. No one could have helped seeing that the proud Ellen had a supreme dislike, if not a lurking contempt for the ruling pedagogue. However ardently my eye would rest upon her, if she noticed it at all, it was always with a frowning face. However kindly I addressed her, a slight manner of contempt and decided coldness met me, in answer. All of this, if

with this she had been content, I could have borne, trusting to time, and the constant effect which so strong a love as mine must be silently having, for a gradual change. But she, as if a natural dislike had intensified into spite, did all she could, not rudely but incessantly, to disturb the quiet of the school. She would violate every regulation that I made, and do it so conspicuously, that even the youngest knew it was purposely done, and to irritate me. For days I overlooked it all, hoping that her natural goodness and feeling of fitness would in time fling its own restraint around her. Then, finding that it did not, I tried to reason with her kindly. With a disdainful toss of her head she thanked me for my advice, and the interest I seemed to take in her character.

“At recess one afternoon,—more flagrantly annoying than usual had she been,—whilst she leaned alone out of the window, I went up beside her, and taking her hand that lay on the sill, waited for her to look up. For several moments she moved not, until I spoke.

“‘Miss Lawrence!’

“She drew in her head, and I thought half kindly said, ‘It’s you, is it?’ and looked down at the hand I scarcely held. An instant, delicious moment, she pressed the whole palm on mine, then drew it quickly from me, waiting with half-averted face.

“‘I wish to request once more, Miss Ellen,’ I

had never called her aught but Miss Lawrence before, 'that you would please not to break again the rules of the school.'

She stood tapping her foot upon the floor, and, as I ended, turned abruptly away. The pressure of her hand and the kindness of her tones yet lingered, thrilling through my veins; but my own self-esteem and my dignity with the school must not yield to love or passion. I called her again, and told her peremptorily, that she *must* obey the regulations of the school, or suffer the penalties of their breaking. Her proud lip curled, and her blue eye flashed, that involuntarily I drew back.

"'You dare to threaten a girl!' she said, in a tone so low, and yet so sweet, that I almost knelt before her. 'Tell me, when you please, and I will leave your school; or, if you wish it, my hand is yours to ferule, but never again threaten me or talk with me upon this subject: I wish to hear, and I *will* hear no more.'

"Now, or never, must my authority succeed with the girl, thought I, as I called the school to order; and waiting till there was silence throughout, so that all might hear, I told plainly, that if any scholars, during the remainder of the afternoon, should leave their seats without permission, or otherwise wilfully disturb the school, I cared not who it was, they should be punished. Hardly had I sat down before Ellen arose, and, looking an instant directly at me, walked across the school-

room. I had expected it, that is, I had vaguely feared it, and had she, when she did it, worn upon her face the look of scorn or of derision that so often rested there, I think I could have called her directly out, and dismissed her from school. But in her eye, as it met mine, I saw no such feeling, rather, I thought, a hue of sadness, almost of love, and the mist of a concealed tear. I felt my whole soul melting. I dared not risk my voice, I knew that all the school were looking at me. Scarcely knowing what I did, I walked across the room to where Ellen had gone. Leaning over her, so that none else might hear, I asked :

“ ‘ Will you, Ellen, oblige me this once, and go back to your seat ? ’ ”

“ She answered, ‘ Yes. ’ I thought her wilfulness was gone, but by the time she regained her seat, the old look of disdainful indifference returned to her face.

“ What should I do ? Ferule the beautiful girl whom I loved so dearly ? No, no ; I could never do that. Must I then dismiss her from the school ? What, pluck the sweetest flower from the garland, because in its beauty it would not lie as I wished it. And yet I had threatened punishment ; I cannot suffer her any longer to remain as she has remained. Thus gloomily I pondered until school was dismissed, all but Ellen Lawrence, who, I said, would remain.

“ Kenneth came to me. I had seen his half-thoughtful look since recess.

“‘It may be right or it may be wrong,’ he said, ‘but the fairest girl of our mountains shall never be feruled, and I near.’ There was no excitement in his manner, no bluster in his voice, nothing but kindness in its tone; but a heart that never flinched had strung every nerve to defend the girl it loved.

“‘You need not fear,’ I replied; ‘no ferule by my hand shall ever touch her.’

“He left the room, and I was alone with Ellen, her dearest friend Jennie, and little Bertha. Half in tears, and half in frowns, the golden curls spoke:

“‘You mustn’t hurt Nelly. If you do, I’ll never love you any more, nor let you kiss me, nor give you any apples.’

“‘You and Jennie may both leave.’

“I spoke quickly. Ellen, who had stood holding her bonnet by the ribbon, motioned to Jennie to go. Then, raising her blue eyes to mine, she said, very calmly, and I thought kindly:

“‘My sister will remain. If you wish more of me, you can speak now.’

“‘You heard what I said this afternoon: that no one should leave their seat without permission?’

“‘Certainly I did.’

“‘And you left yours immediately?’

“‘Yes.’

“‘May I ask you if you think it was kind?’ She frowned again.



“‘I haven’t any thoughts to give about it. You threatened punishment—there’s my hand;’ and she placed her soft hand in mine. ‘Take off my ring, please, before you strike.’

“A small blush was on her cheek; all her scorn had faded as a cloudlet does in the sky. Before I strike? Again I bent over her, and whispered, with all the fervor of a lover: ‘Ellen, dear Ellen, ever since I began school you have done all that you could, purposely, to irritate me. You ought to say you are sorry for it. But if you will not, my authority as a teacher compels me to bid you leave school; but know, beautiful girl, that, doing so, you cast from you the love of one who would love you forever, if he could.’

“I raised her hand to my lips, and kissed it, and then turned hastily away. A thousand tears were struggling to flow. I stood leaning on the window. A hand fell upon my shoulder. I knew the breath that came against my cheek, and she whispered:

“‘I’m not sorry a bit, but if you’ll let me stay, I’ll be ever so good all the rest of the term.’ And then she raised her hand to brush the hair from off my forehead, and let it rest there upon my brow. I could hesitate no longer. My arm wound around her waist. I drew her to my heart. Ever since then, old Pine, I have called her Nelly.”

“And little Bertha, the golden pet, where was she?”



“Capering off down the road to find her Kenneth, as she said, for she knew he was waiting for her.”

“And did you tell Ellen what Kenneth had said?”

“Yes.”

“What said she?”

“Nothing, she only trembled. But when we met Kenneth, with the curls waving by him, she flung her arms around his neck, and kissed him.—No mistake, but you have a lofty view up here, and a long way it is down your pitchy side. Swing me with your boughs again.

“What say you now, giant of the forest, did none but the blue-eyed Kenneth ever climb your top? Long freedom from the lightning’s bolt, and many kisses from your favorite pet.”

He waved his hat, and Ellen’s lover disappeared among the bushes. A manly fellow, muttered I, and if it must be so, then let him be proud Ellen’s mate; but the old Pine never could love him as it loves the blue-eyed Kenneth.

## XXVII.

PARIS, December 15, 1862.

My dinner, this afternoon, I had at an "Établissement de Bouillon," 7 Rue de Sèze, but two minutes' walk from the Madeleine. I often go there myself, and have taken quite a number of American friends there. The cooking we consider fully equal to Demory's, the price cheaper, varying from four to fifteen cents a plate, in accordance to whether you take potatoes or turkey. The restaurant, itself, is a small second-class one, but everything that connects with your eating is thoroughly neat. I would advise any man going to Paris, who wishes to live economically, to take the number. It may save him much expense, and many poor meals. This afternoon I went, in company with my friend from G——, Mass., to the Cemetery of Père-la-Chaise. It has a dismal enough effect, as compared with Mount Auburn or Greenwood with us, and, excepting the view

of Paris that it commands, has little connected with it pleasing to the eye. Having finished our walk, we had some rice and milk, which we got very good at a small *crémèrie* in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, for four cents the cup. Buying some jewelry detained us perhaps an hour, waiting for an omnibus another quarter, when we came together, through the gay centre of the city, to our part. The Colonel failed us on fire: "il n'était pas chez lui." However, time and pluck will do almost anything. A Yankee fire burned at last that gloweth yet. We ourselves sat by it, and talked the evening away. No news from home to-day, with a boat due since last Saturday. What reports the morning shall bring we await. The clock strikes twelve.

*Wednesday afternoon, 5 Rue de la Paix.*—We have the home news this morning to December 8. I saw it first at the café where I was taking a chocolate breakfast; the opening of Congress, a pretty complete synopsis of the Message, and the reported loss of a brigade in Tennessee. This last, a Massachusetts man by me now says, comes through England, taken from the *Times*. He adds, emphatically, that he does not believe a word of it. As I meet them, as I have met them all the time for the last two years, Americans, this side, keep themselves even more than at home wholly American. With but one or two very weak exceptions, they express no doubt as to the

right, and absolute necessity of carrying on the war, with the utmost vigor, to a successful termination. My intercourse with Americans has not been so extensive as it might. Yet, in the whole, I have met a large number, representing almost every condition of life; men of wealth, travelling for pleasure; men of professions, travelling for learning; men of business, travelling for wealth; men whom the restless spirit of adventure, or adverse fortune, has cast upon the world, to win their life as they best can; I have met and talked intimately with all. The unanimity with which they have spoken of the war, as something that we must carry through unflinchingly to its natural termination; has, perhaps, more than anything else, given me the assurance that our nationality is founded on a rock, and that, in its certain time, there will come again to our fair Flag the joy of perfect victory, to the Great Republic the happiness of righteous peace.

*Christmas night.*—Come now, my golden pen, and write once more about Parisian scenes before you cross again to England. As you and I become more acquainted, we should the better understand the mutual laws that bind our friendship. I will try to recollect, you can hardly always write with equal zest, and you must recollect, certain restrictions must sometimes govern you. You need not protest, you shall talk about your loves occasionally, and you shall sing about whatever

you like. If you see a handsome eye, you may mention it. If you see a lock of hair, golden as yourself, you shall surely tell of it. Trusting to your aristocracy, you shall say leg always, and never limb. But, my pen, *prenez garde*, if you attempt again, as you did last week, to discuss the literary merit of the day. It's all well enough, I know, for you to hear the hornets buzz, but it's all bad enough for me to feel them sting. Besides, my grandfather often told me, as I now tell you, always to be civil. And besides all that, suppose the poetry of Longfellow is a reflection, well reflected, but faint, and unsatisfying, can it deepen in intensity, or take to itself originality, because of your criticism? Ah! you foolish pen, you were mighty uncivil last week.

How; can't I tell the truth? Dare any say I lied as regards Longfellow's poetry? In that English edition of Holmes, that you read to me, does not almost every line decrease in merit, each time you read them, until they become utterly worthless? Were not those stories in the Atlantic Monthly, that you labored at reading, horrible? Was not the poetry something worse than horrible:

“She was there, and then she wasn't;  
Sing fiddle dum, sing fiddle dee.  
She was here, and now she isn't;  
Bow, wow, wow, and woe is me.”

for the first; and Big Bethel, with its columns

forward, rolling along in its poetical way, a half-flattened stone down a moderate hill, for the next? "That's not bad," said the Colonel of the first verses. "That don't mean much," said he, of the middle; "and that doesn't mean anything—Stop!"

"And the soul of our comrade shall sweeten the air."

"No, it doesn't mean anything," he said, of the last. Heaven keep me from the pen of a fine woman, was all I said, when you suggested Mrs. Stowe. That was civil, wasn't it? She did get off a good thing once, though, on waltzing; how was it? "Save the inherent improprieties, or sin (I forget), connected with the waltz, there was nothing improper," etc. Again, you may do what you like, but I'll not take the affirmative in the defence of any live poet, English or American, except Whittier, and, whoever it was that wrote those Negro melodies, and American songs, his name almost unknown, his songs sung wherever the English language is spoken. Eh! doth your heart warm when you hear them?

"Way down upon the Suwanee river,  
Far, *far* away!"

Or will you give another tear to sweet Alice, sweet Alice, with hair hazel brown? Does your Alice lie in the graveyard? Say, tell me, does she lie there? My dear girl, is your Willie on the deep



blue sea? or have you ever been in a foreign land, and heard the song started :

“ Good news from home, good news for me ? ”

We have had our Christmas exercises at the church to-day. I thought, as I looked down from the gallery, that the audience was unusually good, and the church very prettily trimmed. Again, the singing was fine, decidedly so, with the solo singing of Mrs. R. from New York. I want, too, to add a word of thanks, in which I feel sure that every attendant at our church will join, to Dr. Crane, who now for years has gratuitously and most attentively acted as organist, and perhaps, more than any one else as leader of our choir. Among the choir girls, I notice several faces that were familiar to me in the same places, two years ago. With the natural delight of an American girl, they love to occupy themselves here, as at home. New faces attest the same principle ; our choir knows itself a complete thing. We have, of course, our little flirtations. I confess myself disposed to cotton with a black silk dress that has red spots. I spoke to it the other day, when we were trimming our church ; it answered me right merrily.

## IN MEMORIAM.

## A SONG OF THE GREEN MOUNTAINS, VERMONT.

See, Jane, the water o'er the pebbles go,  
Watch, Jane, the waters, awkwardly they flow;  
Look, Jane, at the boulder, ere you further go,  
Give me your hand, Jane, the water runs below.  
Don't mind its slippery top, I will be your jo;  
Spring to my arms, Jane: "Catch me then, O  
I was made for my laddie, and my laddie's made for me,  
I will jump into his arms, and take his kisses free-  
Ly, I *will*, yes I will, tra la la la la la la,  
I will, yes I will, tra la la la la la lay;  
I will, yes I will, tra la, etc.,  
I will, yes I will, whatever folks may say."

Closely, Jane, closely, your cheeks begin to glow,  
Steady, Jane, steady, there's hardly room, you know;  
Fondly, Jane, fondly, before the moments go,  
Careful, Jane, careful, the water rolls below;  
Sing, Jane, bewitchingly, as the roses blow,  
Sing, Jane, lovingly, as the waters flow:  
"O I'm born for my laddie, and my laddie's born for me,  
I will nestle in his arms, and sing right merrily;  
I *will*, yes I will, tra la, etc.,  
I will, yes I will, tra la, etc., lay;  
I will, yes I will, tra la, etc.,  
I will, yes I will, whatever folks shall say."

Ah! Jane, dear Jane, the moments fast have run,  
Ah! Jane, dear Jane, yon mountains have the sun;  
Jane, Jane, my own Jane, you must sweetly know,  
Constantly your bosom swells against me now;

Sing, Jane, honestly, as falls the glittering snow,  
Sing, Jane, dreamily, as stars that twinkle slow :  
“ Yes, I’m born for my laddie, and my laddie’s born for me,  
I will sleep within his arms, and dream there happily ;  
I *will*, yes I will, when I love my laddie well,  
I will, yes I will, tra la, etc., lay ;  
I will, yes I will, O my laddie ’ll never tell ;  
I will, yes I will, whatever folks might say.”

(PARIS, December 23, 1862.)

## XXVIII.

Washington Hotel, LIVERPOOL. }  
January 10, 1863. }

ONCE again, whilst in a foreign land, I write ; but the ticket lies firmly in my pocket book, that shall carry me by the next steamer to Boston. Perhaps it is this thought, as well as the elegant comfort of this hotel, that makes me feel so altogether tranquil. To-day I have been busily going over the city, in doing my last shopping.

Such a lot of pretty girls as I saw ! I have noticed it every time I have been here at Liverpool. Why, confound their red petticoats ! Confound the furs they wear ! Confound them !—Ah ! yes, my lady, you are right. I am in love with you. Egad ! I am in love with you all over, from the hat, to the gaiter ; for you're a splendid little creature. But then, it's impossible ; I must go up this road, so if you go that, here's to your beauty—God bless you—and I'll tell, upon my word I will,

how the wind blew your dress, when you came around the corner.

On board ship, Friday evening, 6th day.

We've had a merry evening all since dinner, and indeed we have a merry party on our ship, with two young ladies from New York to keep our cabin polite, and their father, an elderly gentleman, of, I understand, high business position, to sustain our character for literature and high-toned civility. The captain has gravity enough for the whole Cunard line, and always runs his ship at ten knots an hour.

I guess I'll dash away at a few more of our company. Opposite me at dinner is a Pennsylvanian, an unmarried man, I judge, of about thirty-five. He believes in gin-slugs as a remedy for all complaints, enjoys a good story at any time, and will tell one himself after a full dinner. At his left are two Englishmen, the one at the left a gentleman of about sixty, a remarkable illustration of a fox-hunting, John Bull Englishman. Portly in his form, florid in his complexion, he growls incessantly at the stupidity of the cooks, at the incivility of the captain, at the making of the ship, or the working of the weather. At the same time he often does, or says a civil thing most civilly. Our ladies number in all five, but two of them rarely rise to the cabin; I believe the youngest girl didn't come up till the third day. I saw her

then enter the cabin most coquettishly, and heard her declare that she would not stay down any more. A shrewd Boston chap, a strong Quaker, and a live marquis, with two young lieutenants, going to join their regiments in Canada, fill up, with the captain and ladies, the next table. The third table, as it is to my back, I see little of, but I have noticed it has a strong French accent from one Frenchman, and three New Orleans Americans. A Scotchman, and Hungarian, and four young men from New York State, are mixed in.

“The English fog damps the decks, you know, a little, but the American sun will dry it,” I hear the Quaker say to the ladies, in urging them to a promenade on the deck.

The day passes in the cabin with games of chess, checkers, whist, or euchre, and perhaps a fair amount of reading and conversation. Of course we all give way to the meals. Breakfast at eight o'clock; cold lunch at noon; dinner at four; tea at six; and supper as one wishes, from eight to ten.

*Ninth day, Sunday.*—This morning we had service on board, and are having now a quiet Sunday. We bid fair to arrive Thursday, perhaps Wednesday night. Yesterday I sketched the cabin, but, on our ship at least, the smoke room is as well worthy a sketch. Of itself it can claim little honor, and less beauty; small, with a rough flooring, and only four uncushioned benches to



line the sides. Through the day various cigars burn themselves here, and perhaps some slang talk, and some sensible, mingles in with their ashes. But when the dinner is passed, the last nuts cracked, the oranges sugared and eaten, and waiting apples given to the pocket; then comes the smoker's desire for a cigar, and the general desire for a frolic after so good a dinner. Last night more than on any previous one, a large crowd gathered to the smoke room. There had been a rumor of success in song and repartee the previous night, that drew this evening a full audience. Song and repartee again flew. To me college days had come back with their reckless joviality. We all joined in Auld Lang Syne to their honor. At this point the English ensign took a lively thought. He sprang aside to the marquis. We heard him proposing a bagpipe. There was a general shout: "Yes, yes, bring it on, hurrah for the bagpipe!" The demand was too strong to be refused. The marquis left, to return with the veritable bagpipe. But oh! that music! It was irresistible. It filled the smoke room with a Saturnalia that lasted some two hours. I noticed that while the dance was the most tremendous, the ladies gathered outside for a peep. I overheard one of them say, she could scarcely keep from dancing herself, when the music and the partners were both so abundant.

*Tuesday afternoon*—and as beautiful a day as

ever dawned ; our ship going swiftly, with her sails set, along the coast, to Boston.

This morning several French songs from a neighboring berth aroused me from sleep. There was no jar of engines, there was no roll of ship. The sense of land stole upon me. In my delight I sang out, in French, to Robert, who is our steward :

“ Hey, Robert, toi que j’aime, est-ce que nous sommes arrivés ? ”

“ Voilà, Vermont, oui, oui, nous sommes arrivés.”

I recognized the New Orleans accent, and sang with a Paris opera song :

“ Sous le beau ciel de la France,  
Danser, baller, sauter,  
Gigotter,  
Tra la la,” etc.

But we are here under the beautiful heaven of America. My thoughts jump from France with a buoyant spring. I hurry for the deck. Once more, thank God, beneath the light of those fair stars, I see my country :

“ America, of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing.”

There never was a fairer sight than that Northern bay appeared in the cold morning. It

was now about six o'clock. They were slowly pulling the ship alongside the dock. The Englishman that sat opposite to me at the table, and I, landed together from the ship. A Nova Scotian wagon—I will hardly call it American, it looked so Frenchy—was waiting for a job. The English gentleman wanted to drive to some hotel for a breakfast, for, as he expressed it, the ship living had become damn disagreeable. I wanted to drive anywhere, in my own country again. We got in together, and in the coming daylight drove to the hotel. The barroom fire glowed from its grate; large armchairs stood near it; the latest Halifax paper was on the counter, with the book for names of visitors. After nine days at sea I take the paper for the latest news; but hear my English friend, in the mean time, attending to the breakfast:

“No matter what; some fish, and some chops, or a beefsteak, and some ham, and some boiled rice—that goes well with chops—and some eggs—mind, fresh eggs; and give us good coffee—that damn coffee on the ship is disgusting—and, I say, waiter, two plates of toast.”

Breakfast over, we walked to the height back of the town, where the fortifications are. We met here the English lieutenants, like ourselves out for a walk. They had had breakfast on board the ship. From the hill we looked down on frozen fields. There was no snow. Low, long ledges were beyond that looked Arctic enough. An

American burying ground, marked with stones and small evergreens, was near by, in the meadows. In returning to the ship, we each of us made several purchases for friends at home.

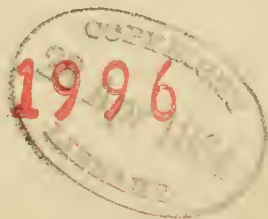
Last night we had a semi-political meeting in the cabin. "God save the Queen" and "The Star-spangled Banner" blended in together very good-naturedly.

*Boston town, Revere House, 11 o'clock, Thursday evening.*—Our boat came in last night. A rainy day to-day. I leave to-morrow.

*Friday night.*—"Father, come to supper," and father came half down the stairs before he thought he was called by one he supposed in Europe. He cautioned me to stop. My sister was unwell. He would see her first, so as not to disturb her too suddenly. It was no use: 'twas Josey's voice. She knew it was Josey's voice she heard. And we all met again as we had parted:

"Oh! may our song still be  
Nearer, our God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee."

THE END.











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